

CURTIS
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CRIMINALS
ON THE RUN

CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

10¢

Oct.-Nov.

L.B. Cole

VOL. 4 - NO. 3

10





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

COLE CLUES

NEWS AND VIEWS

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Here's a problem we think you'll find it fun to consider. How would you draw a story for the comics?

Here are some suggestions. First, you must decide how many pages the story is to be. Then, you must plan the pictures on each page. Remember, the pictures must be full of action, yet tell the story clearly. Also, all the action must not be in one section of the story, but throughout. A page should never be overcrowded with pictures.

Another problem of the artist is to make some reader **want** to read your story. The "splash" panels help an artist do this. The splash panel is the first picture in a story. In this picture, the artist tries to give the reader an idea of the story without giving away too many details of the plot. Look to the right. The large picture is the splash panel for the "Young King Cole" strip.

Read our stories over again. Do you think our artists have done the best job possible in interpreting the story with pictures? Tell us which story you think is the best drawn. Then see if you can improve on the artwork in any of our stories.

Cordially yours,
The Editors

IDEAS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

I have just read CRIMINALS ON THE RUN. I thought it was very good except for "Inspector Klooz." He is so silly and does not make any sense. The rest of the stories are very good. I think it would be very nice if "Boitram the Boiglar" could have a story of his own.

A faithful reader,
Jeannette Meyers
Cleveland, Ohio

* * *

Dear Editors:

I like CRIMINALS ON THE RUN except for one story. That is "Larry Broderick, Detective." It has too many women in it. If you are going to have women in it, you should have one like "Toni Gayle." She's tops!

A very enthusiastic reader,
Bud Peiffer
Cripple Creek, Ohio

Toni Gayle now appears in GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. The next issue goes on sale September 15.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished CRIMINALS ON THE RUN. I think "Larry Broderick" is wonderful because it is so interesting. But I like everybody in the magazine because it is printed the way I like it. The pages are never crowded and messed up.

A very faithful reader,
Jody Thomason
Bakersfield, Calif.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Do you remember when Raymond Simpson said that King Cole looked like a "sissy" wearing glasses? Well, I agree with him. But for my part he could *continue* wearing them if he grew a mustache. Then he'd look more he-manish. I, being an artist, drew one on him and he appeared to be more handsome and looked ten years older. Please try this and see for yourself. As for the rest of the stories, they're wonderful.

A monthly reader,
Milwyn Coleman
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Young King is a young man in his early twenties. We don't want him to look old, Milwyn.

* * *

Dear Sir:

I like CRIMINALS ON THE RUN because there is no superman where bullets bounce off him or such stuff. And I like the "Cole Clues" page where you can read what the readers think of this book.

Sincerely,
Richard Battenhausen
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I like all the stories in CRIMINALS ON THE RUN comics. But I like "Young King Cole" best of all because it is so exciting and keeps you interested from the time you begin until you finish it.

I have three brothers that also like CRIMINALS ON THE RUN and can't wait until I get through with it each month.

A constant reader,
John Milligan
Lewelland, Tex.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

One day I was browsing around on a shelf of comic books and I couldn't find one that suited me. All of a sudden something attracted my attention. You guessed it! It was the cover of CRIMINALS ON THE RUN. That was just what I wanted. From that day on I have never missed one issue of this book containing "Young King Cole."

There isn't one story I don't enjoy reading, but what happened to "Homer K. Beagle"? In the April issue, you asked about "Dr. Drew" or "Dr. Doom." I would vote to keep "Dr. Drew."

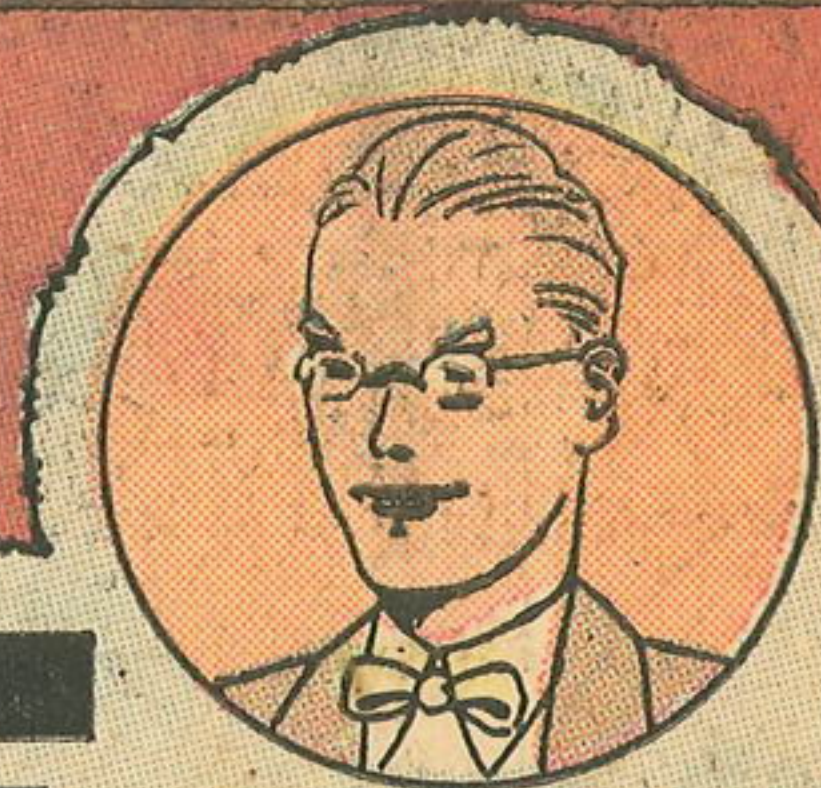
Sincerely,
Joyce Young
Camden, N. J.

BUY U. S.
SAVINGS
BONDS

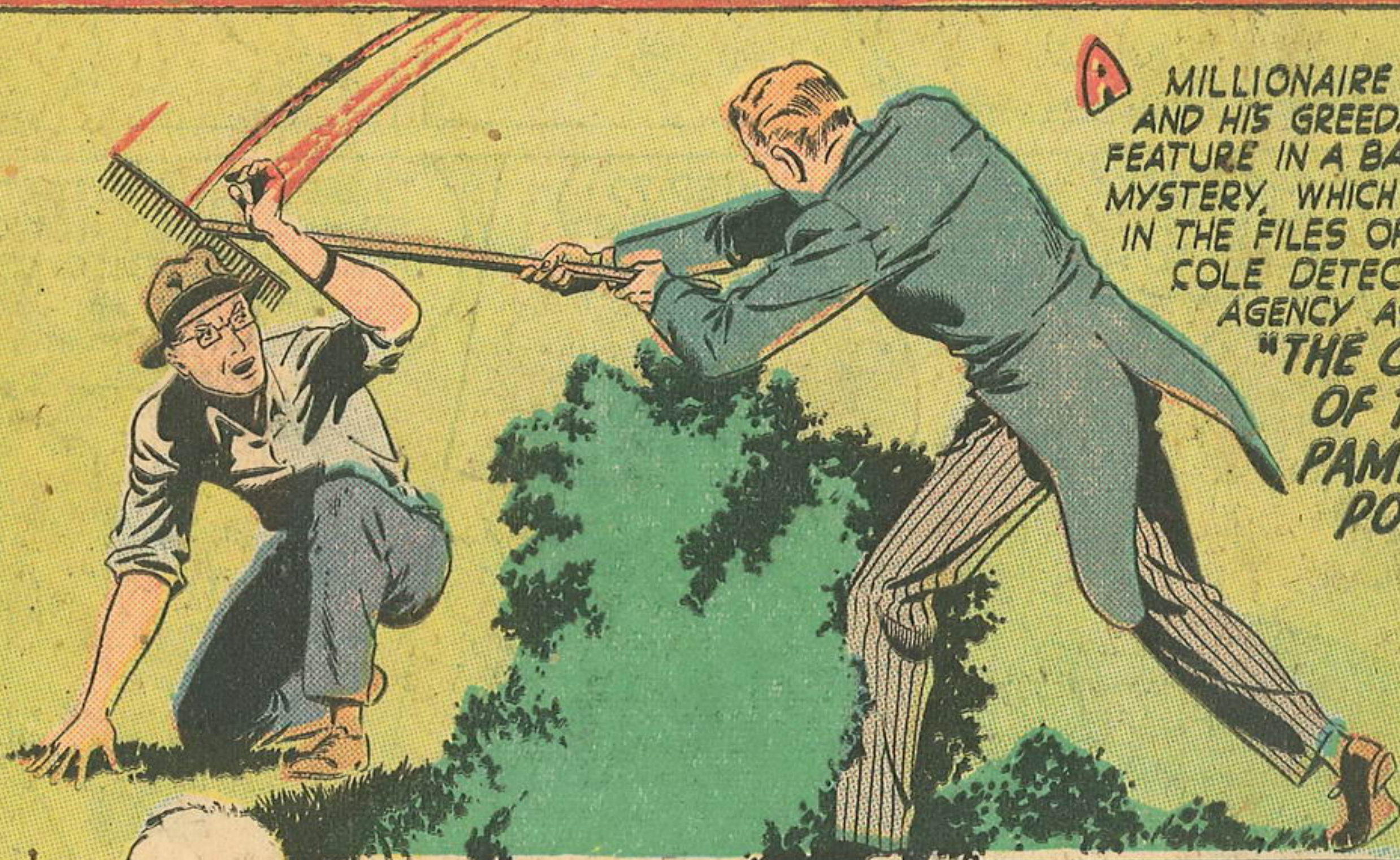
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YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

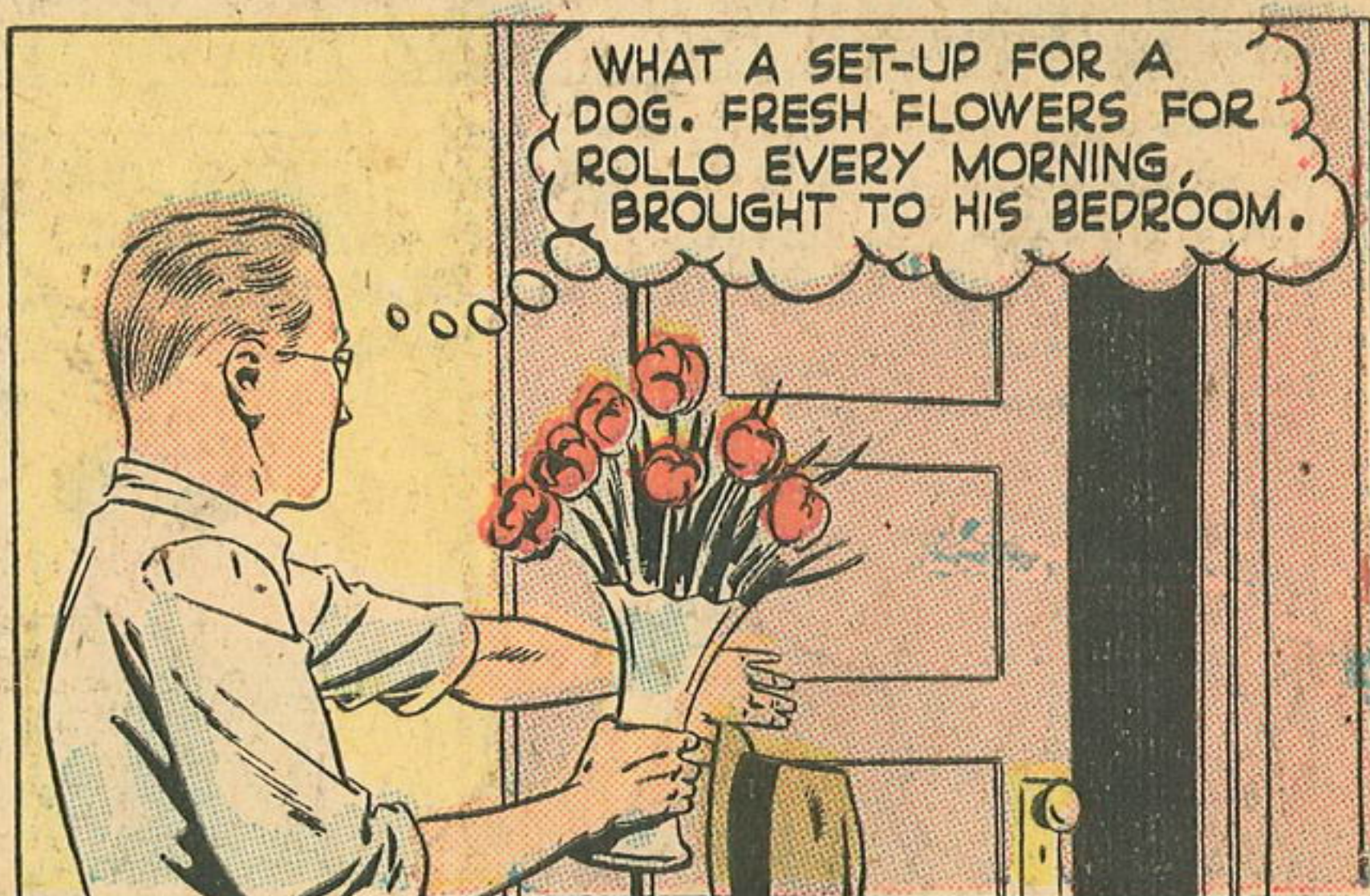


A MILLIONAIRE DOG
AND HIS GREEDY HEIRS
FEATURE IN A BAFFLING
MYSTERY, WHICH APPEARS
IN THE FILES OF THE
COLE DETECTIVE
AGENCY AS...
"THE CASE
OF THE
PAMPERED
POOCH"!



DISGUISED
AS A
GARDENER,
KING
WORKS
ON THE
PALATIAL
PERKINS
ESTATE!

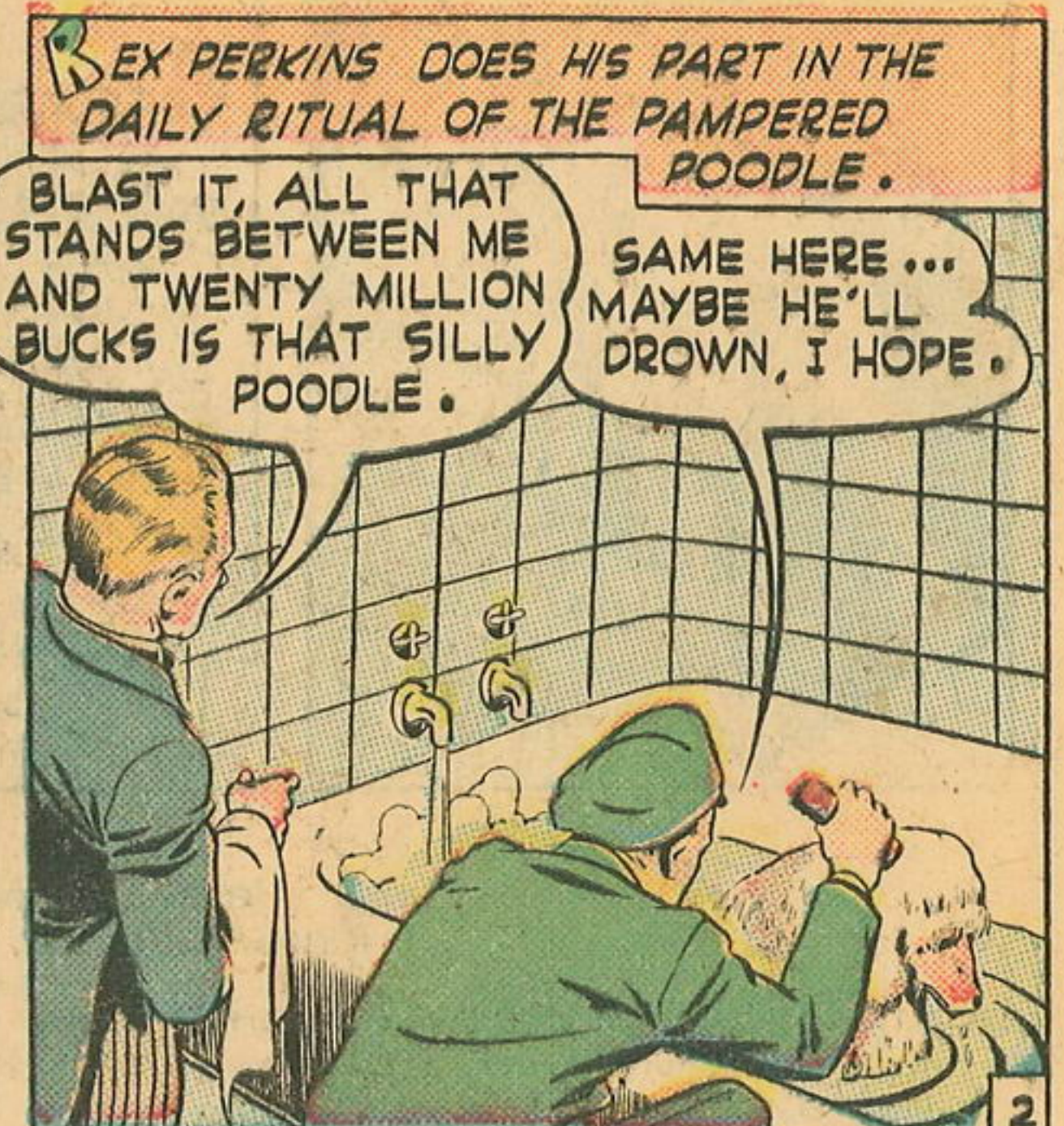
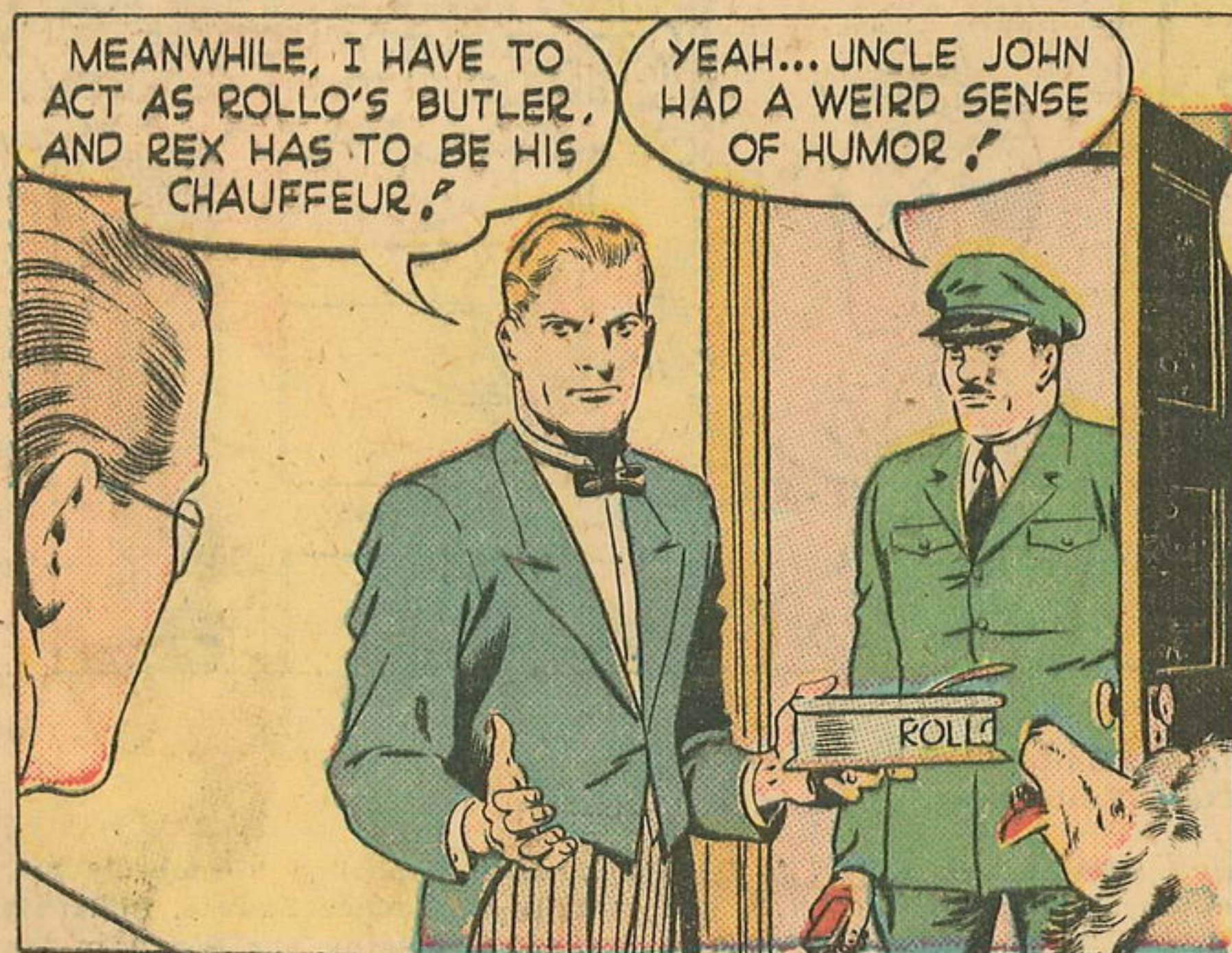
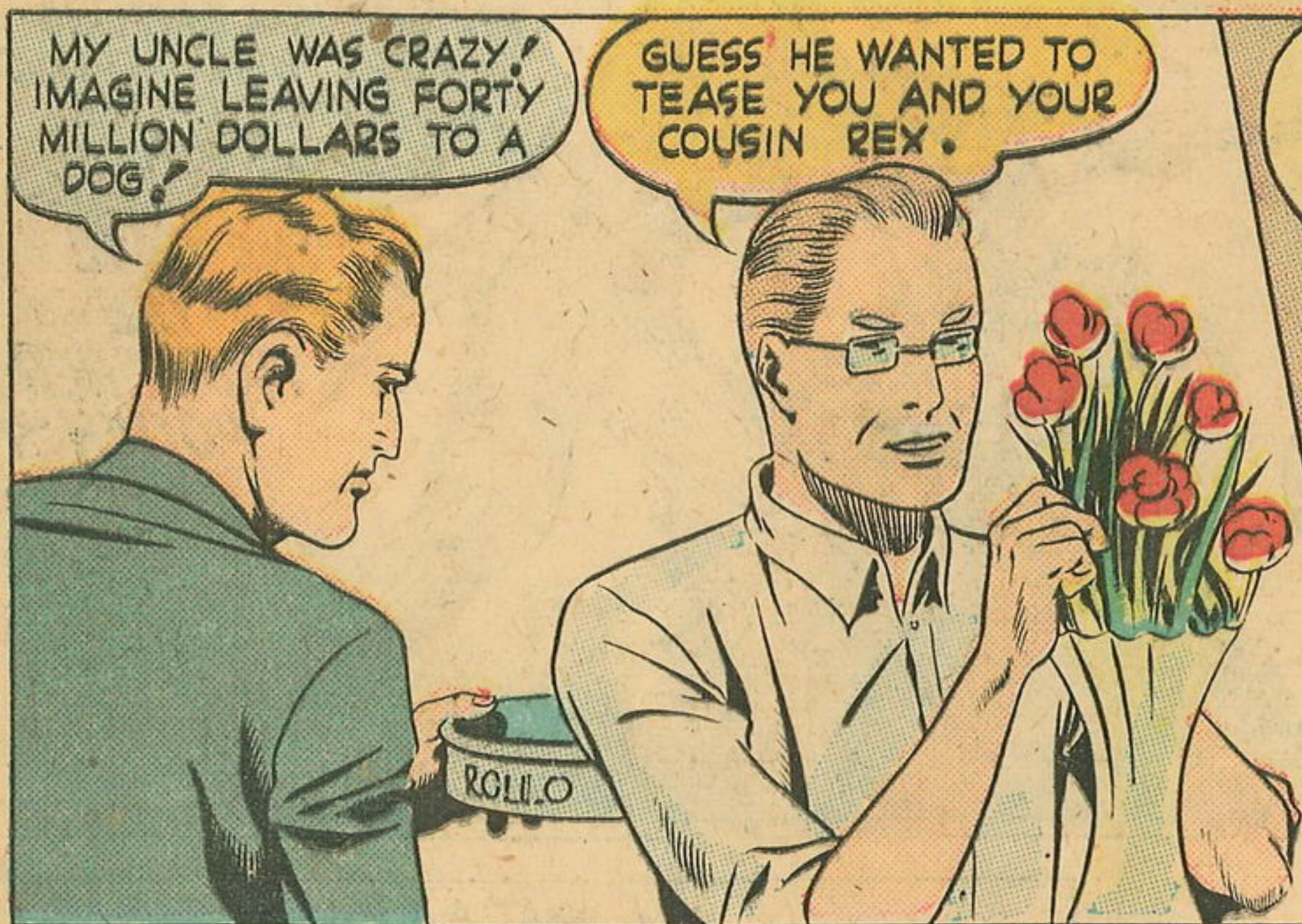
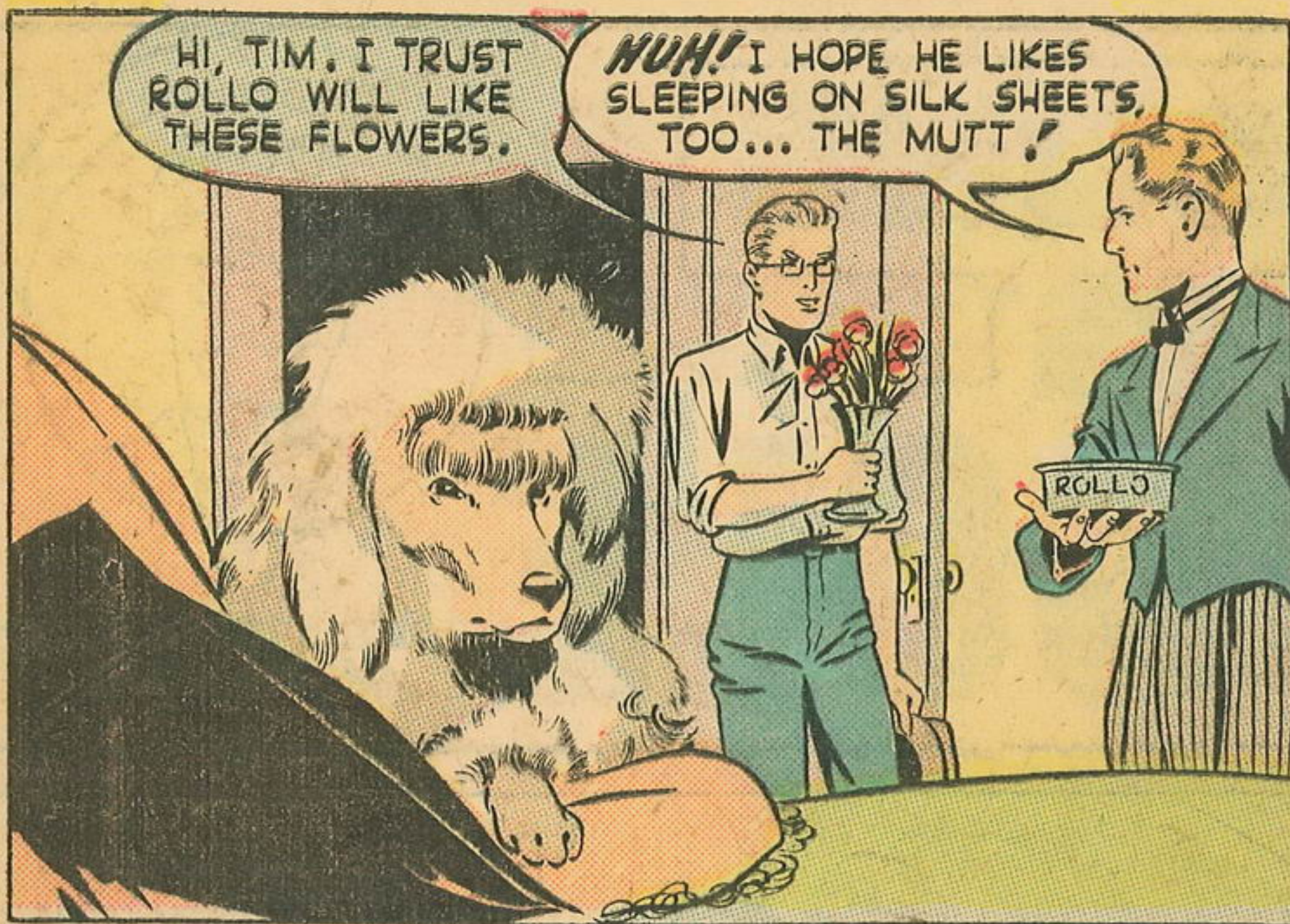
Drawings by
A. McWilliam

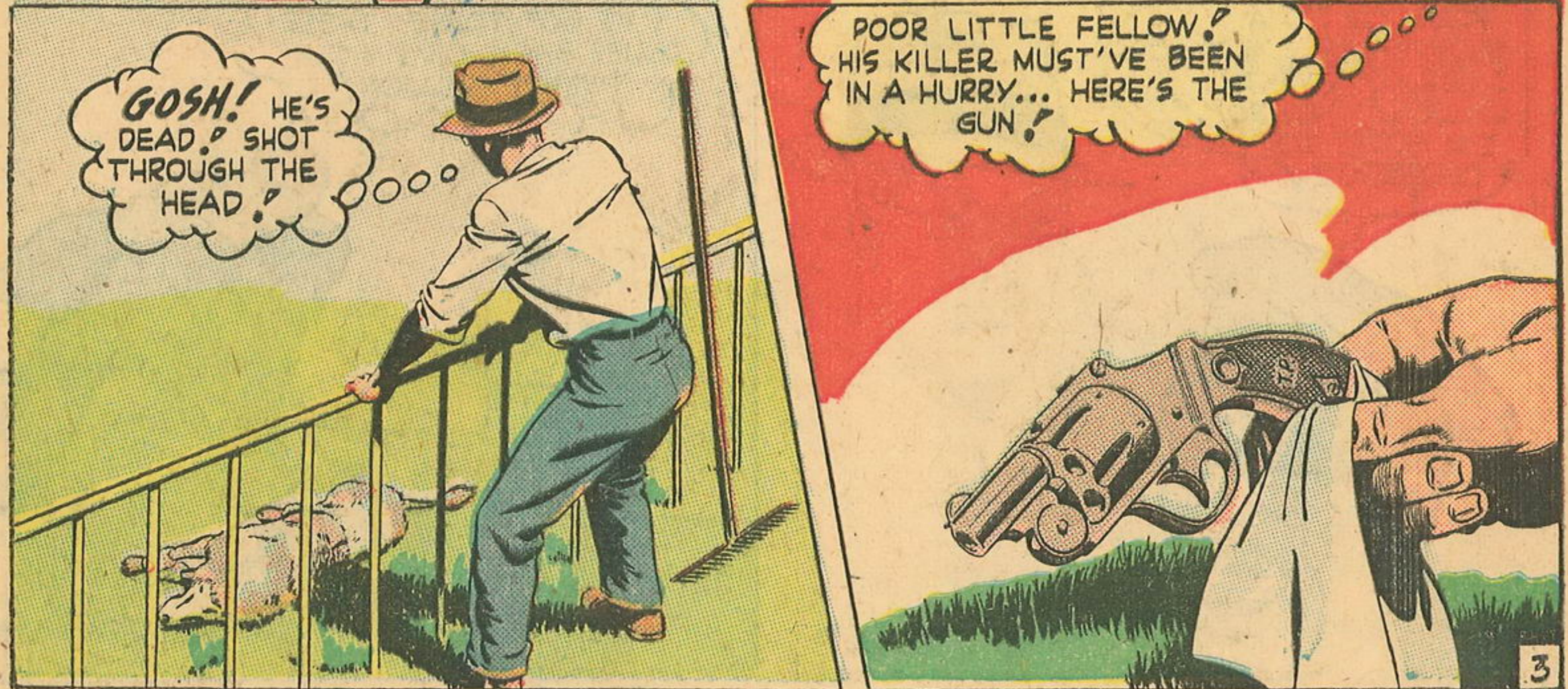
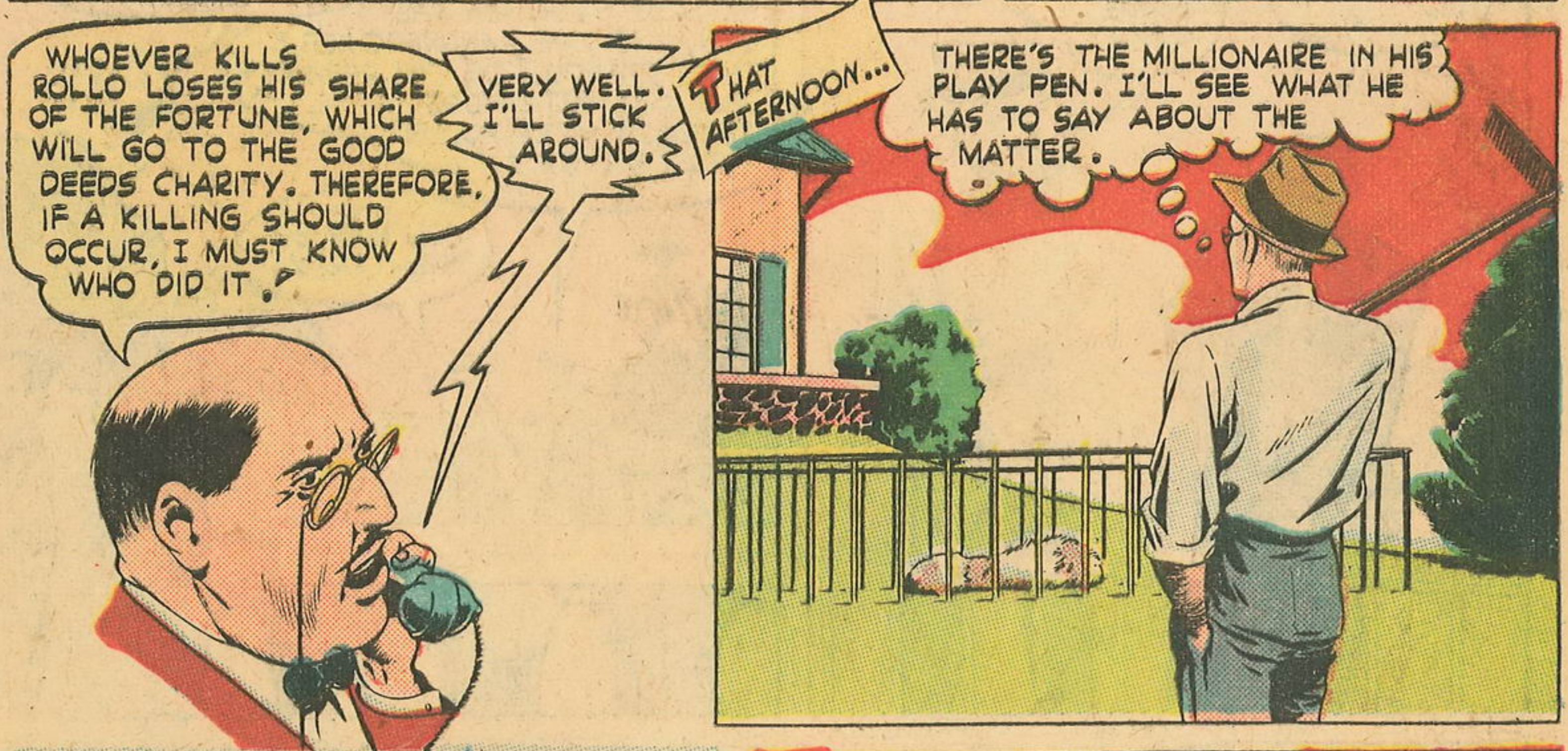
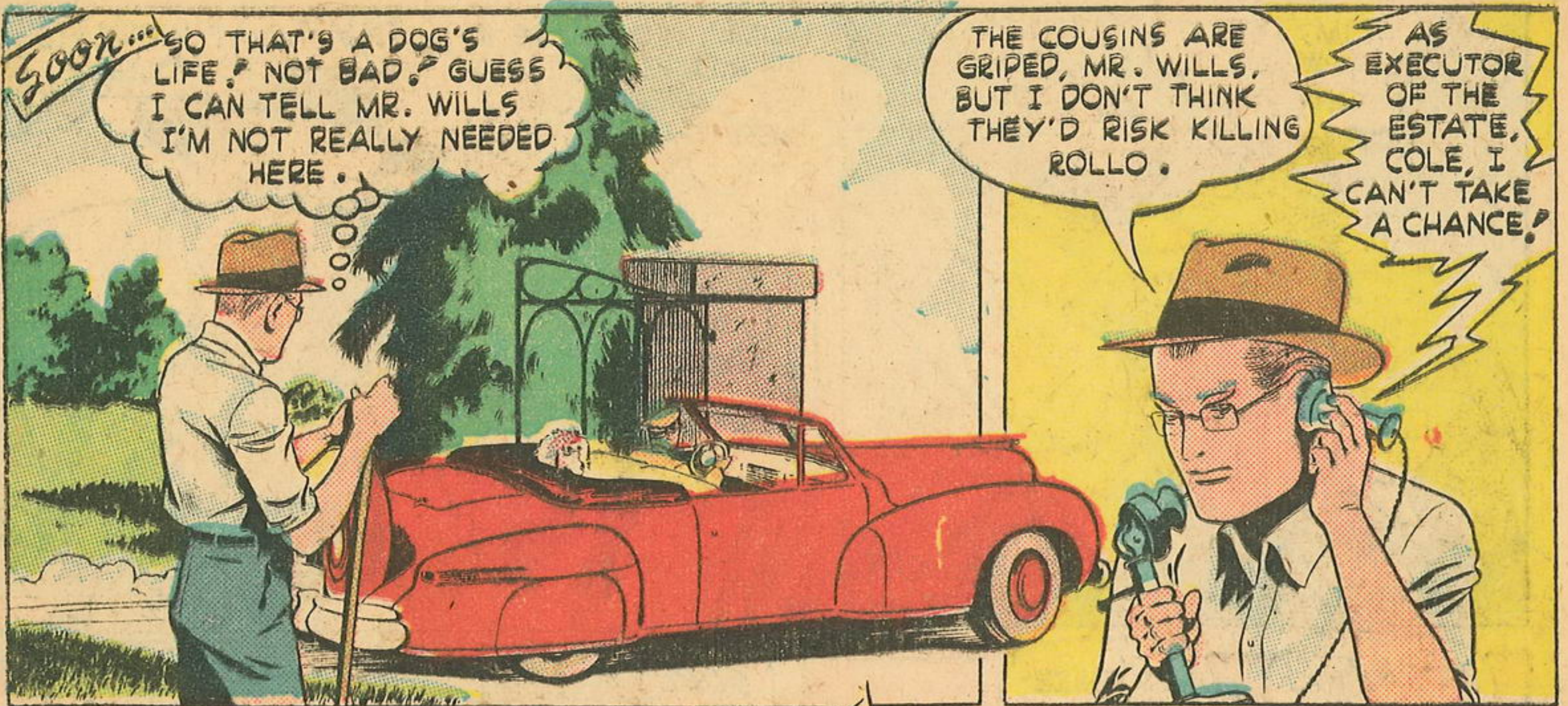


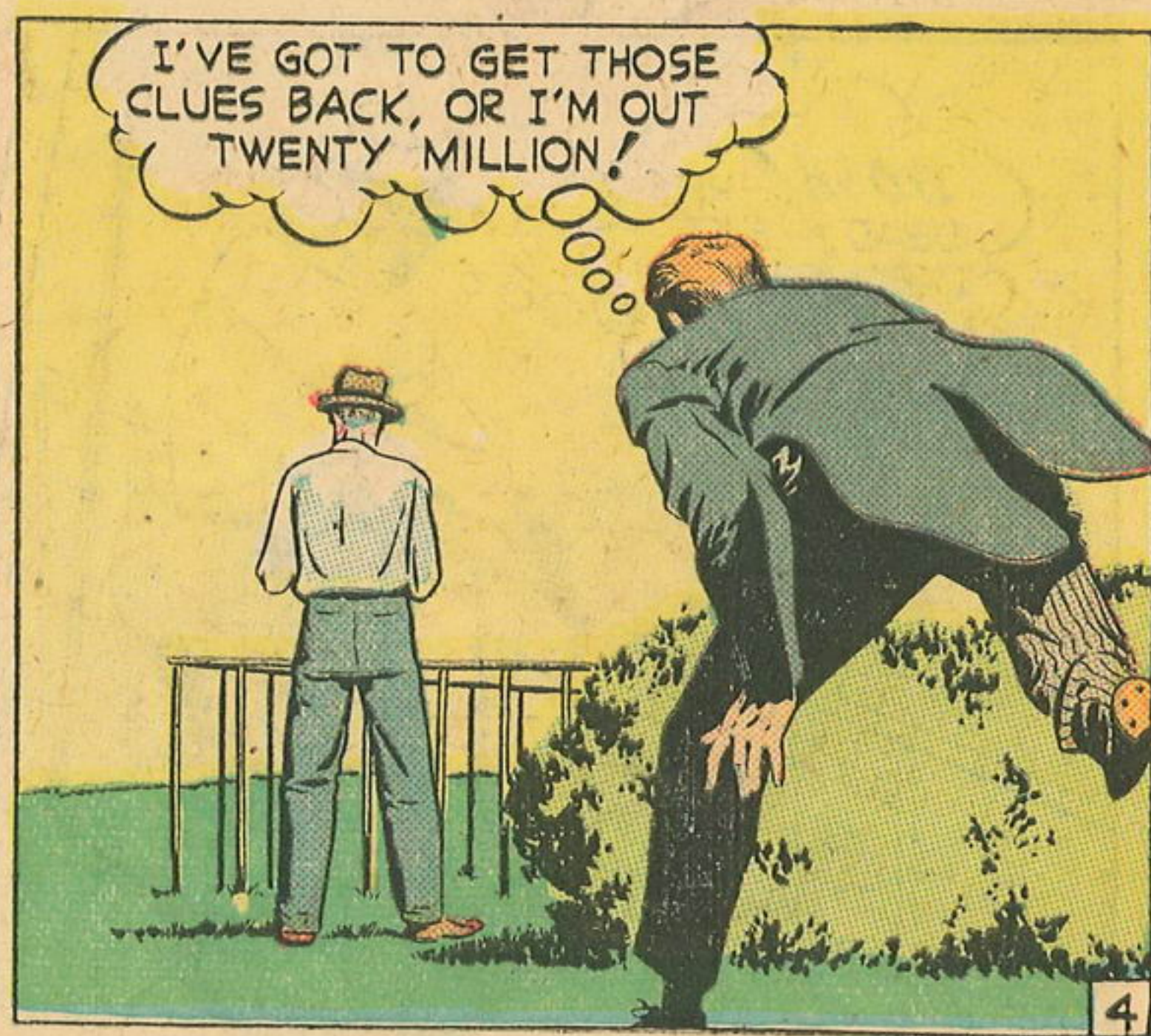
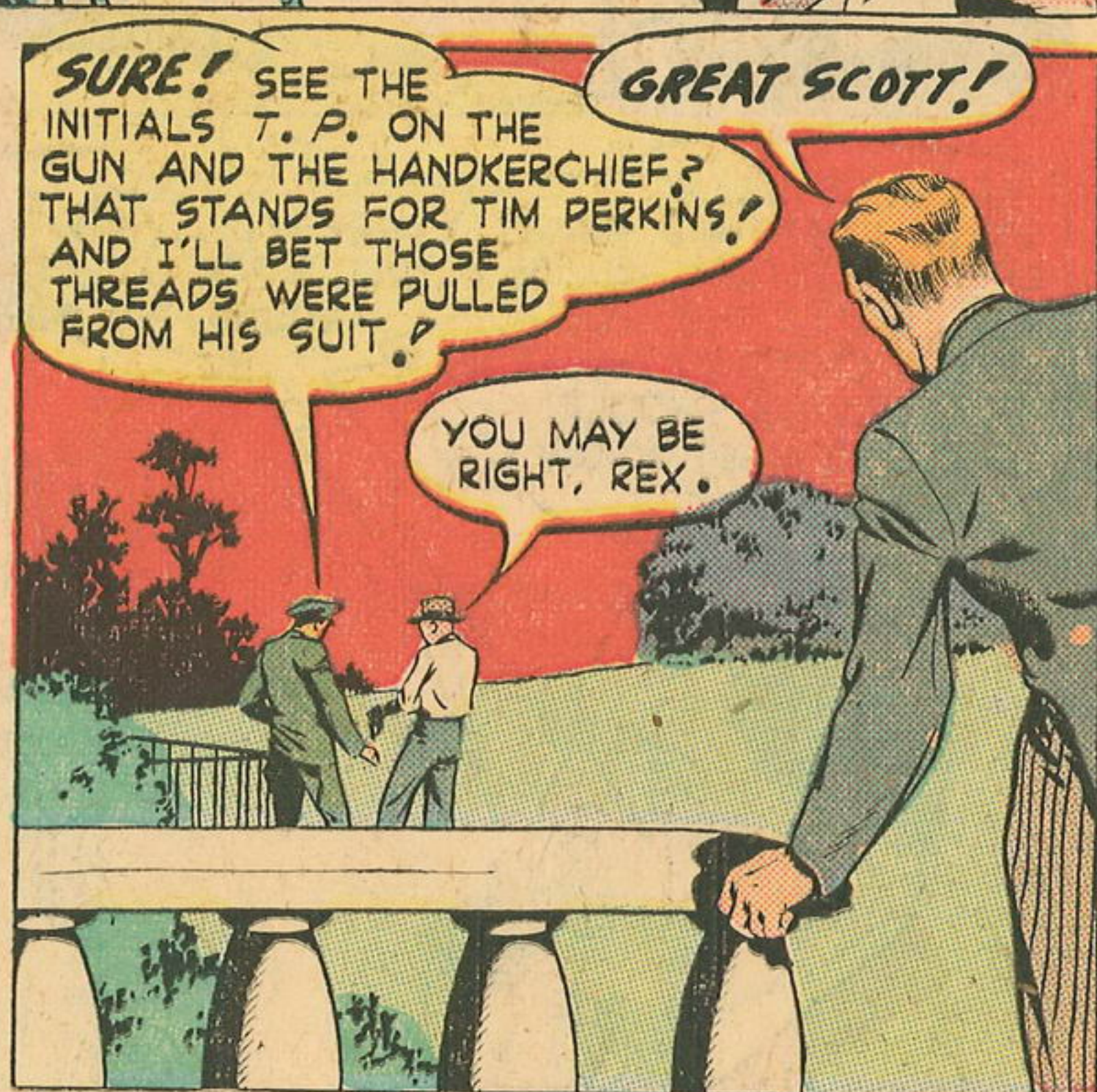
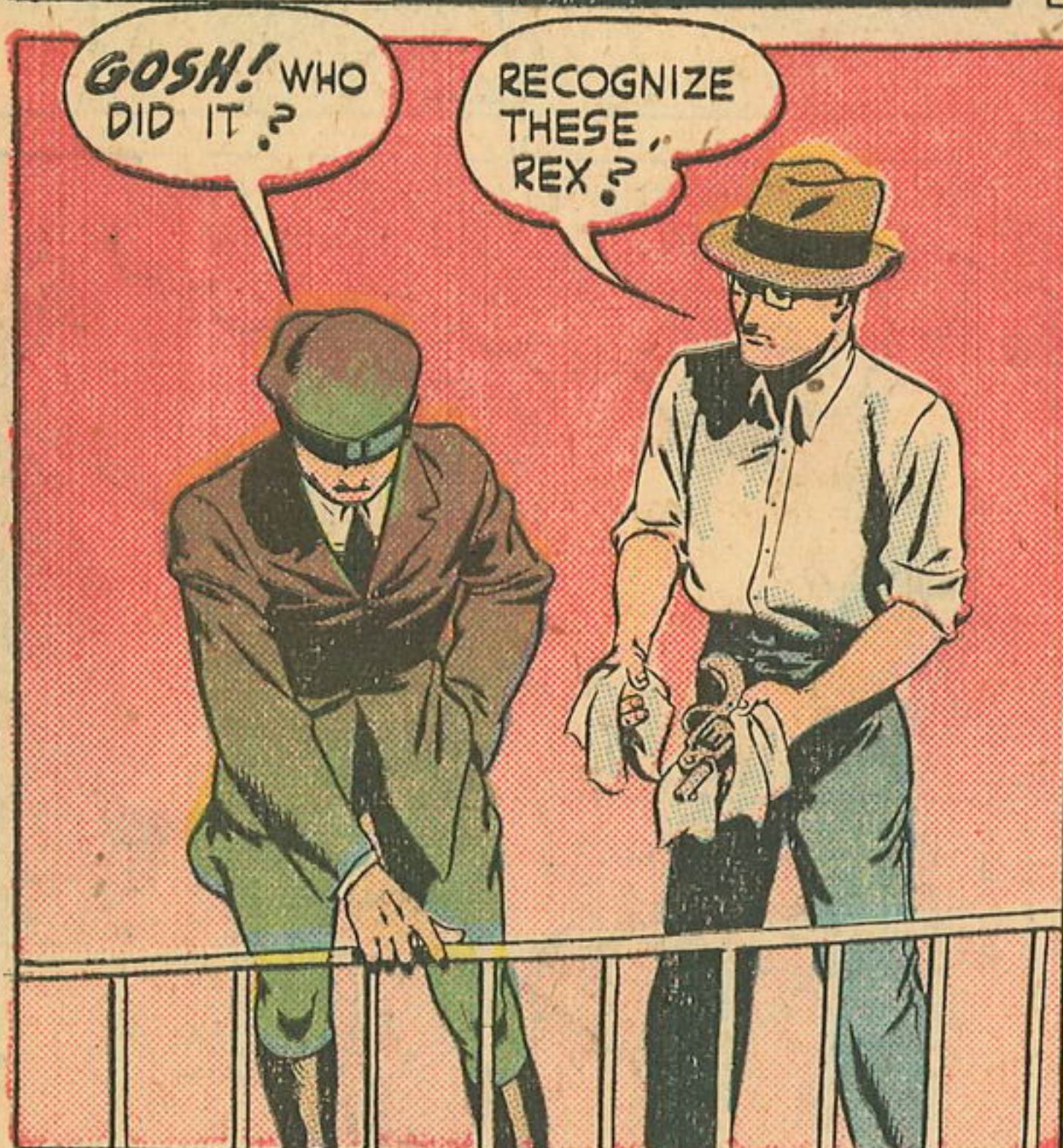
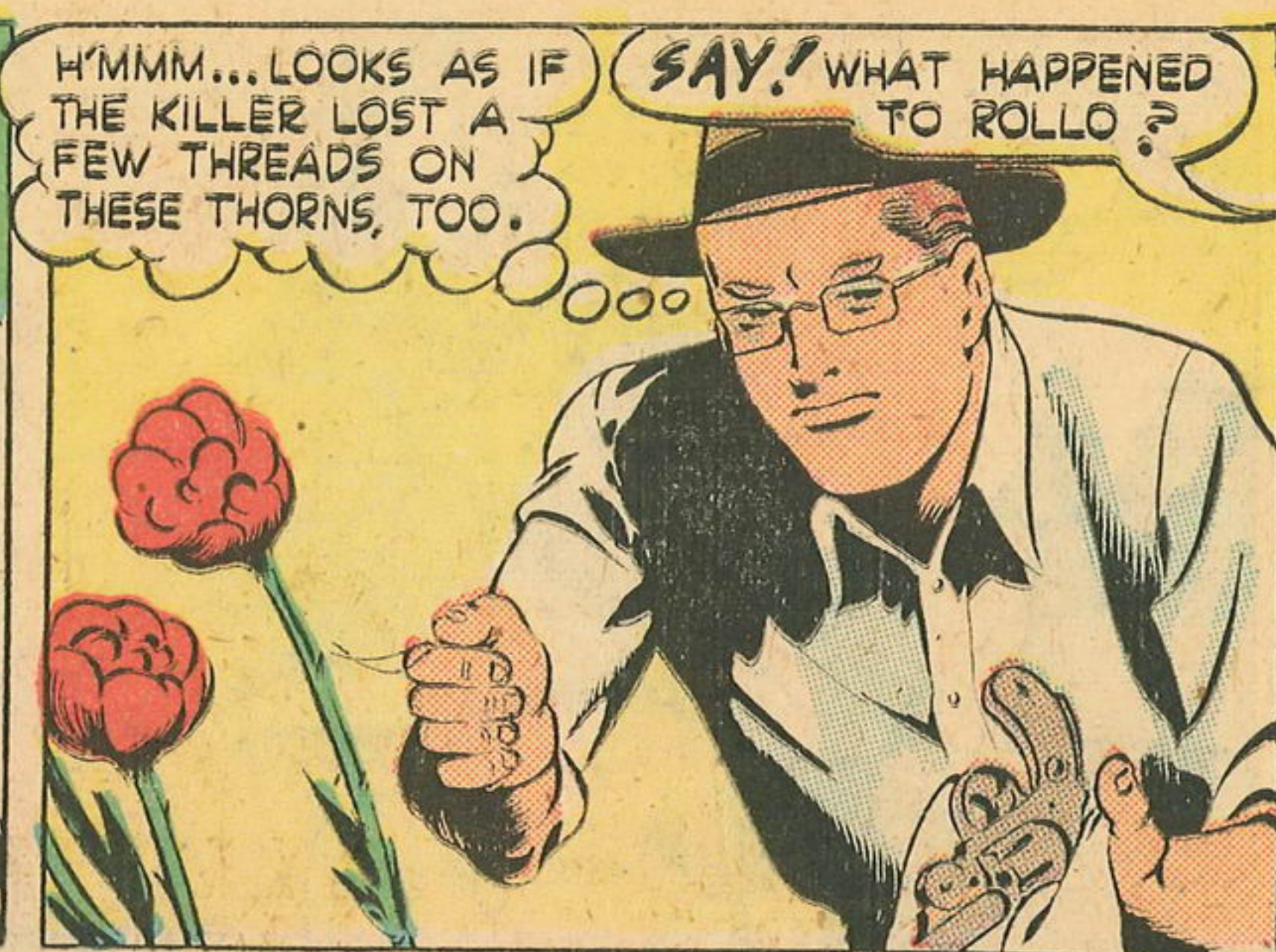
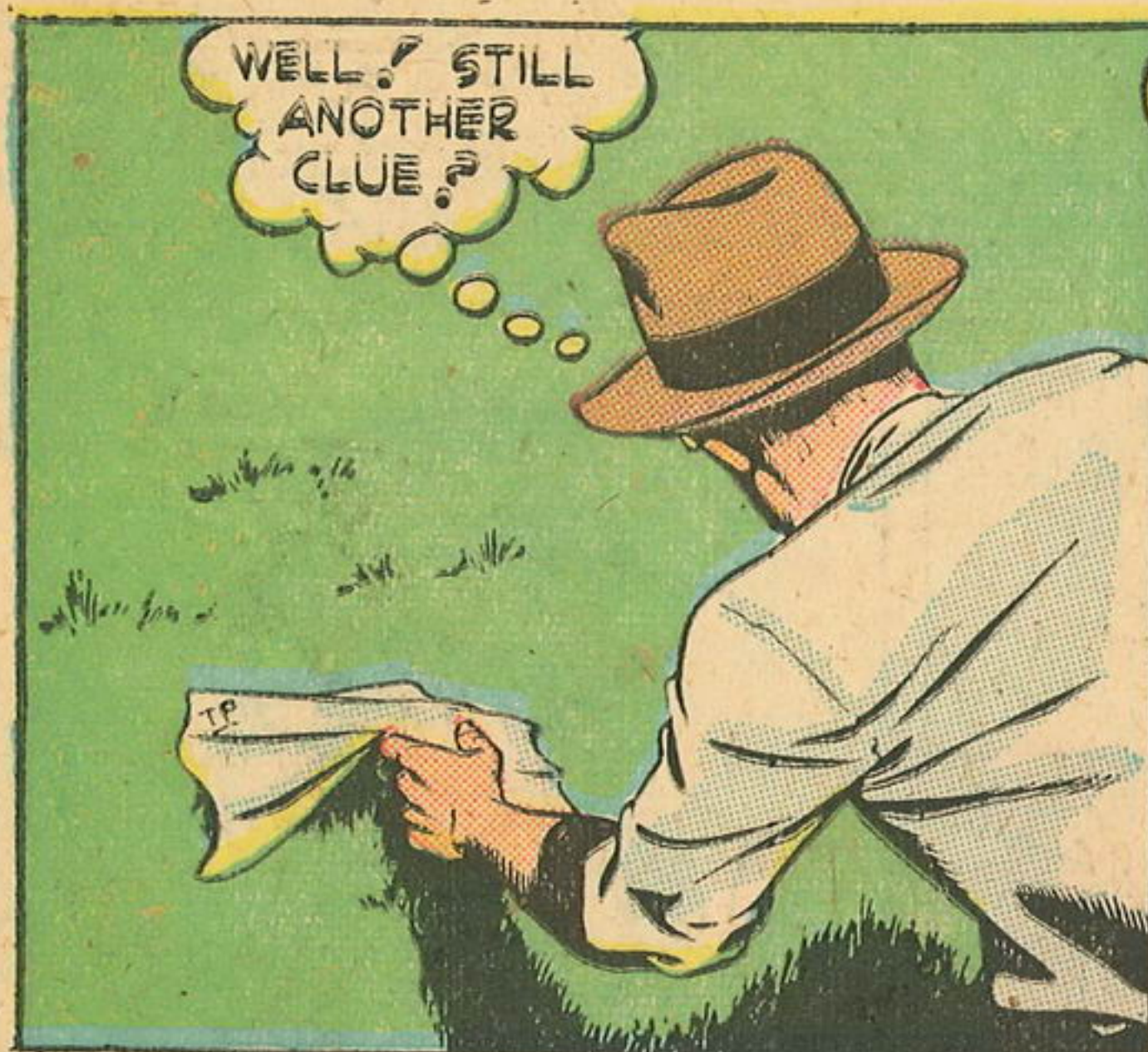
WHAT A SET-UP FOR A
DOG. FRESH FLOWERS FOR
ROLLO EVERY MORNING,
BROUGHT TO HIS BEDROOM.

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

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NOT SO FAST, CHUM!



THIS IS A PUT-UP JOB BETWEEN YOU AND REX, BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!!



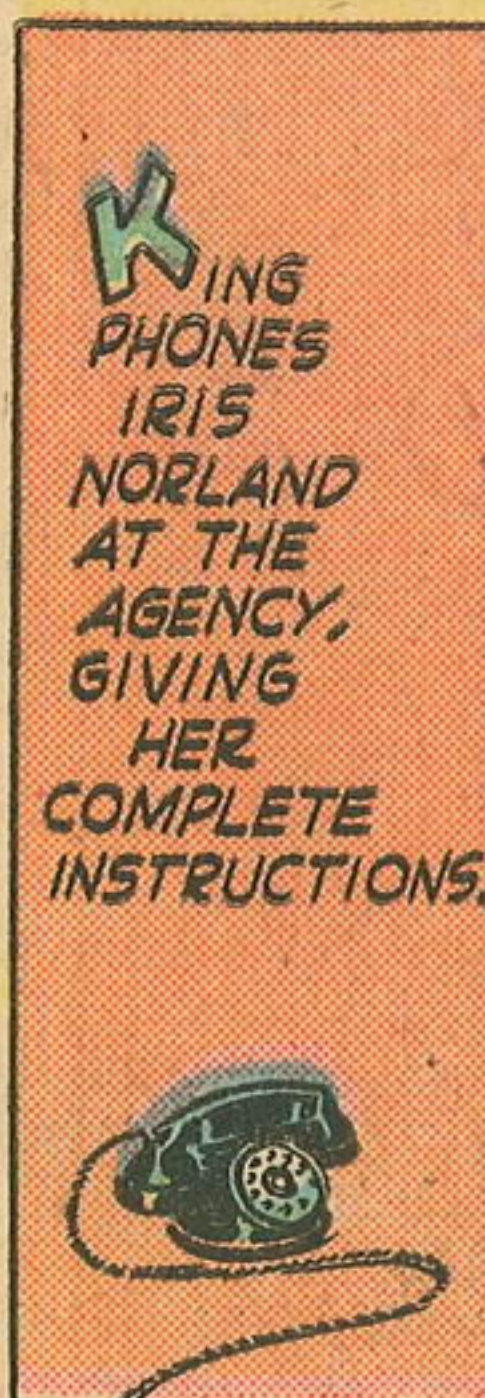
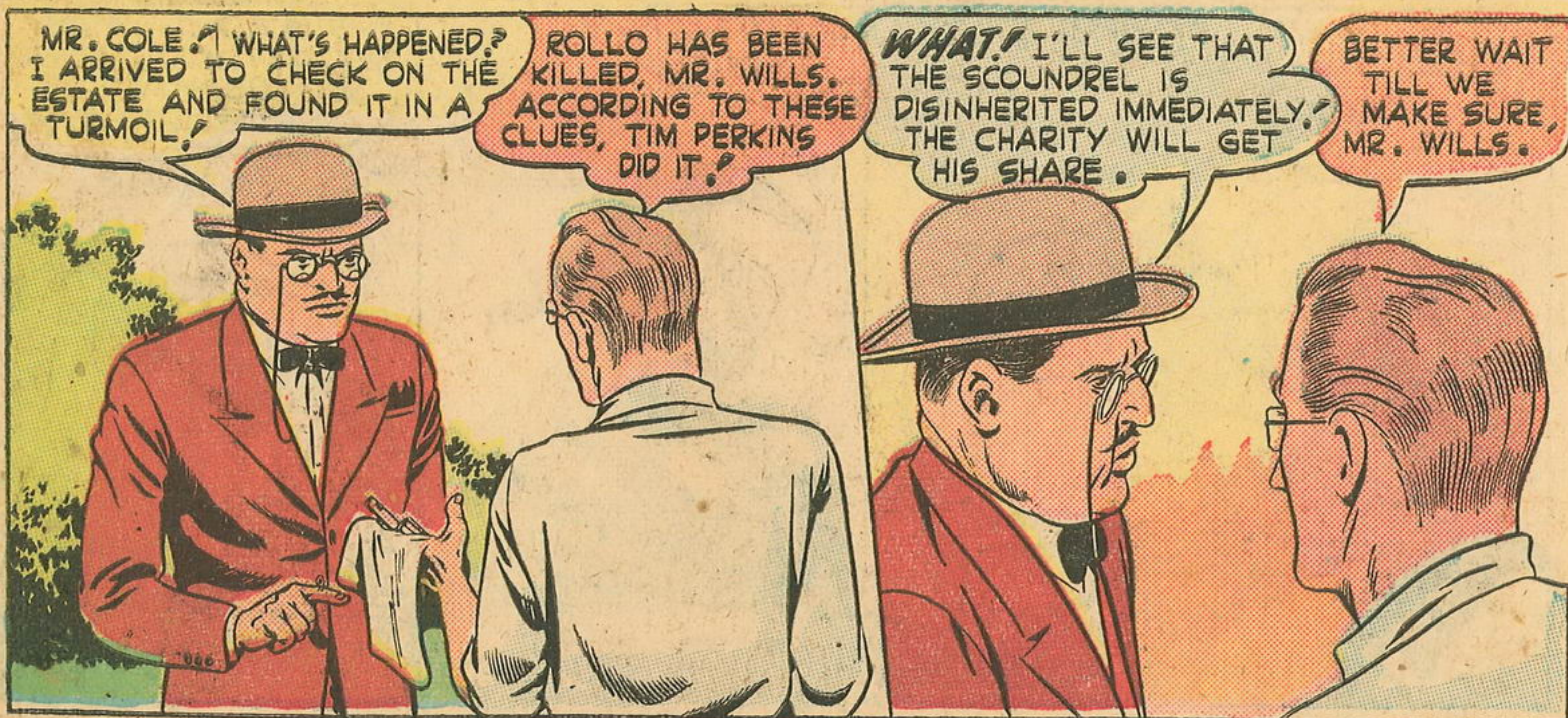
I WANT THOSE CLUES BACK!

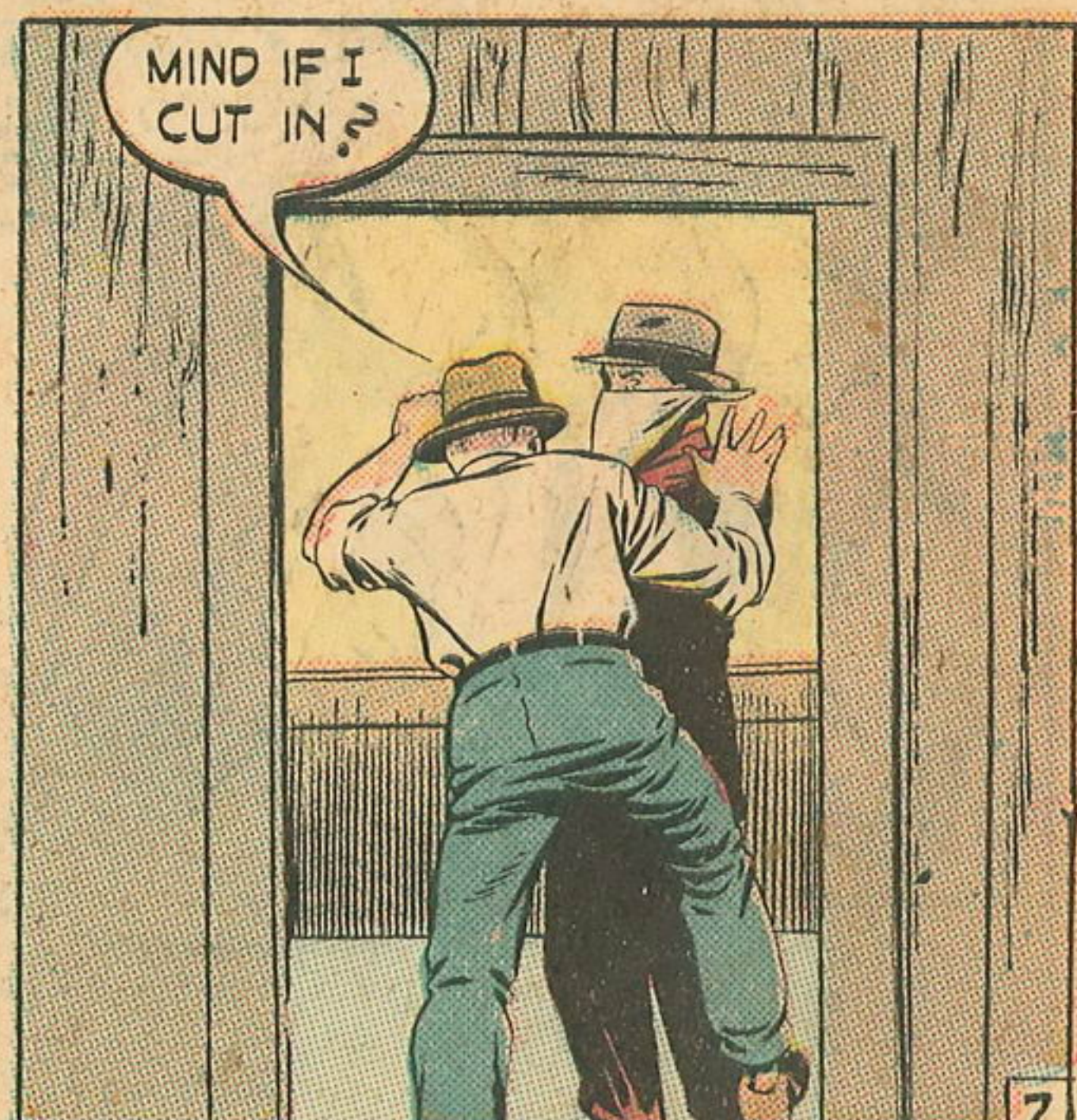
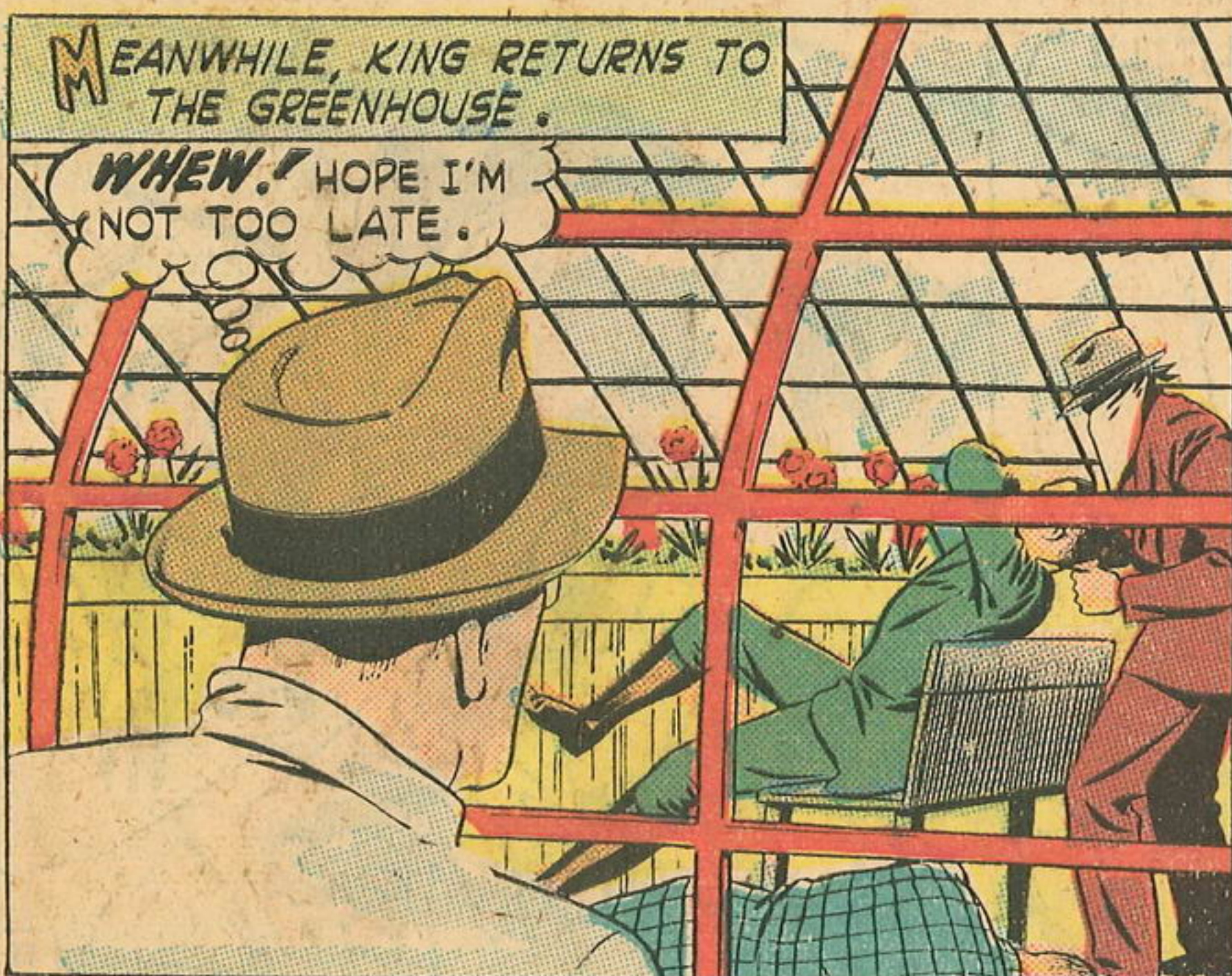
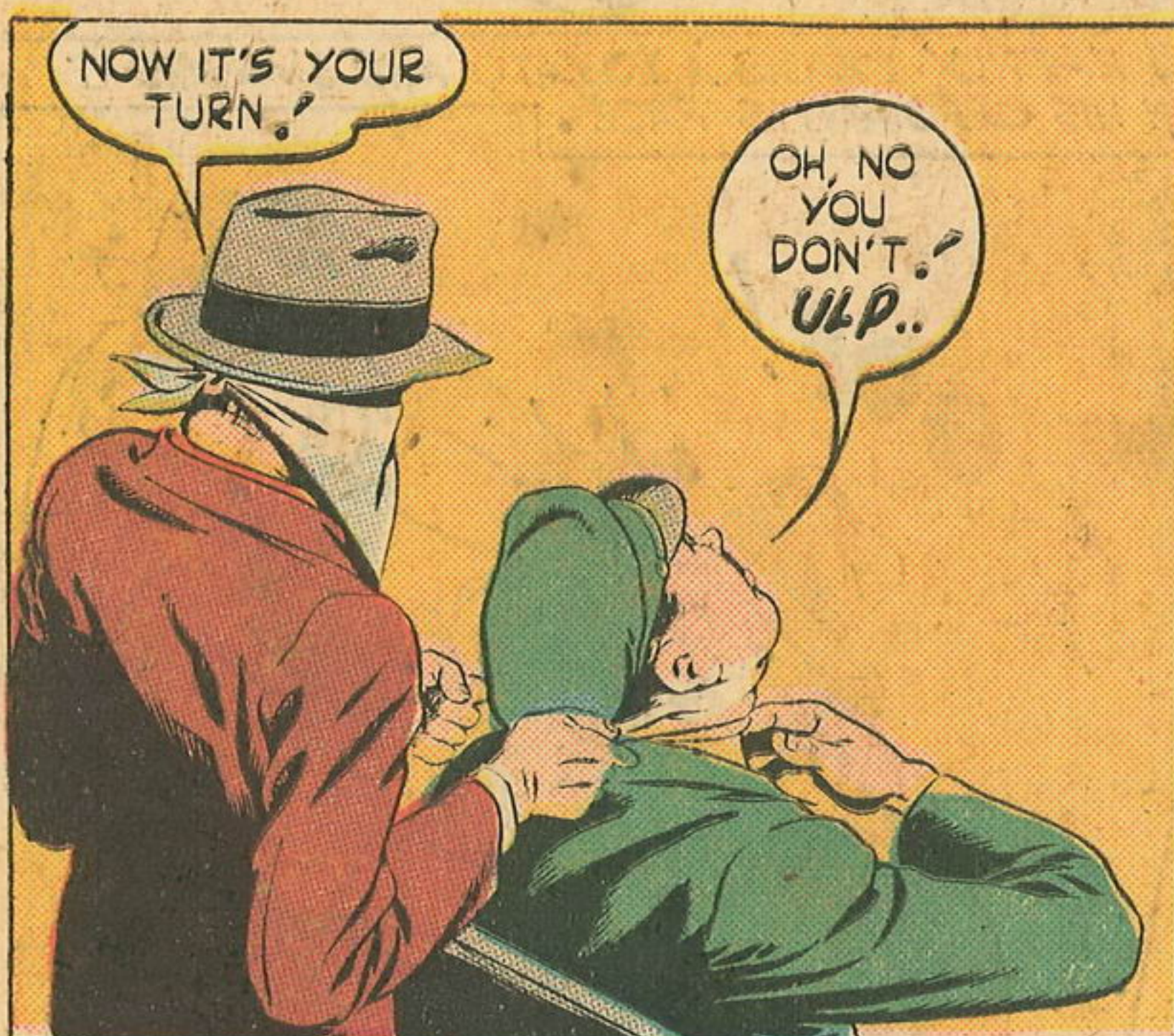
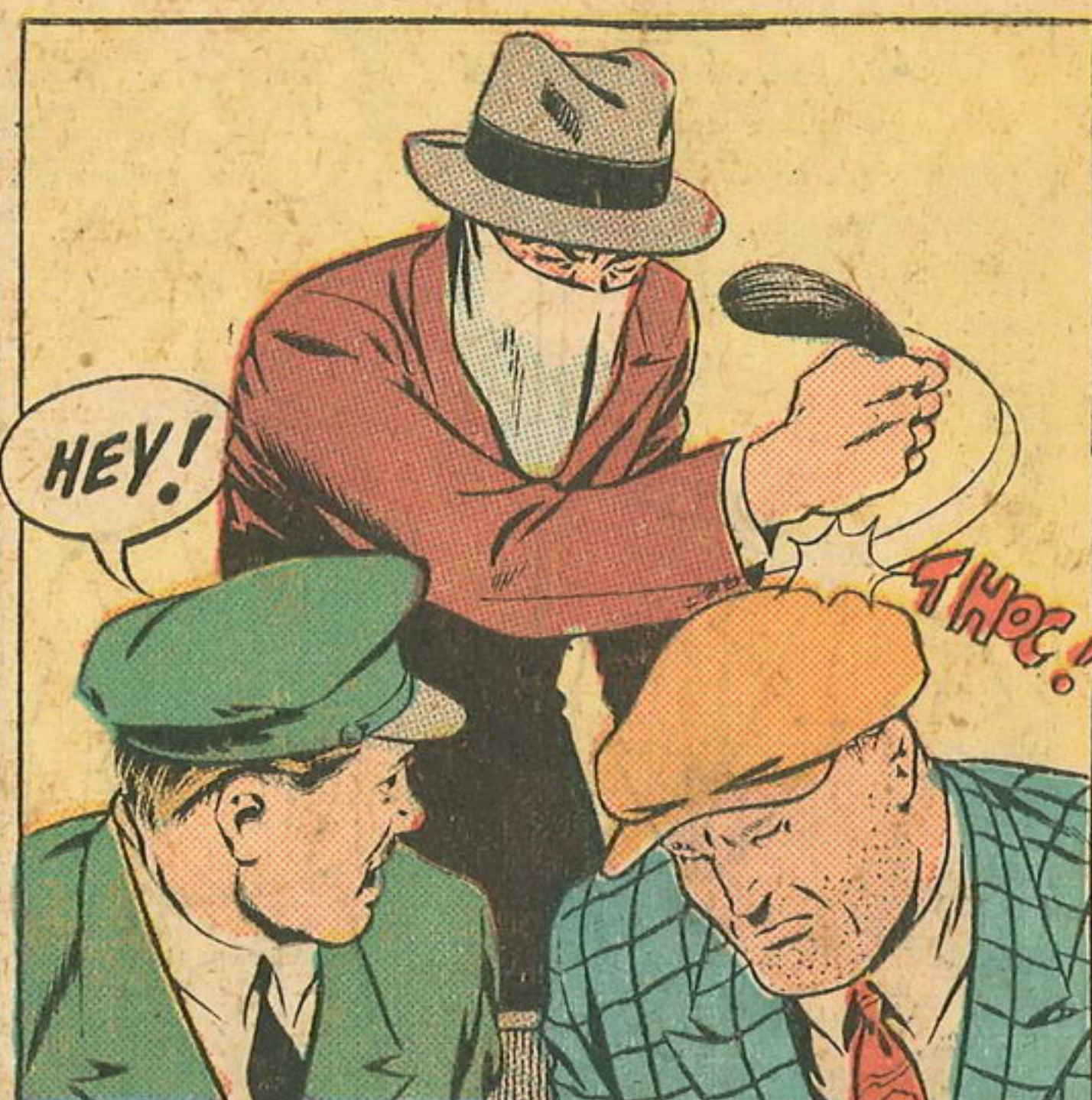
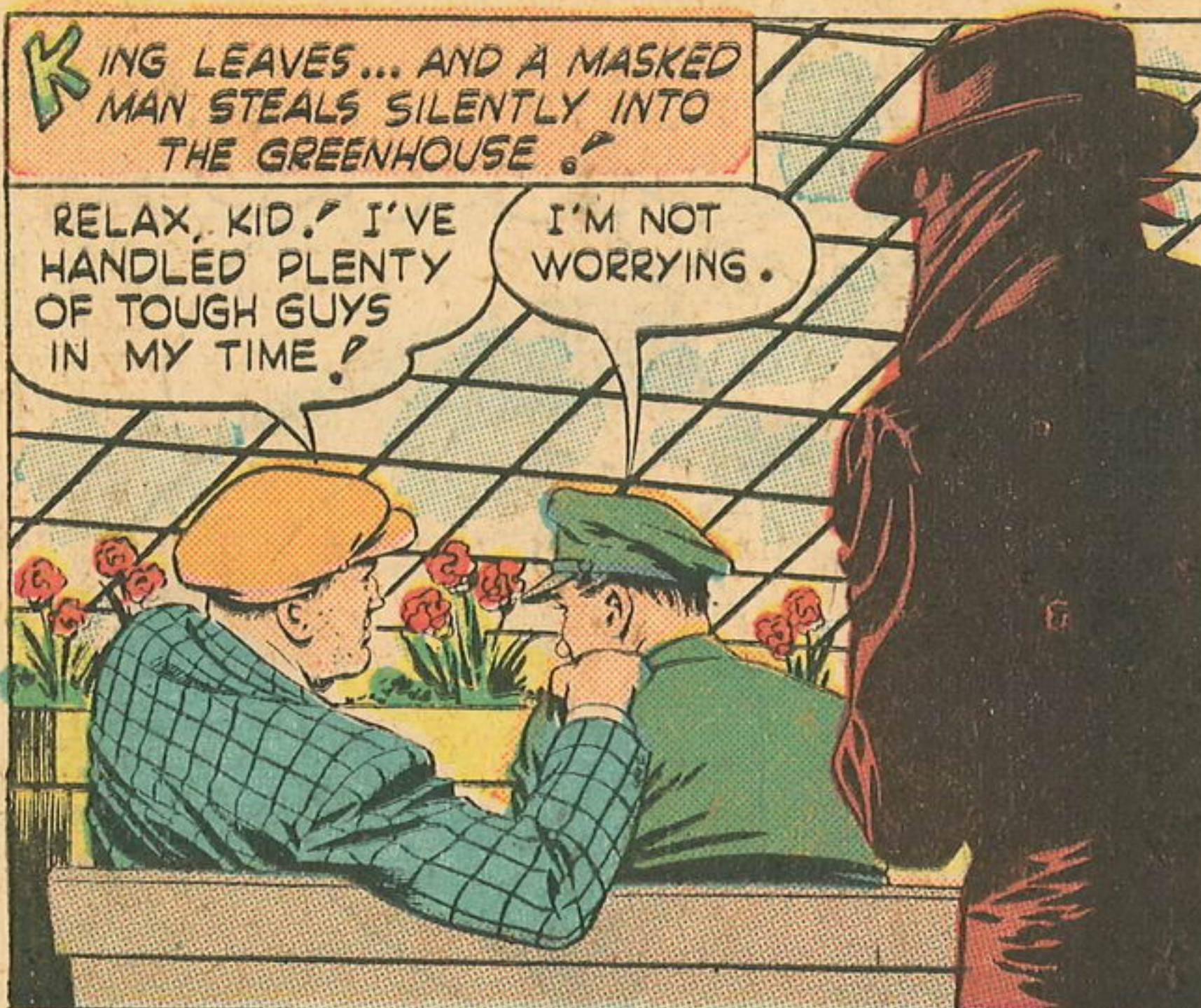
I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING ELSE...



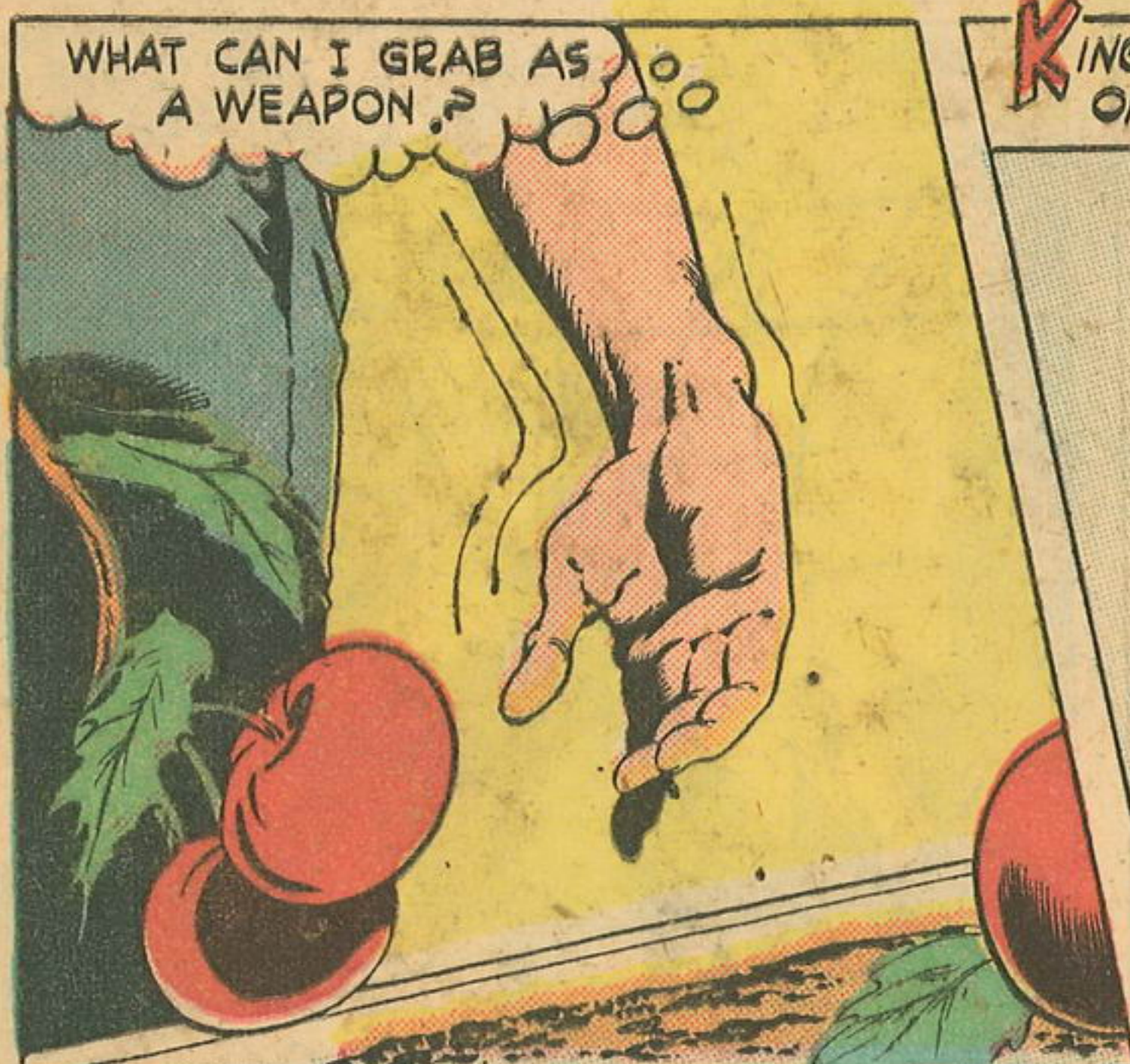
YOU WIN THIS ROUND, BUT WAIT TILL I FIND THE RAT BEHIND THIS DOUBLE CROSS! I'LL KILL REX FOR THIS!



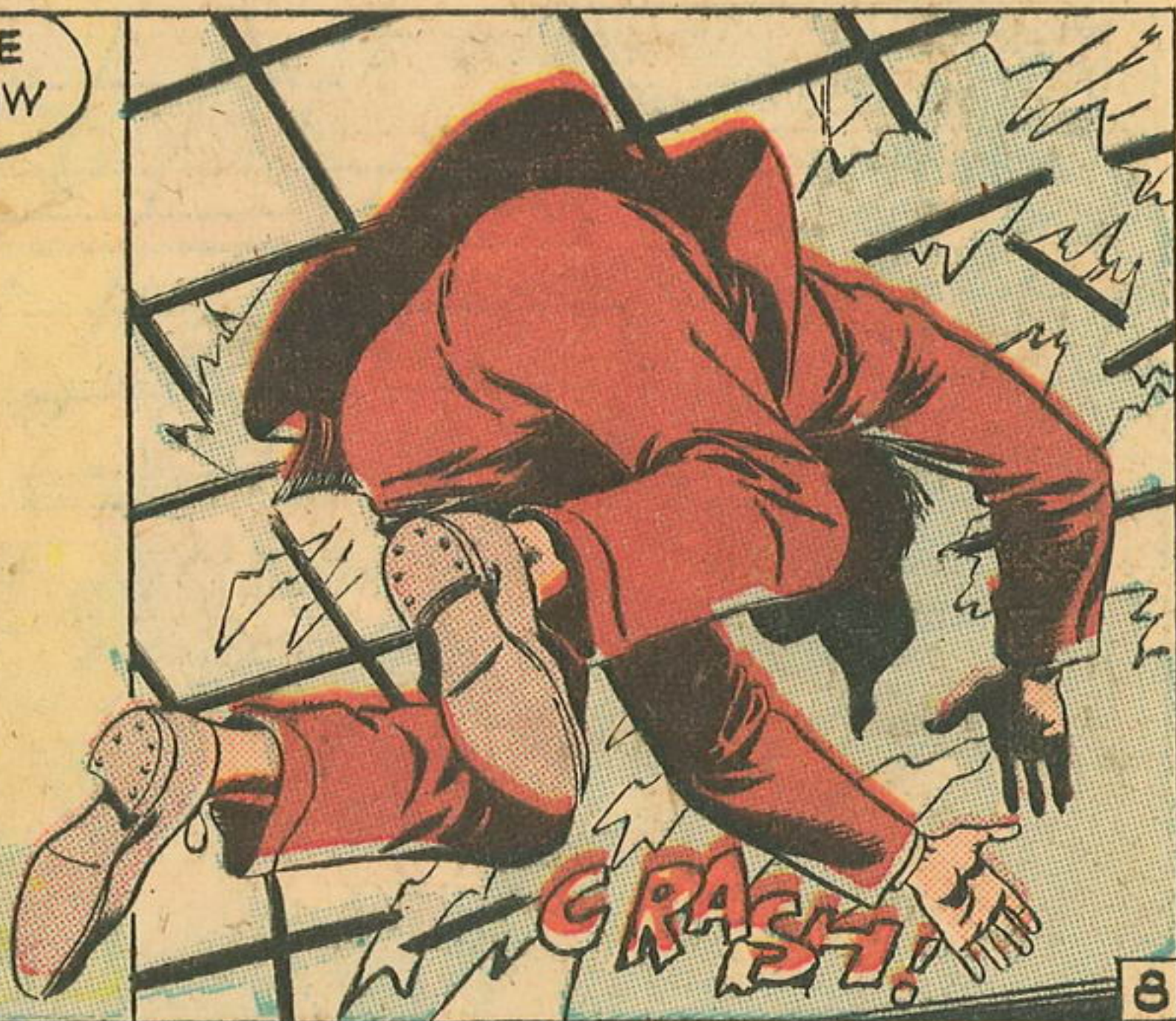
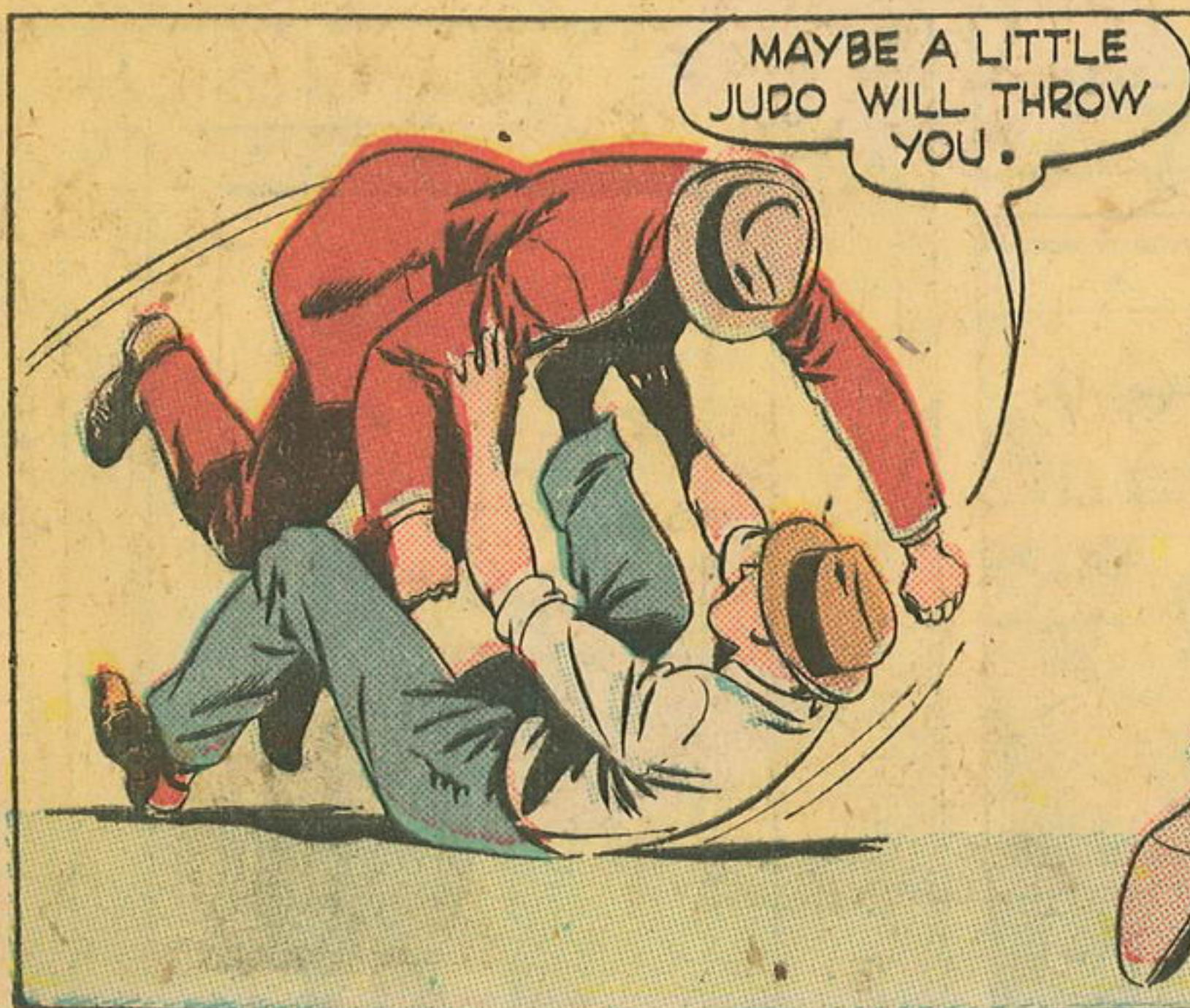
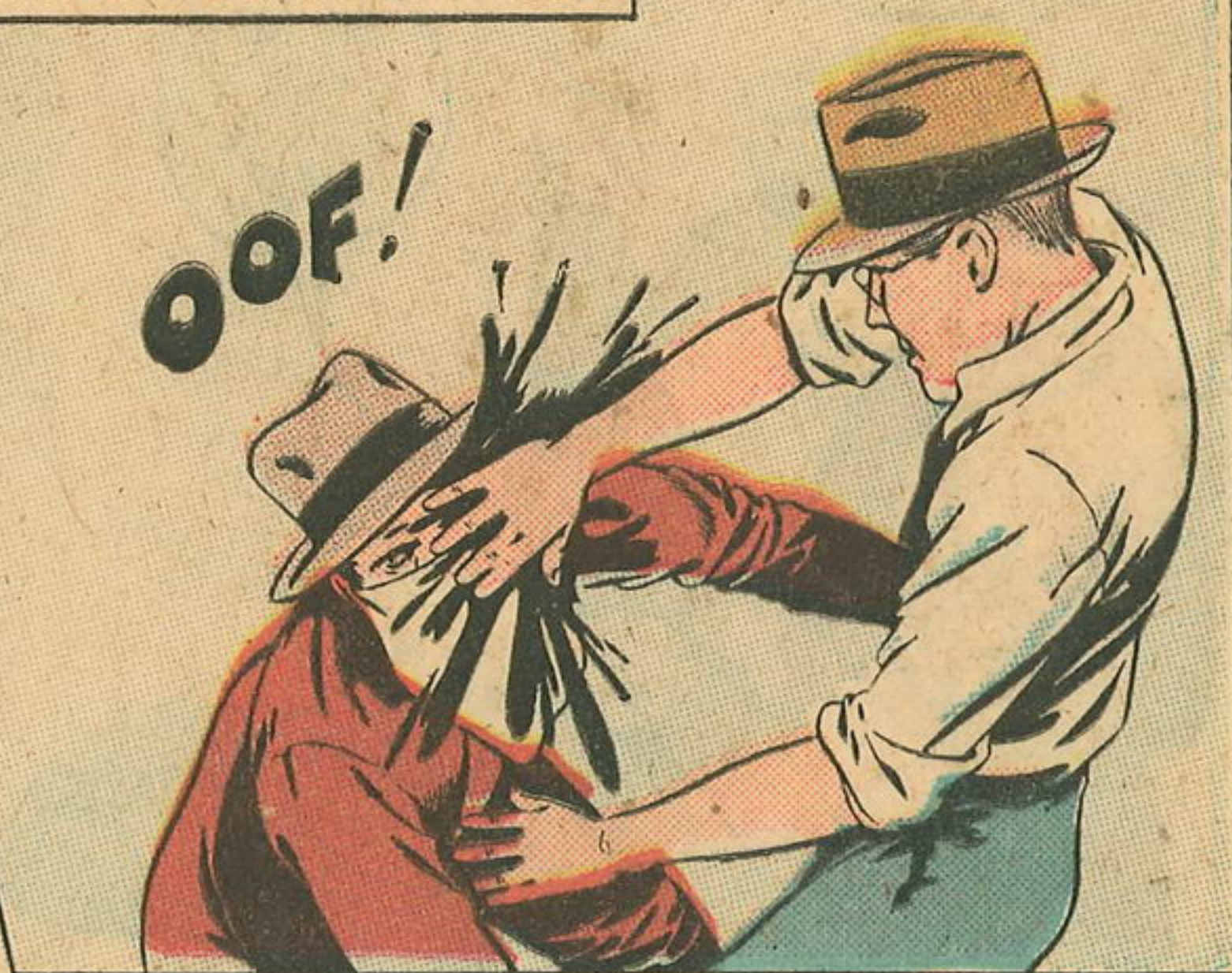




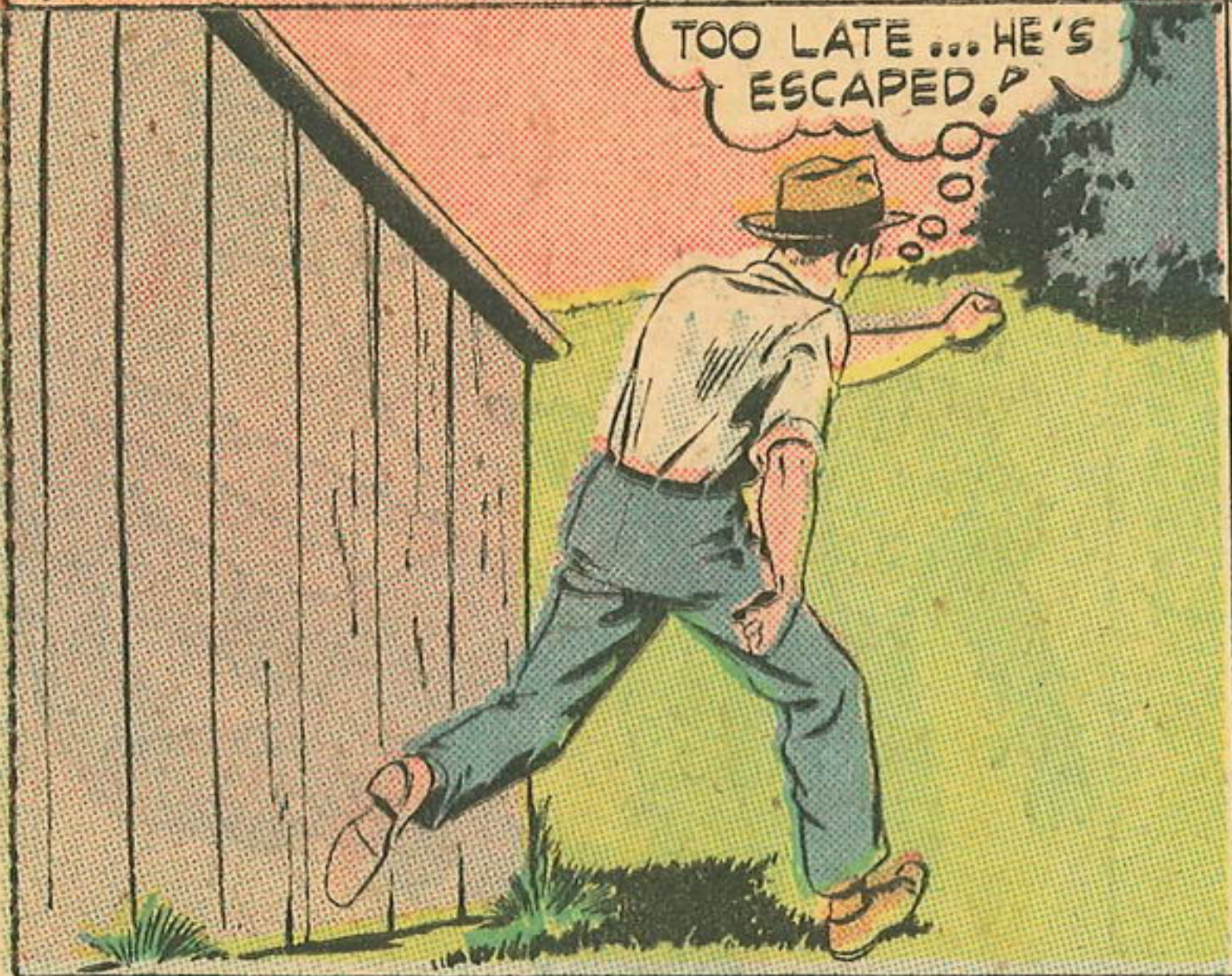
See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



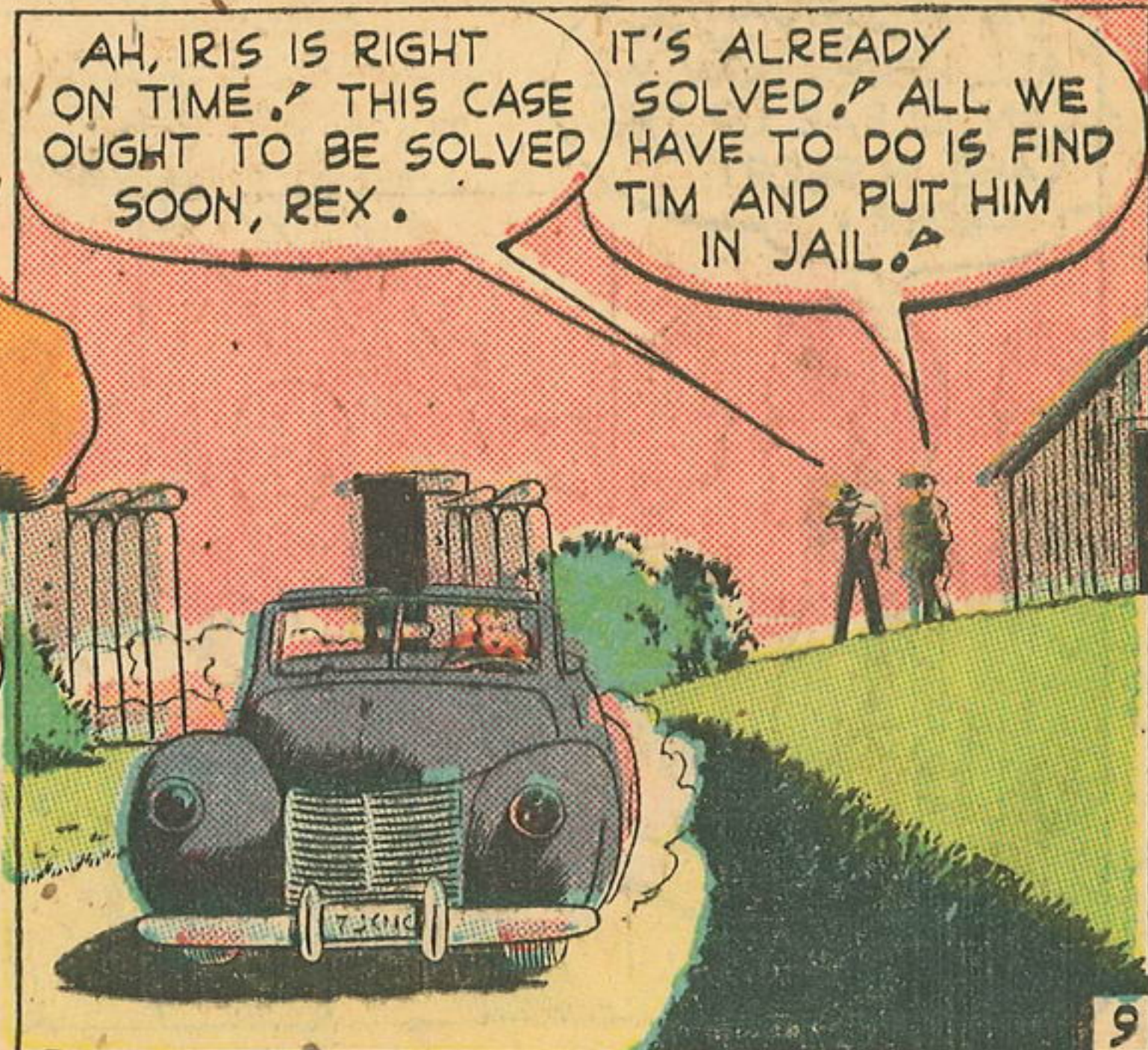
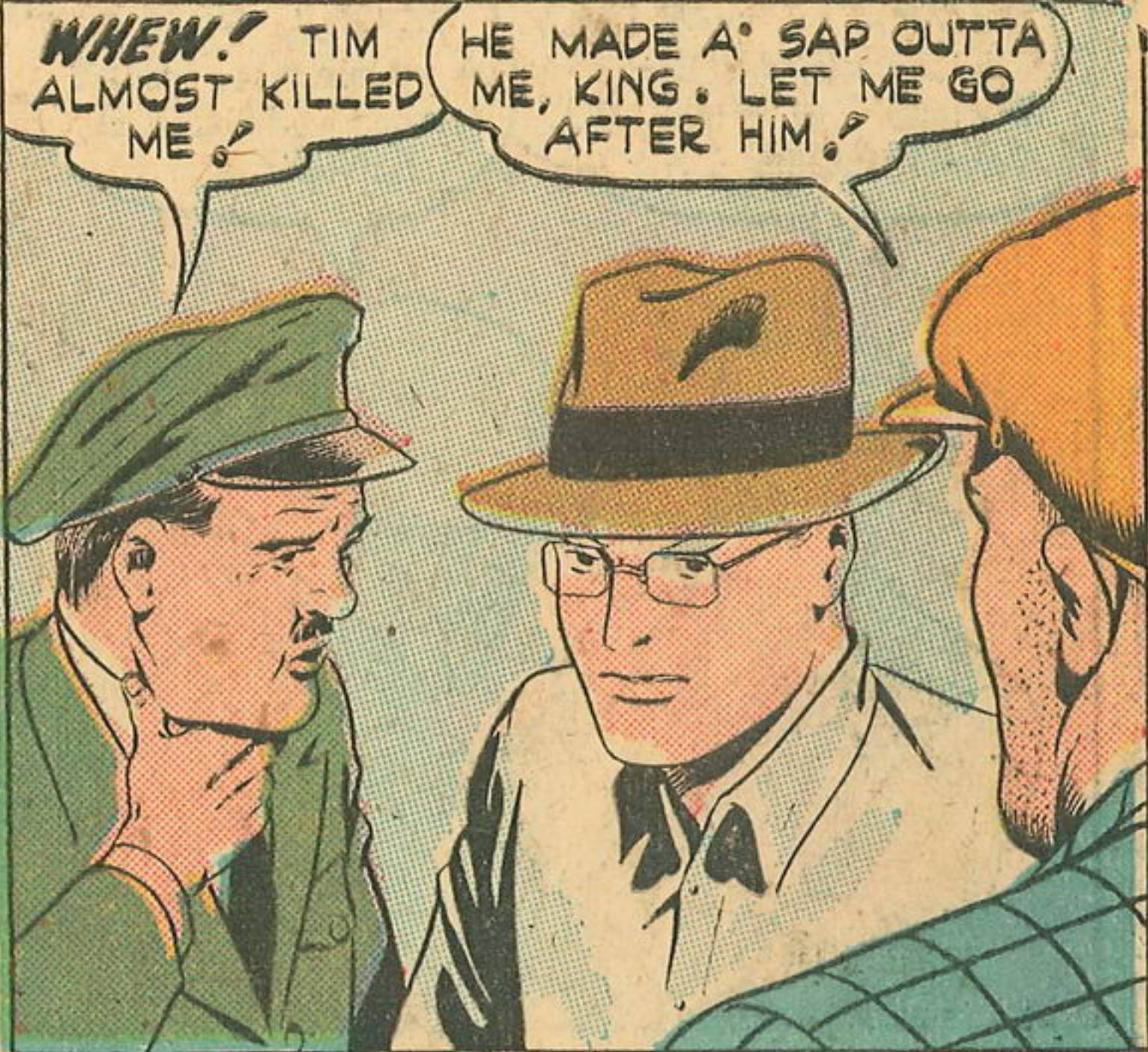
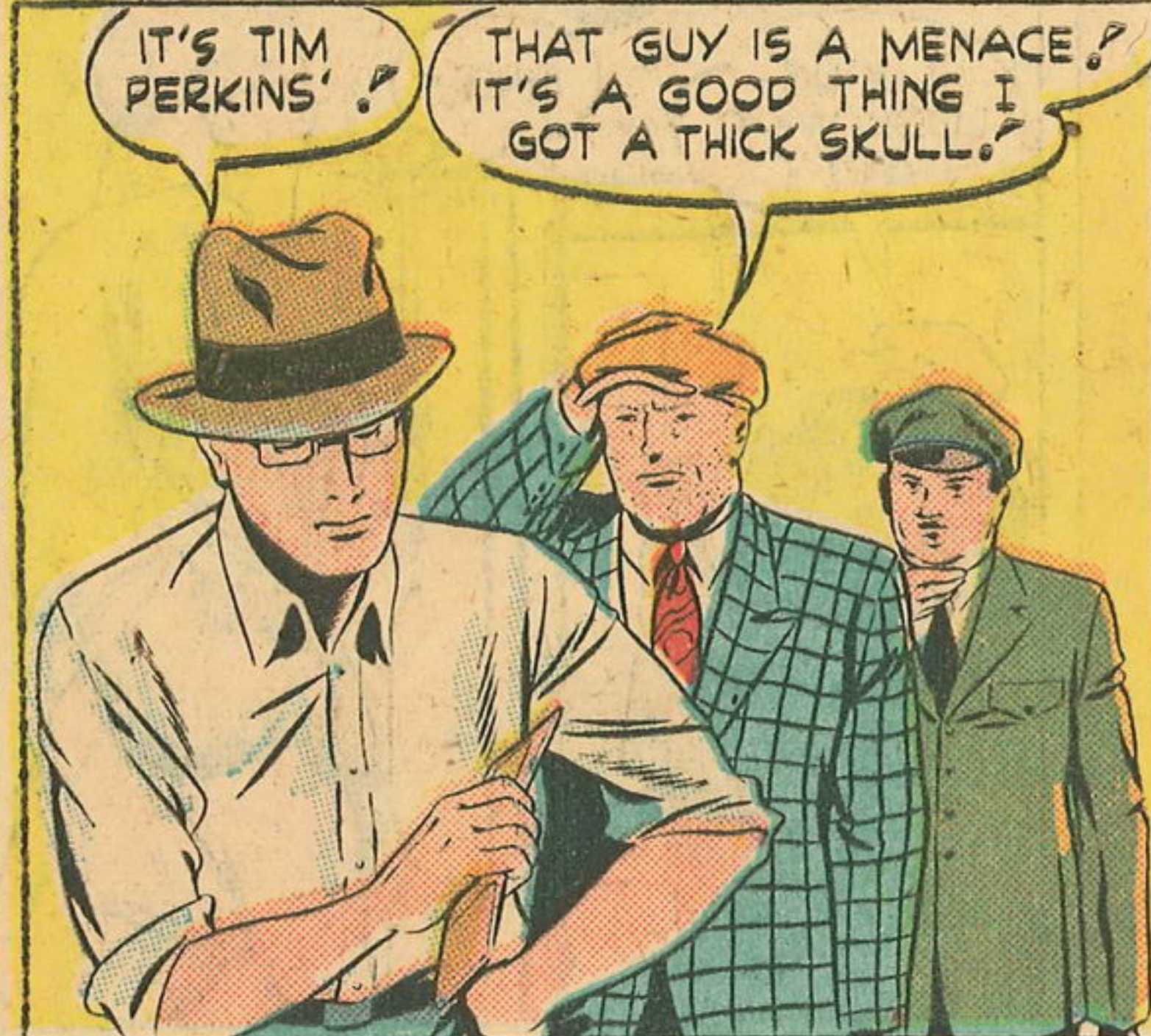
KING HASTILY GRABS A TOMATO AND SMASHES IT ON HIS OPPONENT'S FACE.

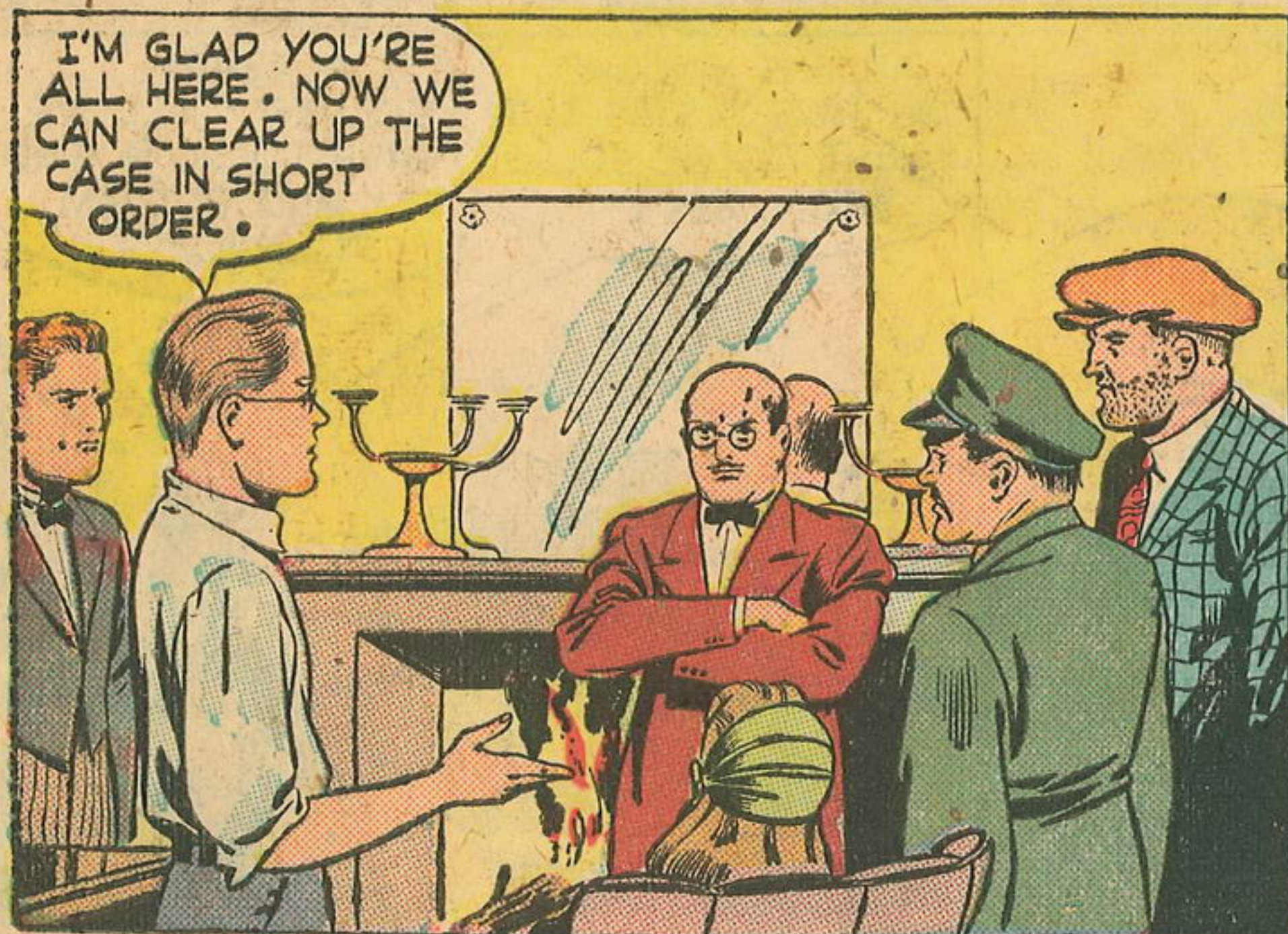
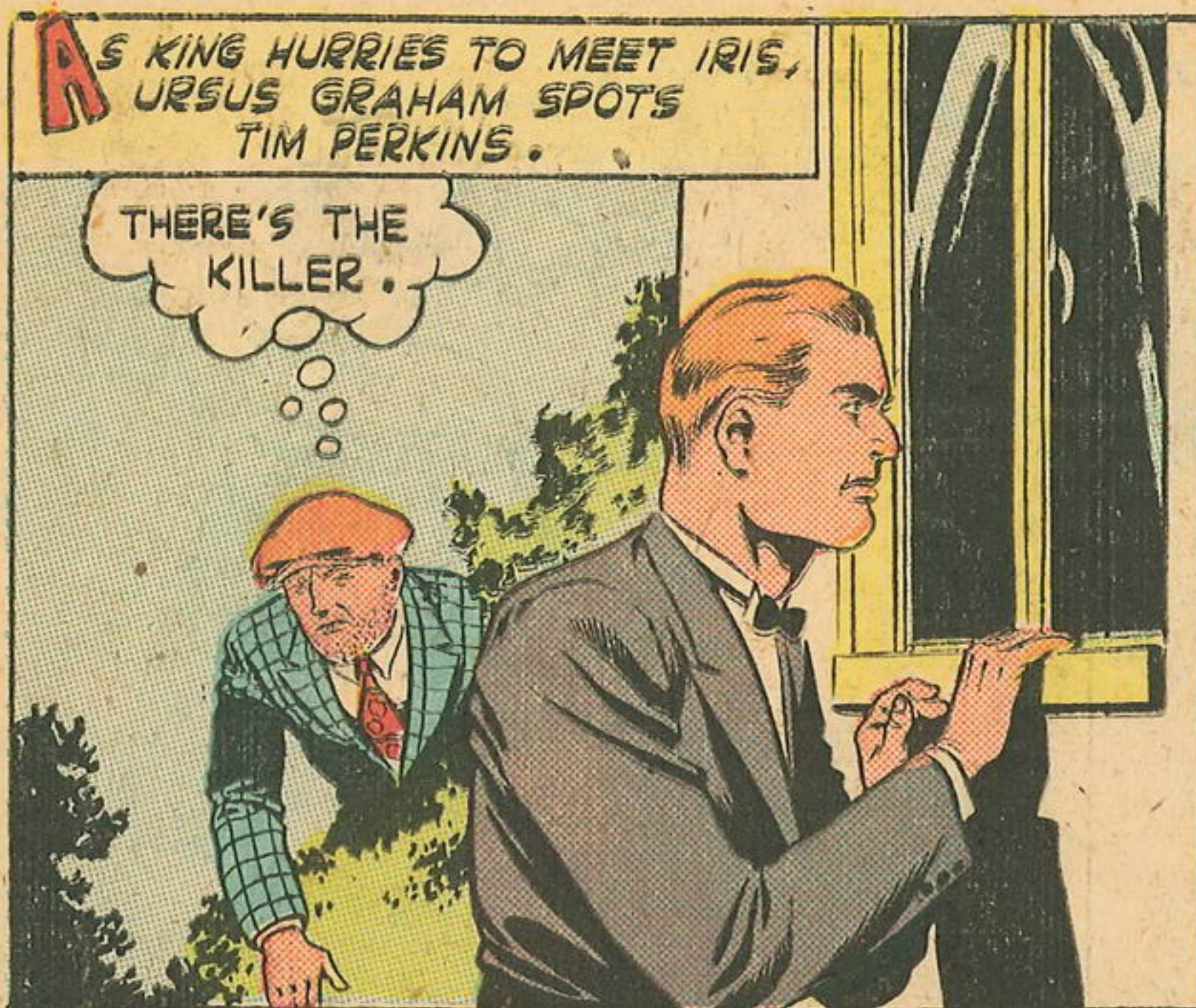


WIPING OFF HIS GLASSES, KING RUSHES OUT OF THE GREENHOUSE ... BUT ...

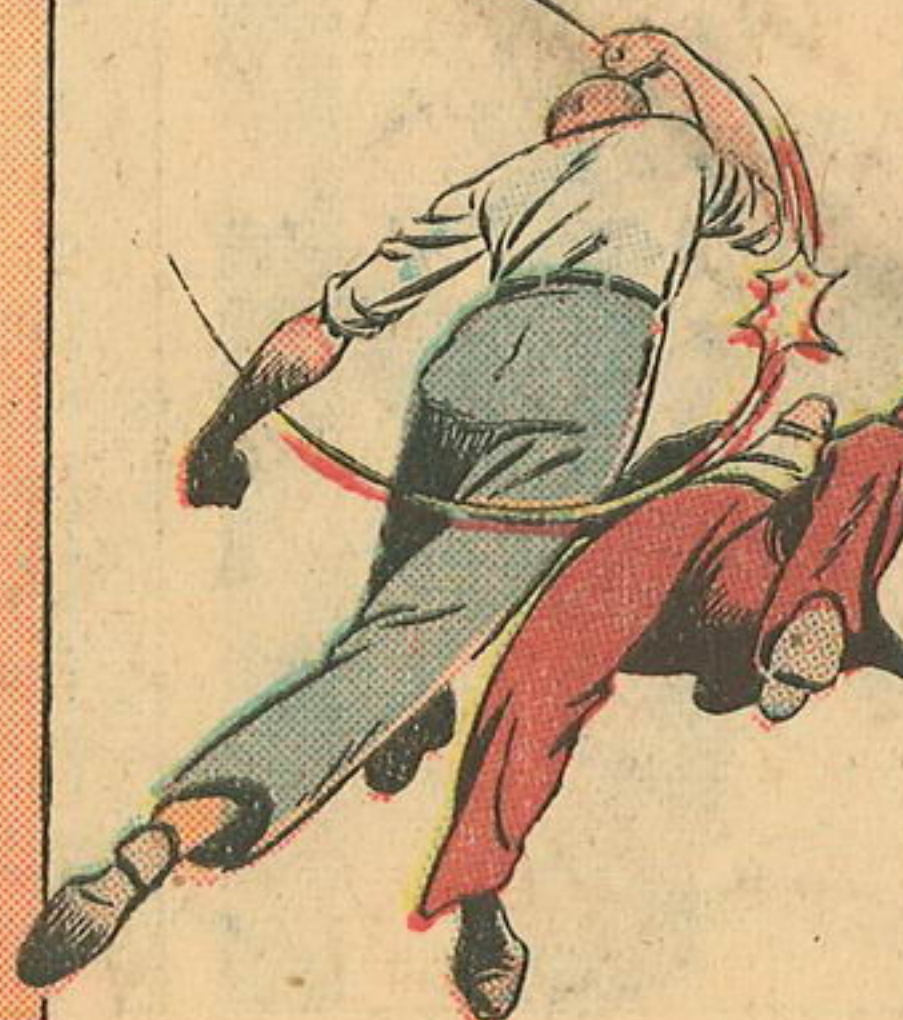
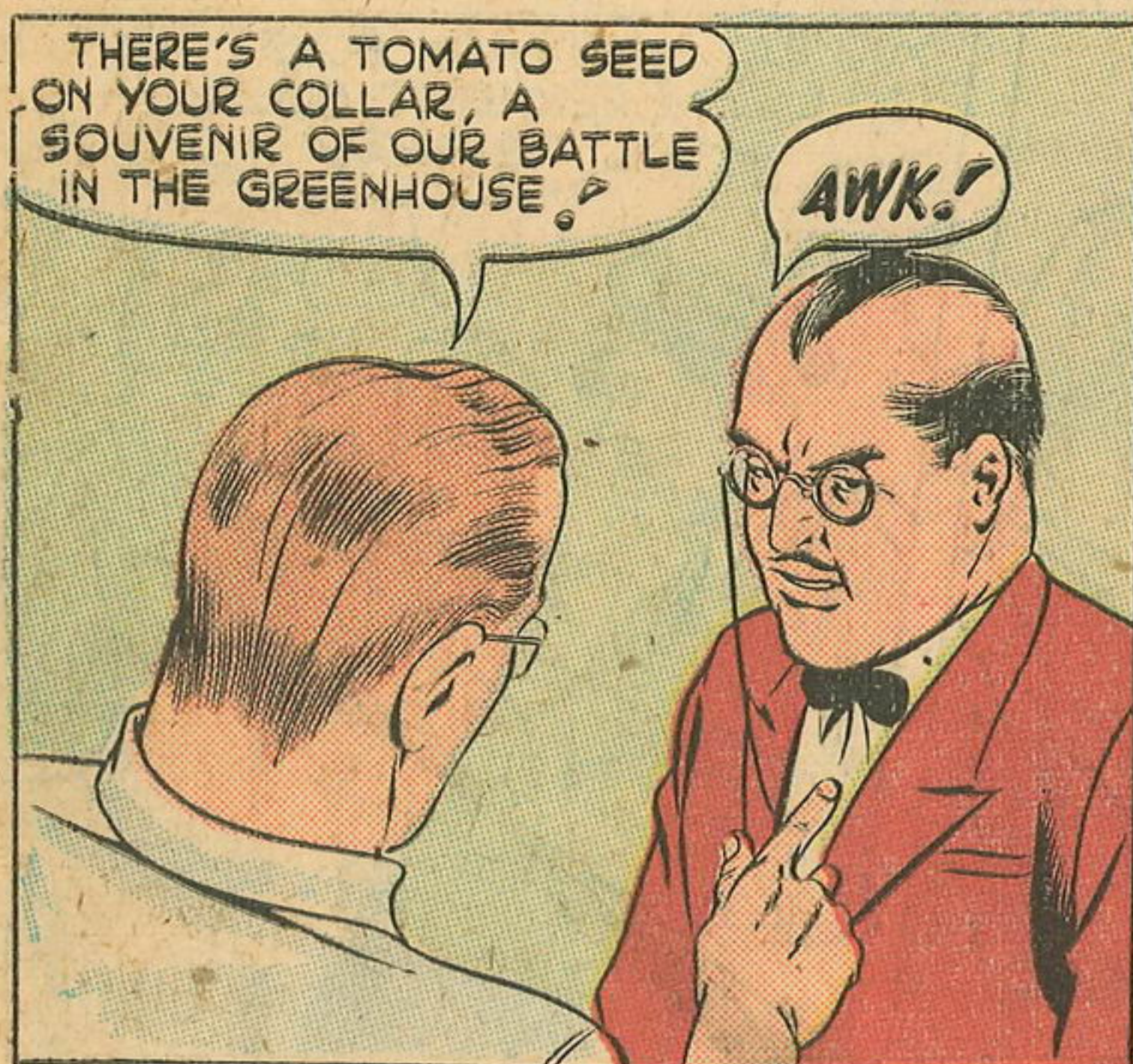
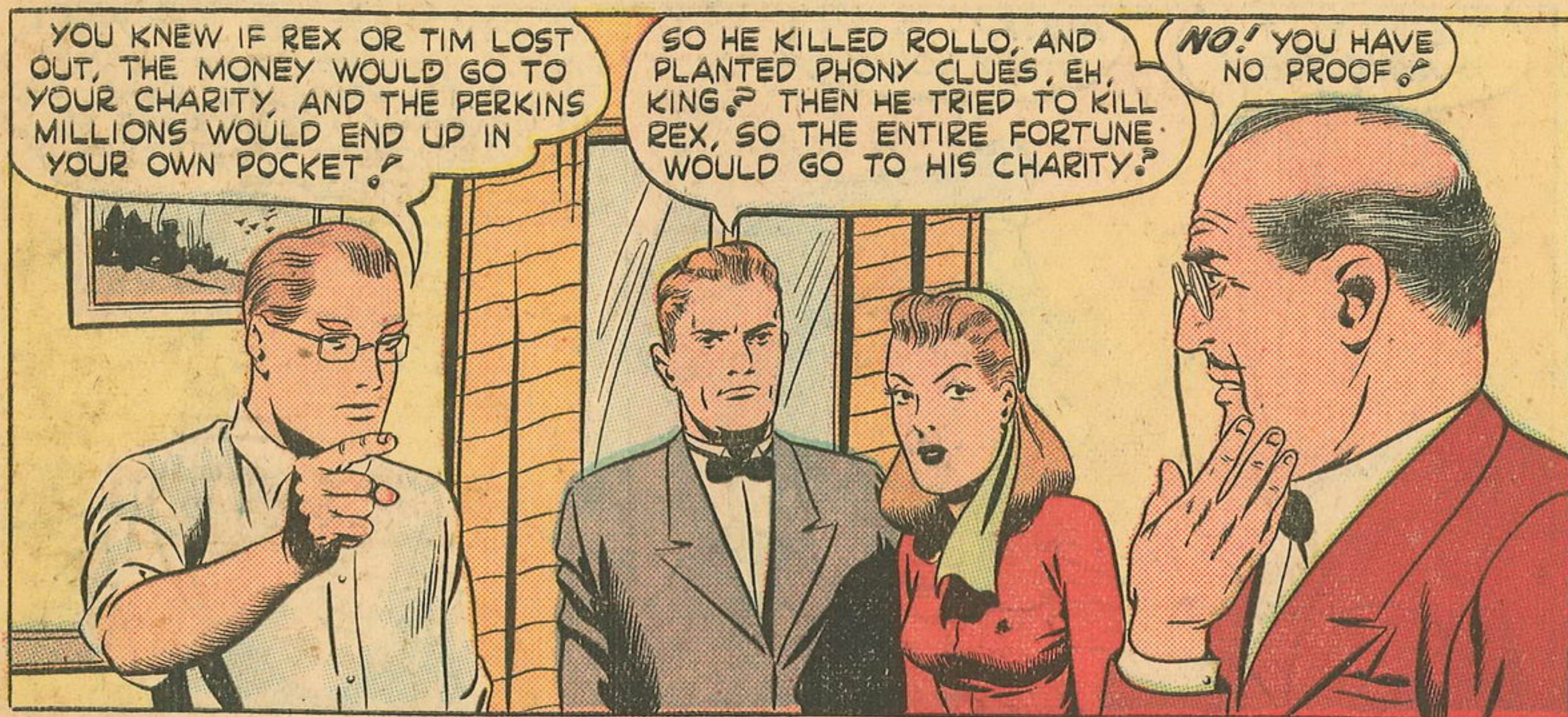


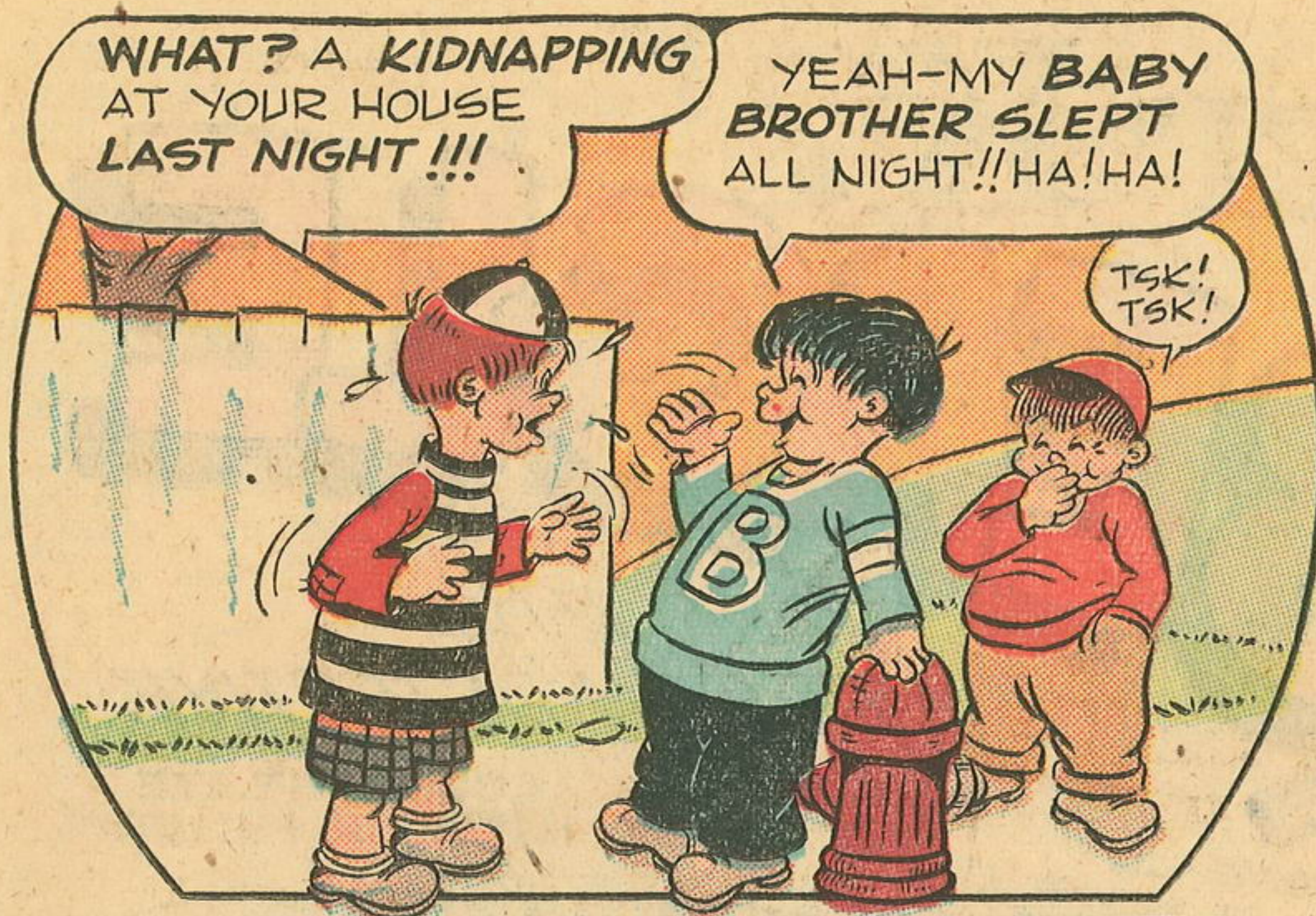
AH! BUT HE DROPPED A WALLET.











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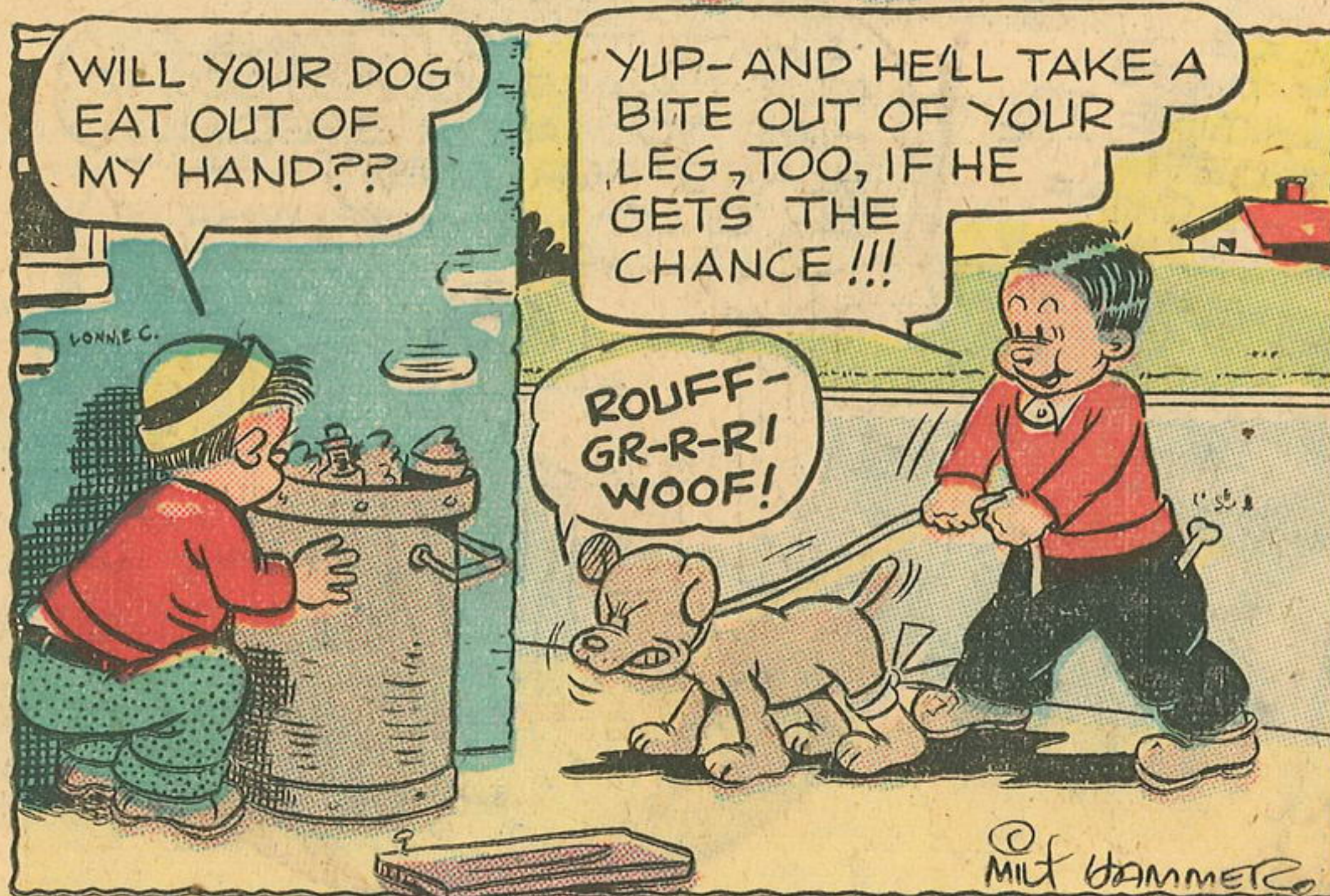
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Homer K. BEAGLE

The DEMON DETECTIVE

STORY BY ROBERT PLATE
DRAWN BY HARVEY K. FULLER

HOMER K. BEAGLE, SCREWBALL SLEUTH, GETS STRUNG UP IN HIS ATTEMPT TO STRING FOLKS ALONG WITH A DISGUISE. BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN A MERE HANGING TO STOP OUR DAUNTLESS DETECTIVE! OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CHIEF OF POLICE'S OFFICE.

I HATE TO DO IT, BEAGLE, BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT TO HIRE YOU AS A SPECIAL GUARD FOR ONE DAY ONLY!

WHAT'S COOKIN', CHIEF?

CHIEF OF POLICE

THE TOWN IS GIVING A BANQUET FOR A FOREIGN ENVOY NAMED SEEDKO. A REVOLUTIONARY GANG, ACTIVE IN SEEDKO'S COUNTRY, MAY TRY TO BUMP HIM OFF HERE.

GEE!

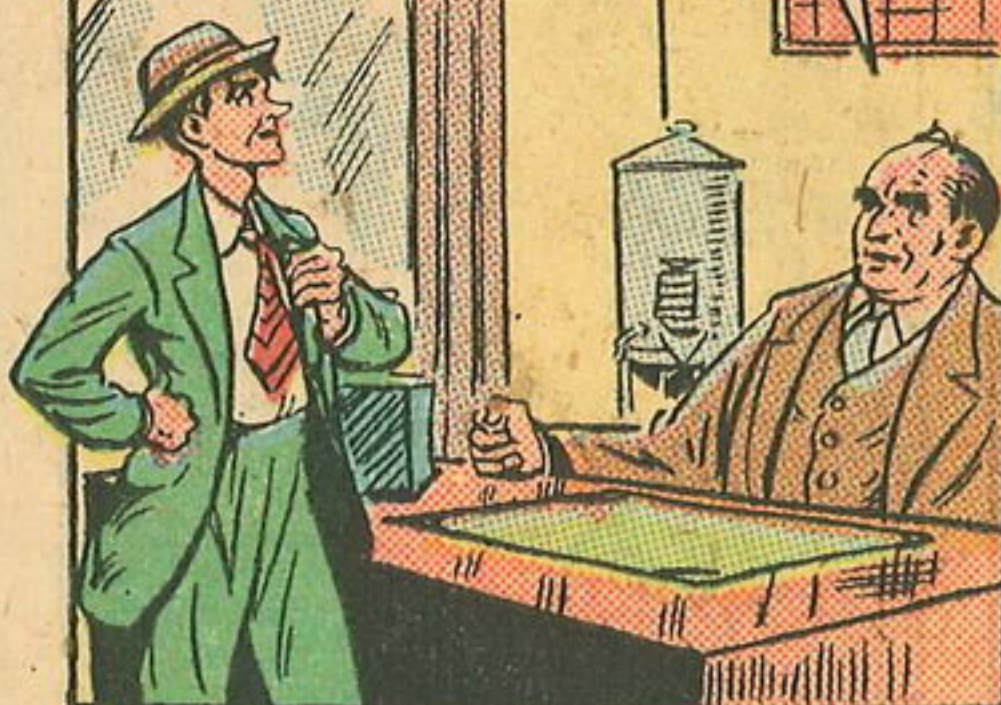
CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

I DON'T WANT ANY ASSASSINATIONS IN THIS TOWN, SO I AM HIRING EVERY PLAIN-CLOTHES-MAN I CAN FIND TO BE ON GUARD.

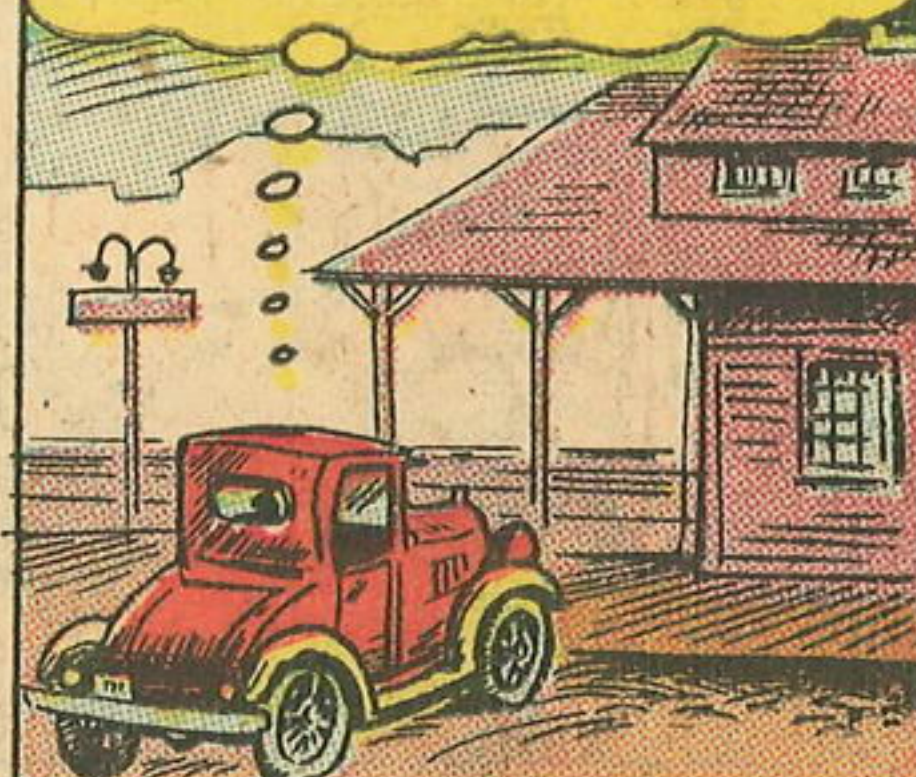


NEVER FEAR, CHIEF. I'LL PROTECT AMBASSADOR SEEDKO WITH MY LIFE!

BE AT THE RAILROAD STATION THIS AFTERNOON. A BIG DELEGATION IS MEETING SEEDKO.

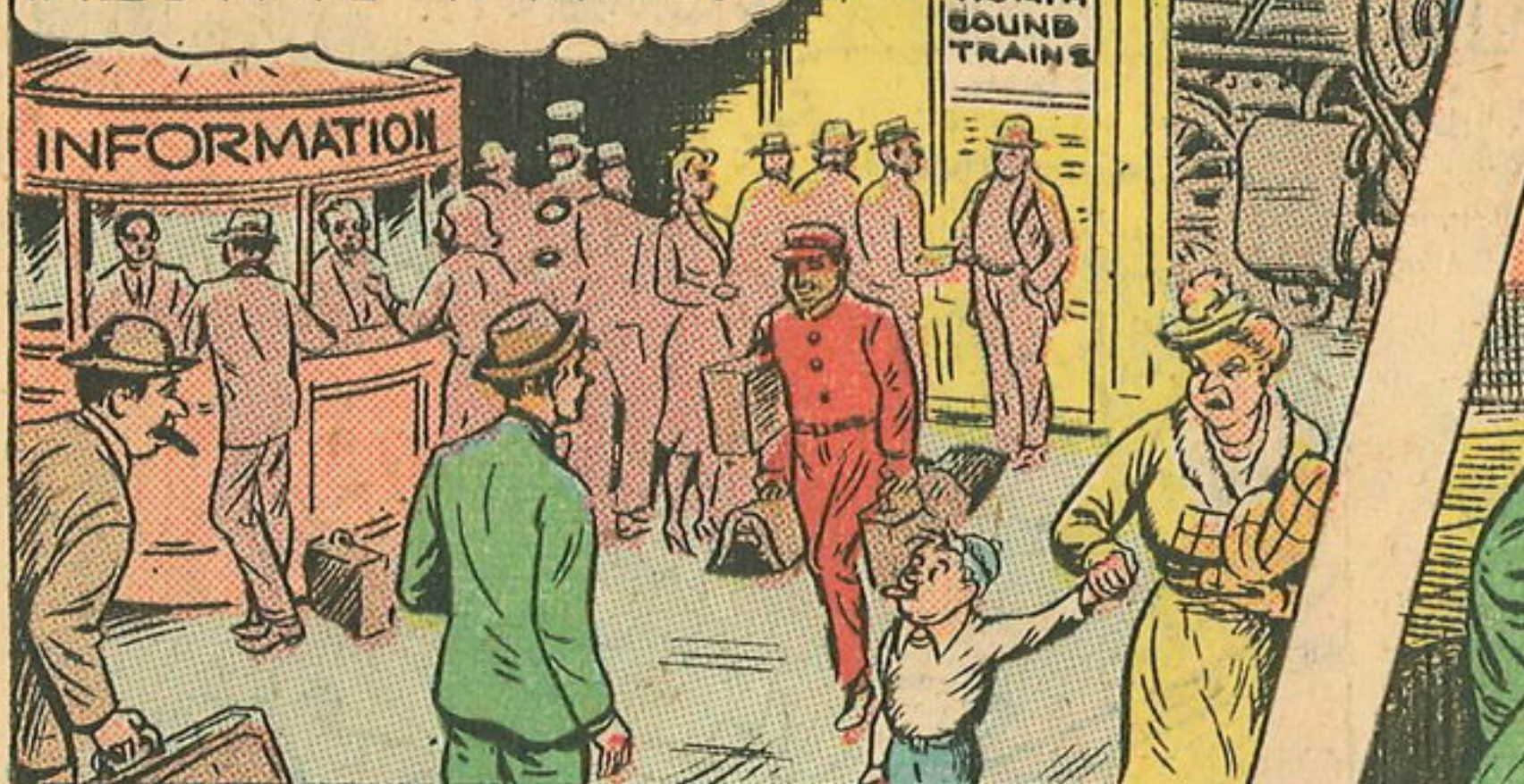


I'LL SPOT THE SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AND NAB THEM BEFORE THEY GET STARTED!



TAKING NO CHANCES, HOMER ARRIVES AT THE DEPOT THREE HOURS EARLY!

SHUCKS! NOBODY HERE LOOKS LIKE AN ASSASSINATOR! I BETTER CHECK ON THE INCOMING TRAINS!



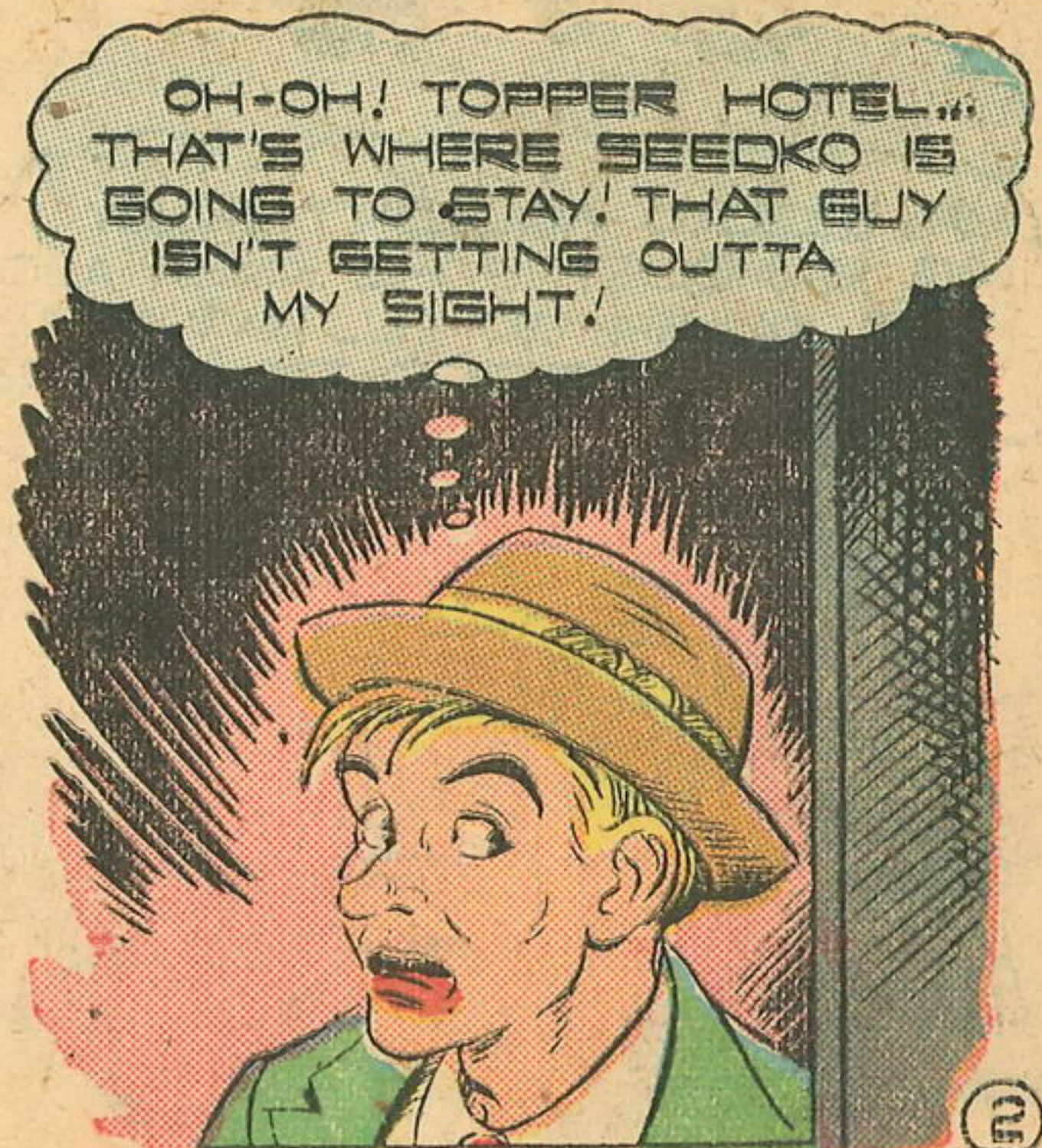
AHA! THERE'S A SINISTER GENT!



WHICH WAY IS THE TOPPER HOTEL?

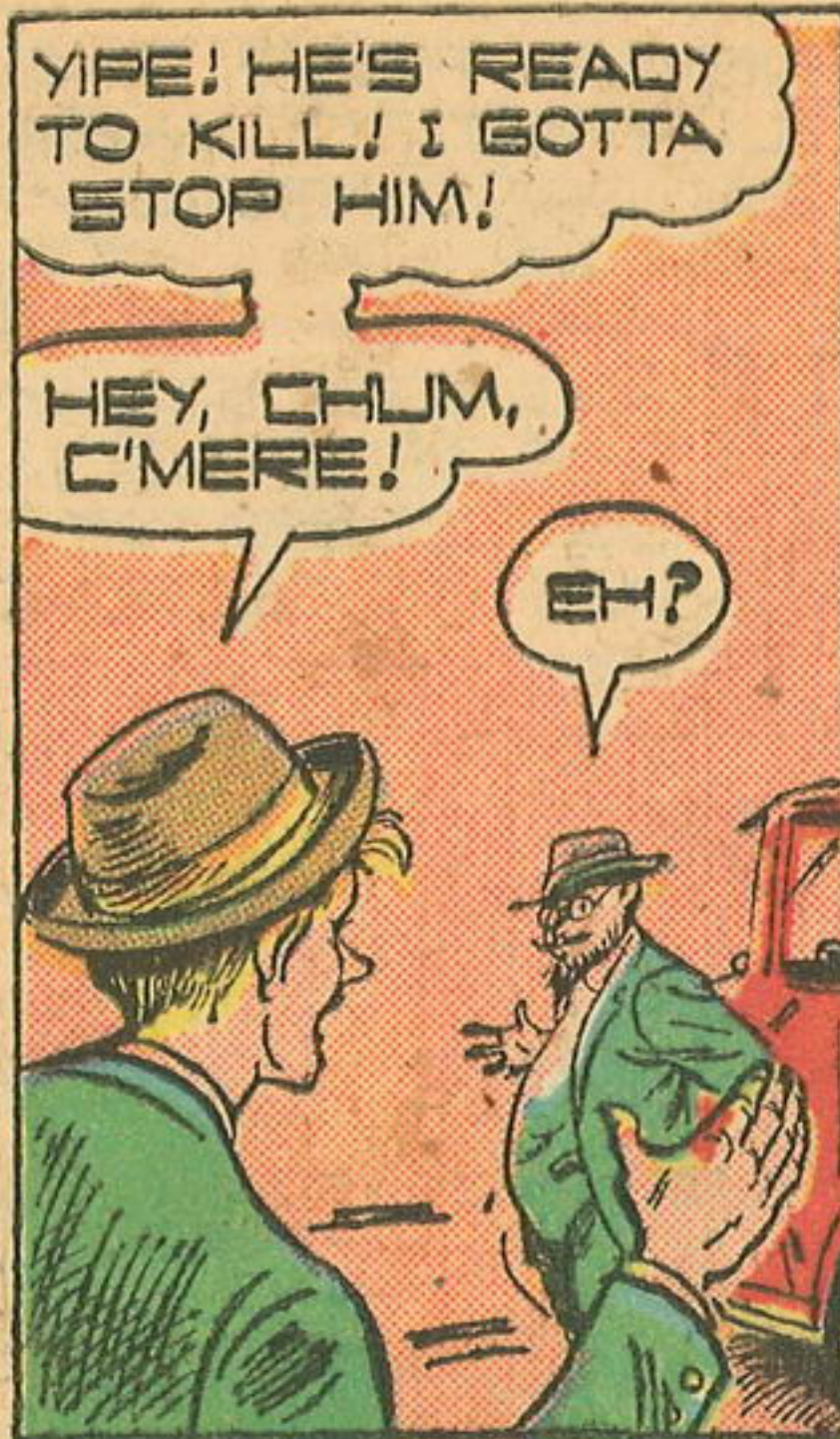


OH-OH! TOPPER HOTEL... THAT'S WHERE SEEDKO IS GOING TO STAY! THAT GUY ISN'T GETTING OUTTA MY SIGHT!





HOMER SHADOWS THE SUSPECT, WHO PAUSES FOR A FURTIVE LOOK AT HIS SURROUNDINGS.



YIPE! HE'S READY TO KILL! I GOTTA STOP HIM!

HEY, CHUM, C'MERE!

EH?



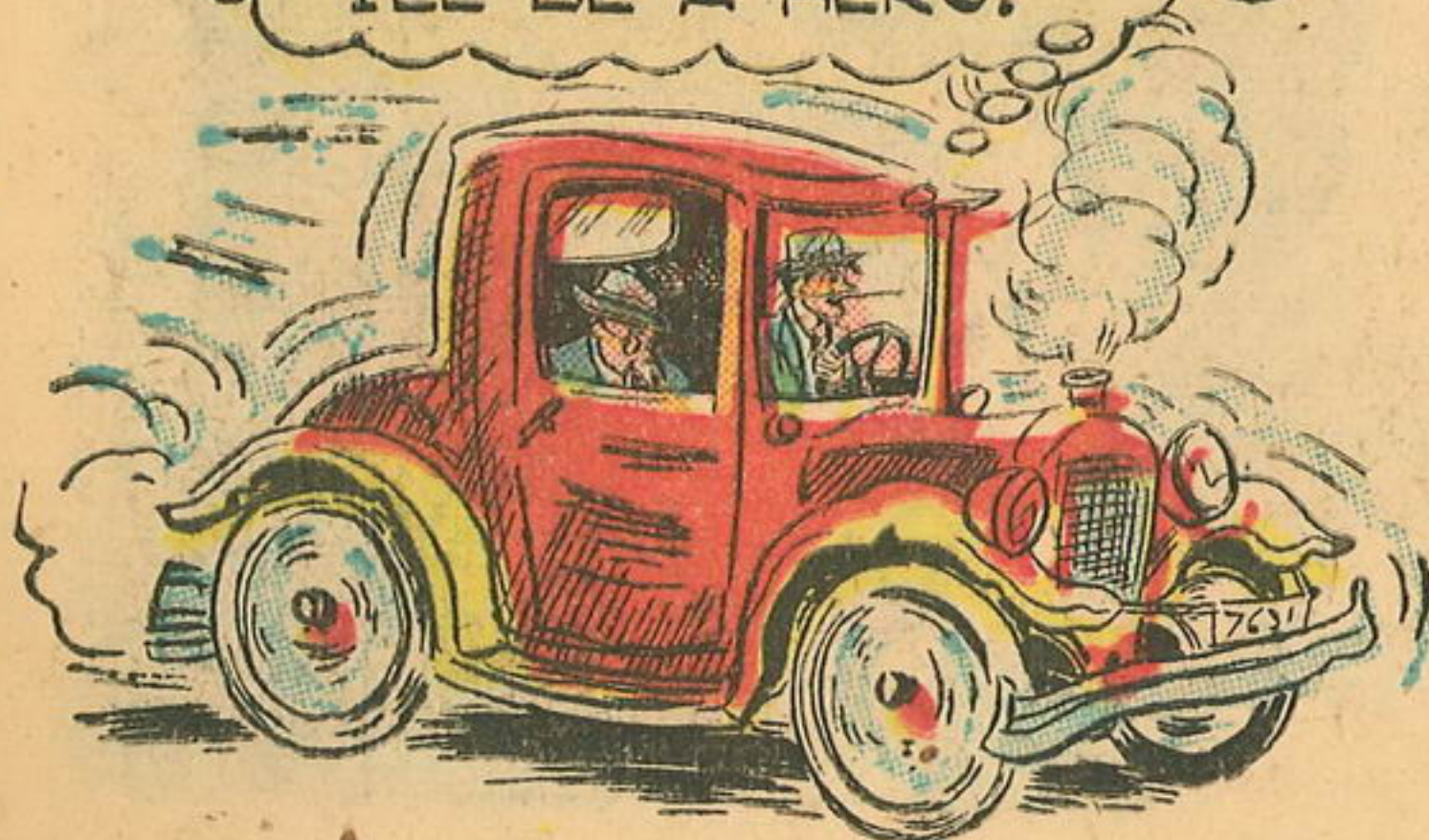
EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

I SEE NOTHING!



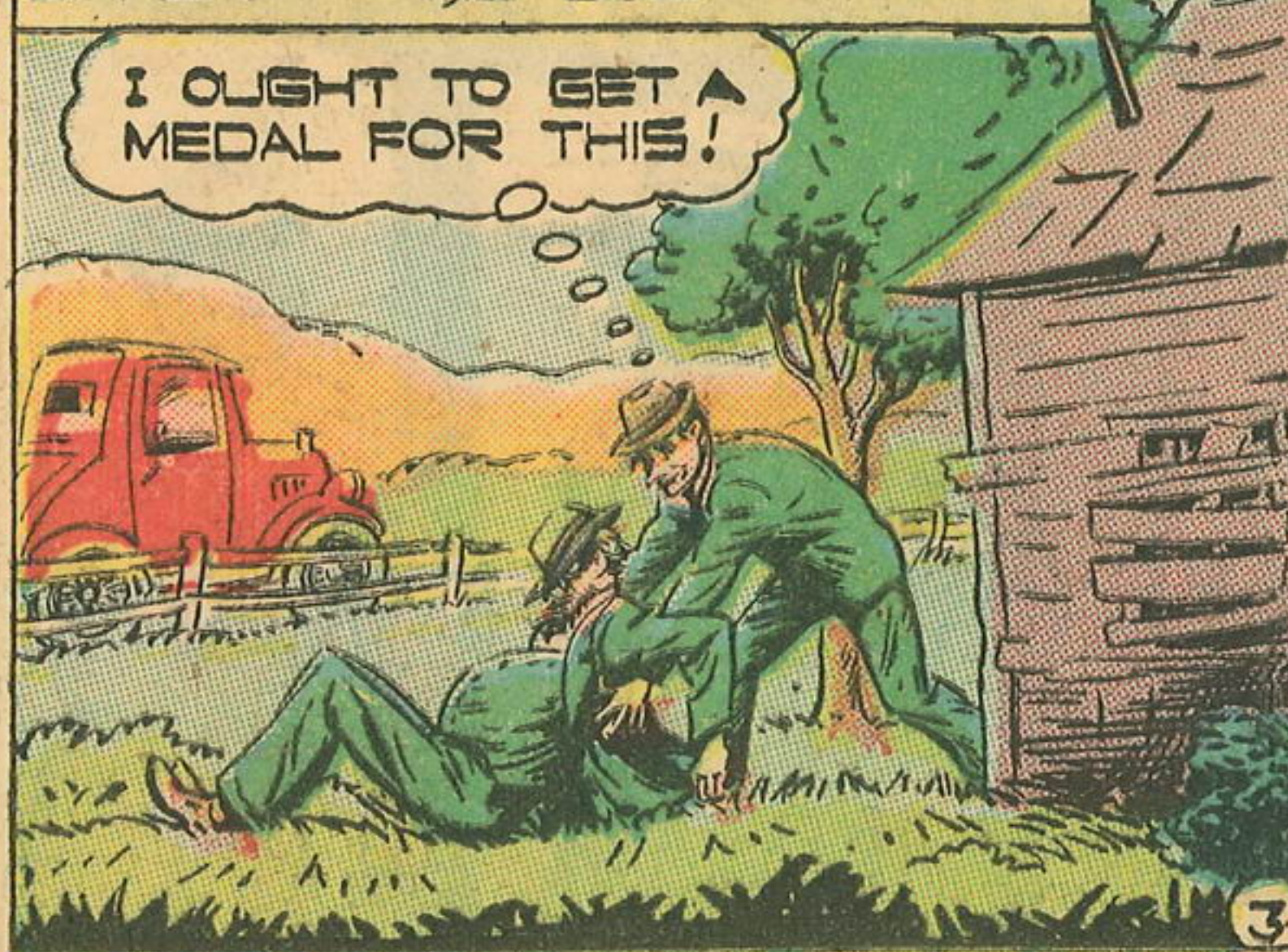
GOOD! NOBODY SAW ME! I'LL KEEP THIS THING ON THE Q.T. TILL THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT!

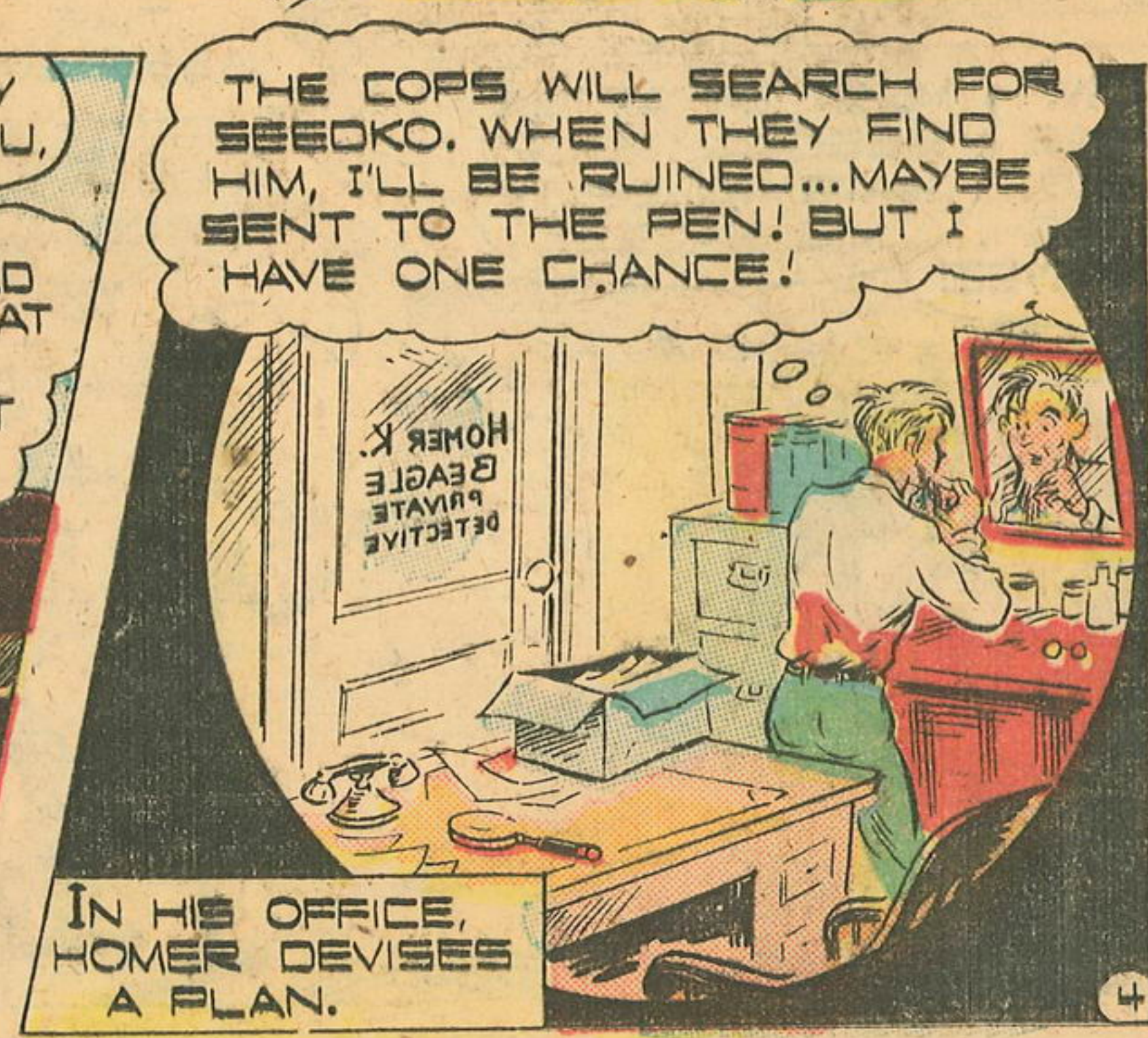
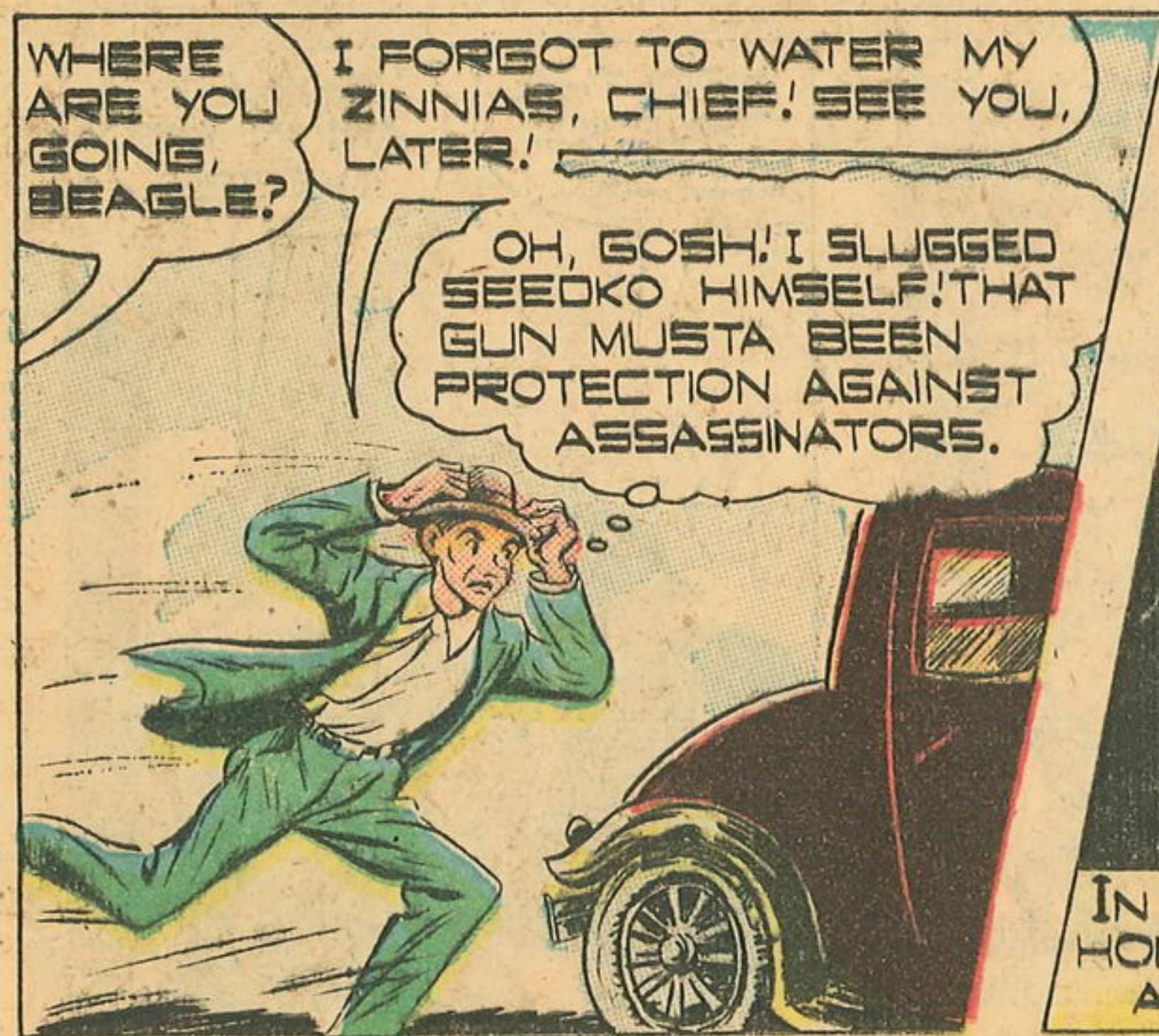
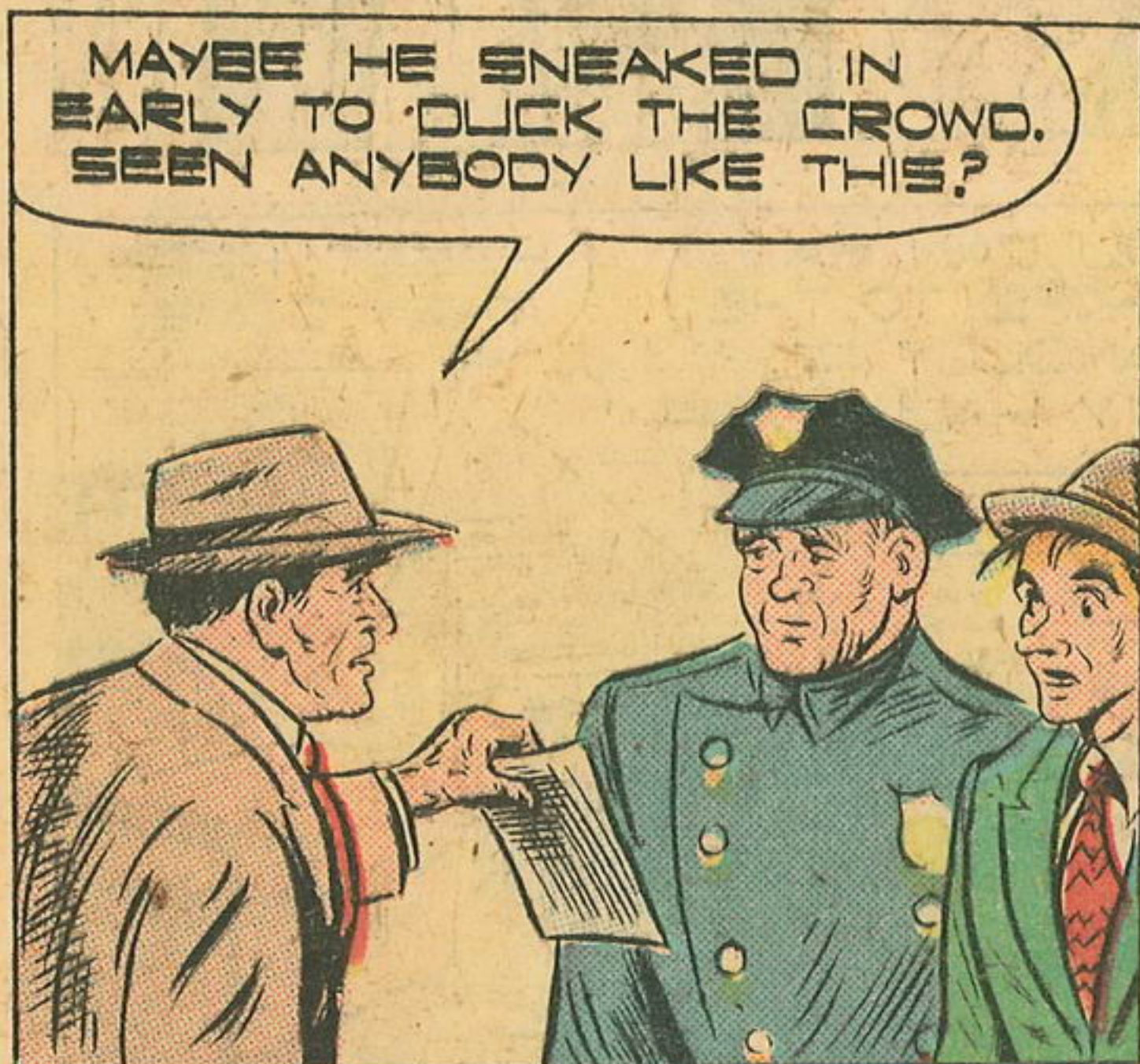
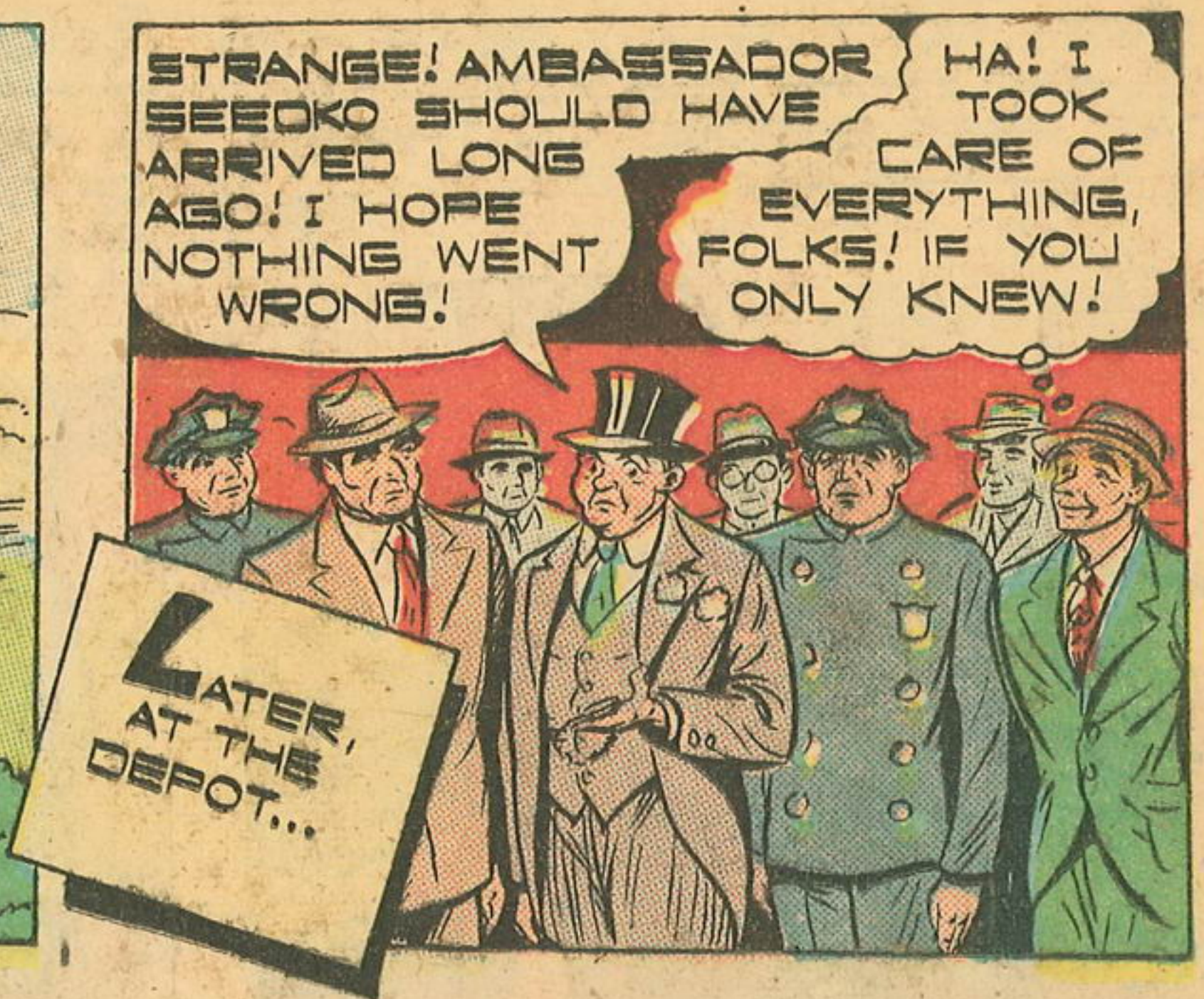
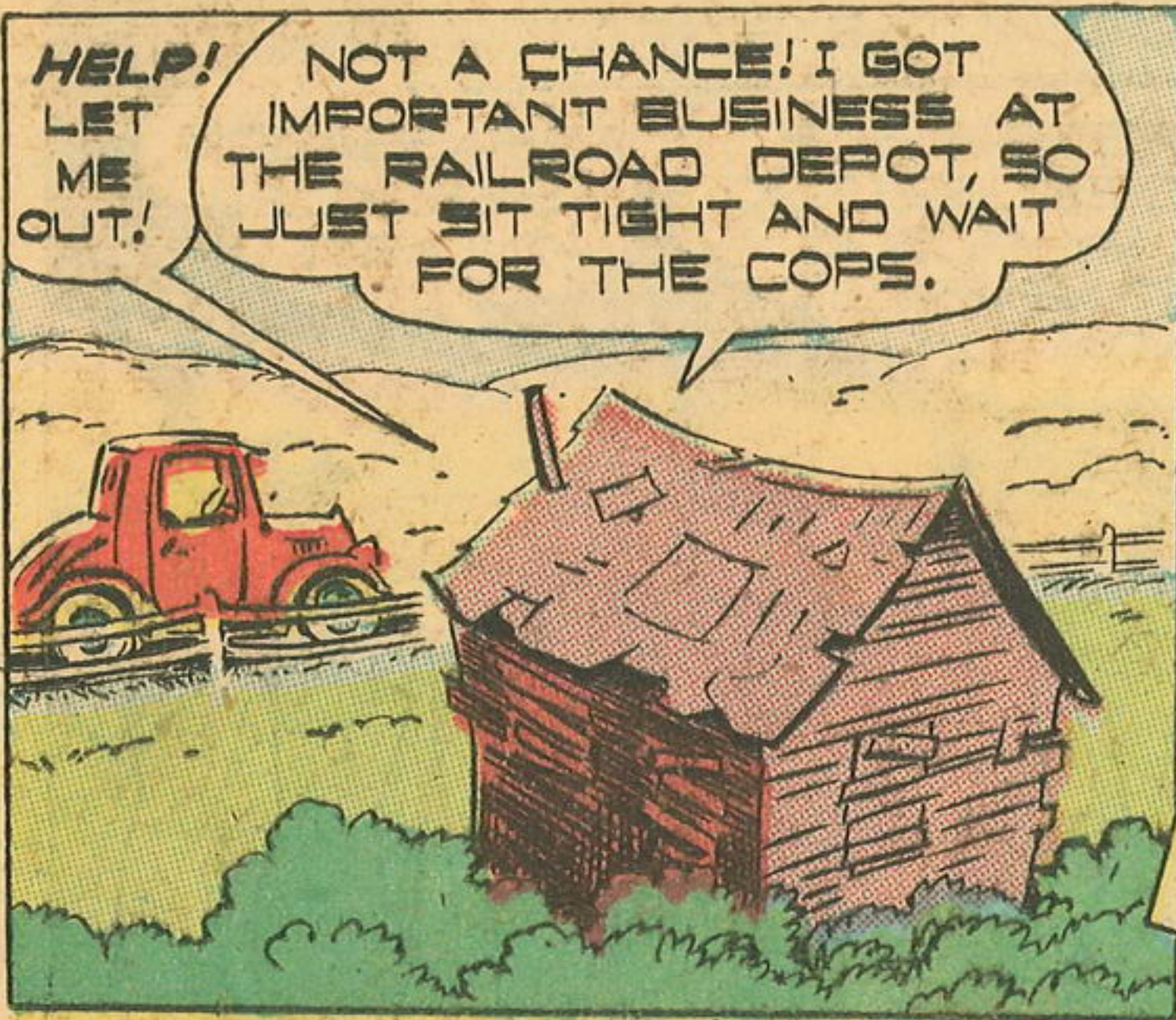
MR. SEEDKO WOULDN'T ENJOY HIS BANQUET IF HE KNEW ABOUT THIS KILLER, SO I'LL WAIT FOR THE FINAL SPEECHES BEFORE I SPRING THE NEWS...GEE, I'LL BE A HERO!



HOMER DRIVES TO A DESERTED SHACK IN THE COUNTRY.

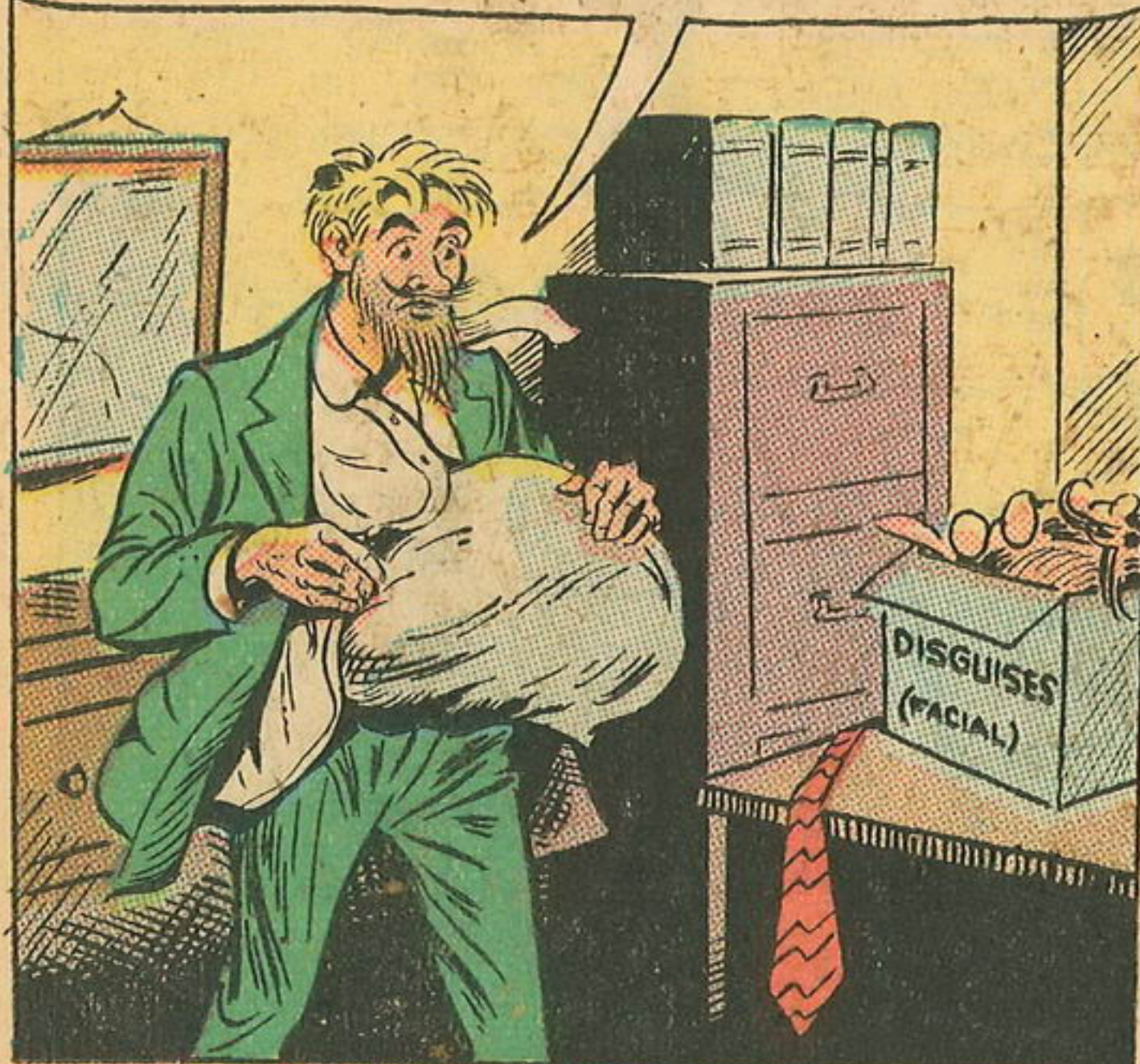
I OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!





See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

THERE WON'T BE ANY SEARCH IF I SHOW UP AS SEEDKO. LATER, I CAN FREE SEEDKO ON THE SLY!



LATER AT THE STATION...

A MASTERPIECE OF DISGUISE! TOO BAD MY PUBLIC MUST NEVER KNOW!

AMBASSADOR SEEDKO! AT LAST!



WELCOME TO OUR FAIR CITY, SIR! WILL YOU HONOR US WITH A FEW WORDS?

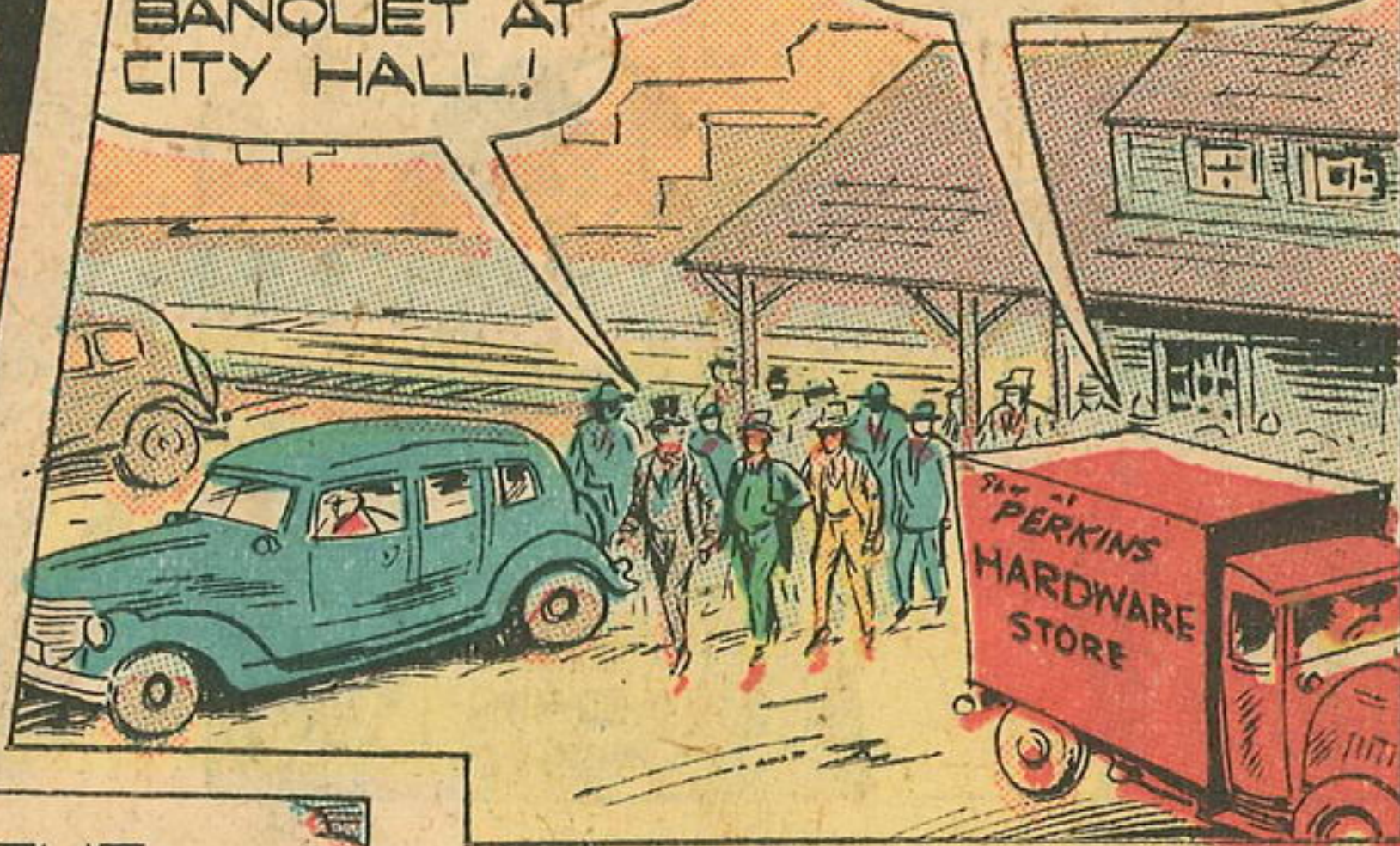
UHP!

UH...SORRY... LARYNGITIS... CAN'T TALK!



YOU CAN EAT, I HOPE! TO THE BANQUET AT CITY HALL!

HSSST! HERE THEY COME!

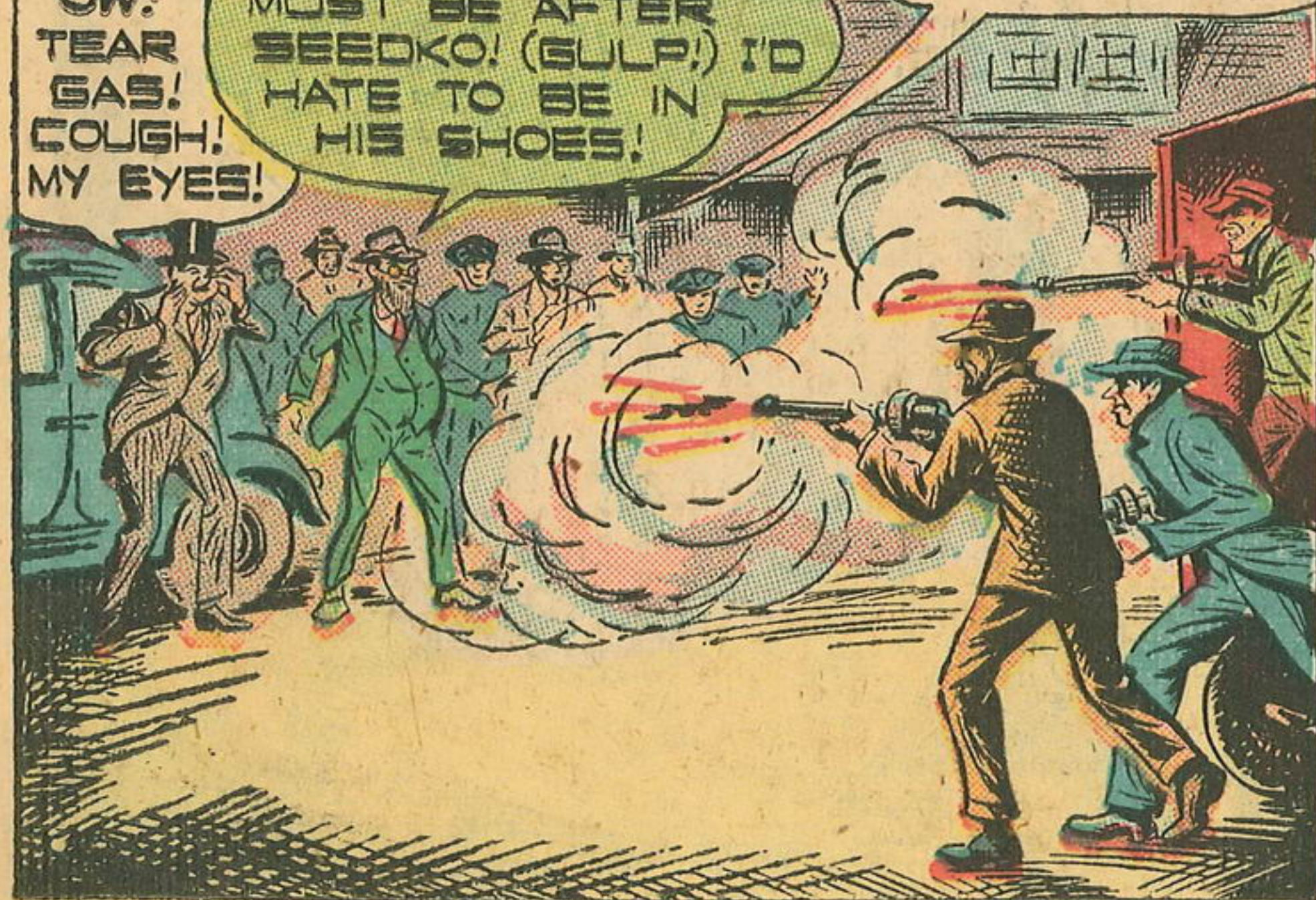


SUDDENLY...

OW! TEAR GAS! COUGH! MY EYES!

OW! GEE! (GULP!) THESE GUYS MUST BE AFTER SEEDKO! (GULP!) I'D HATE TO BE IN HIS SHOES!

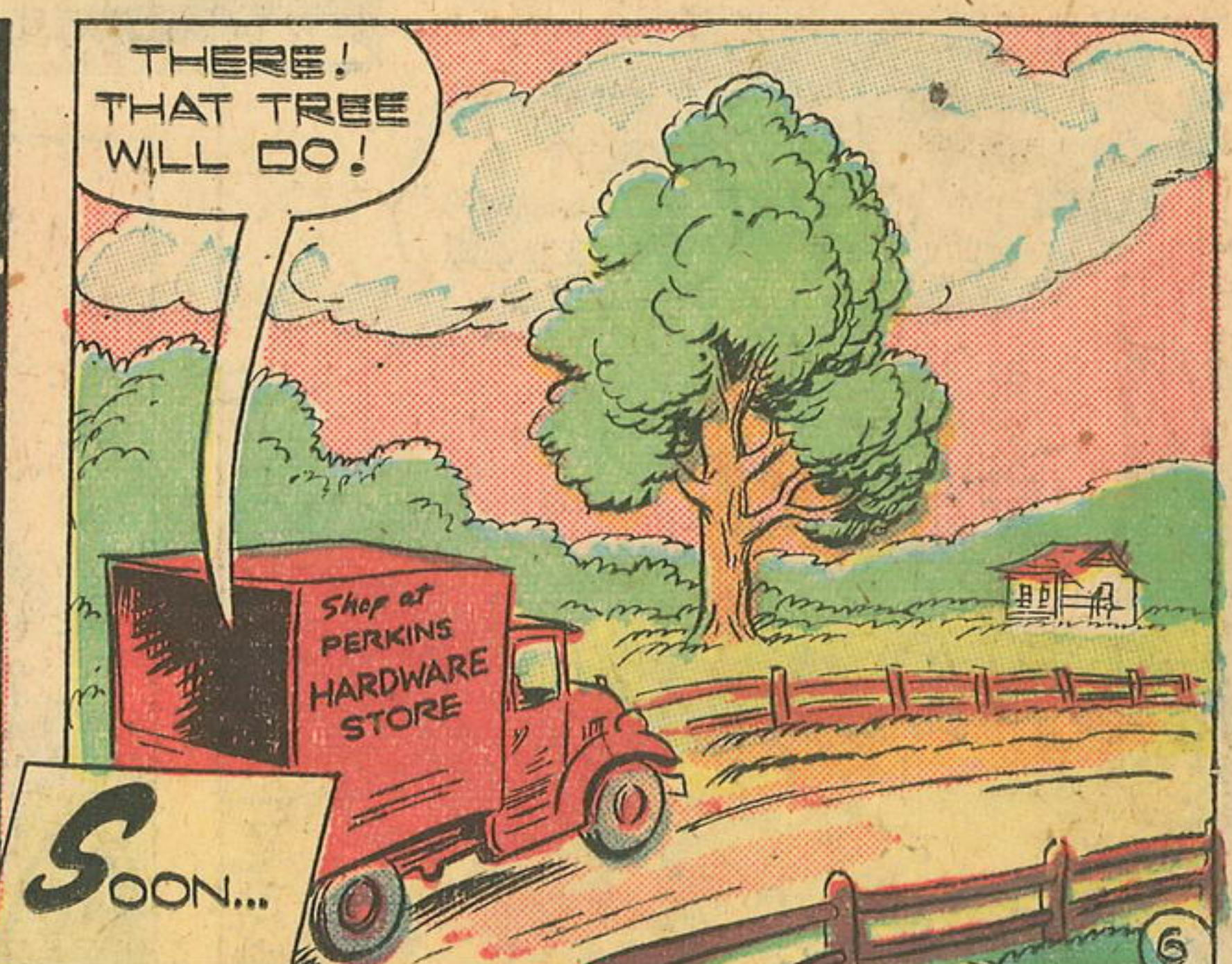
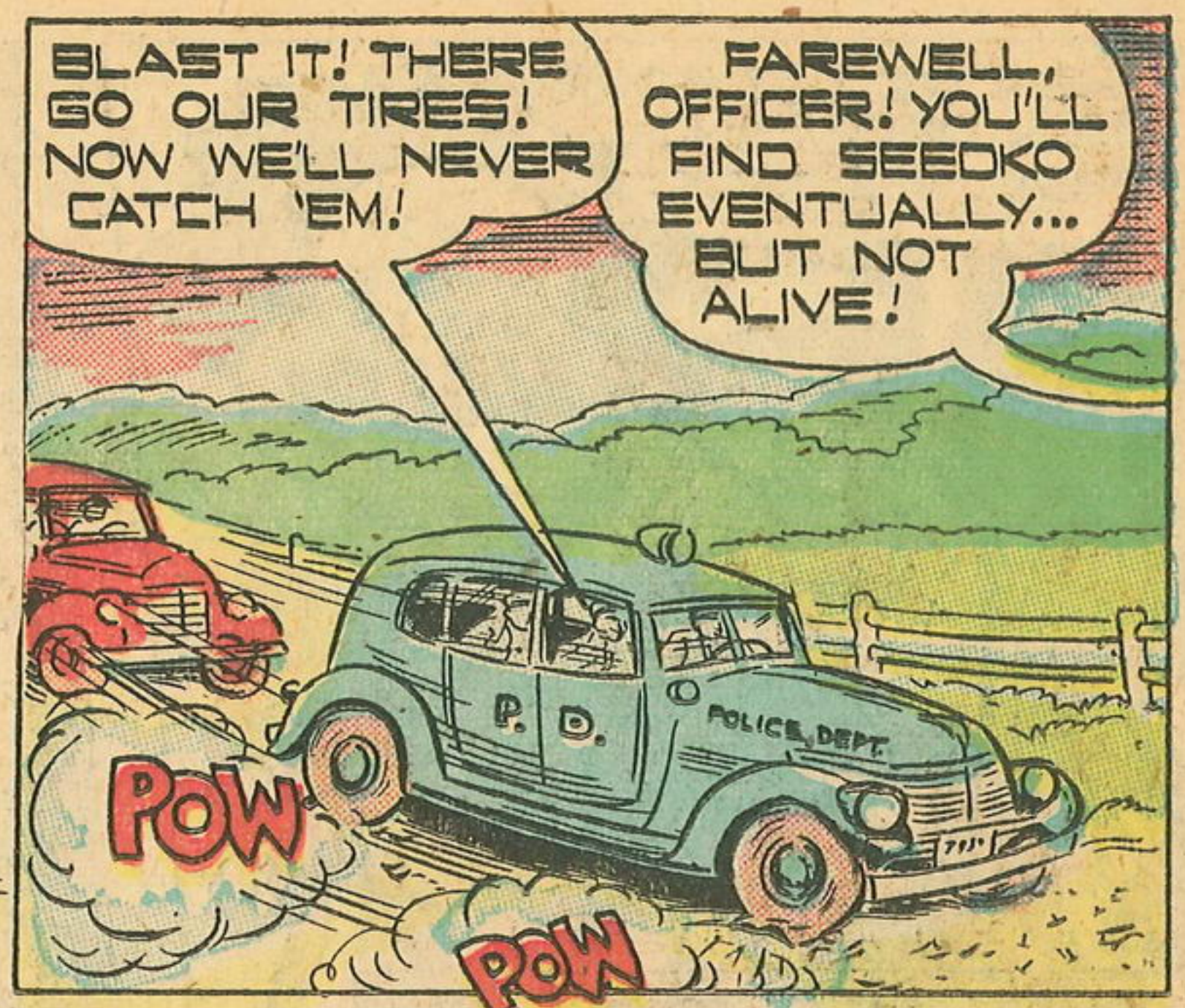
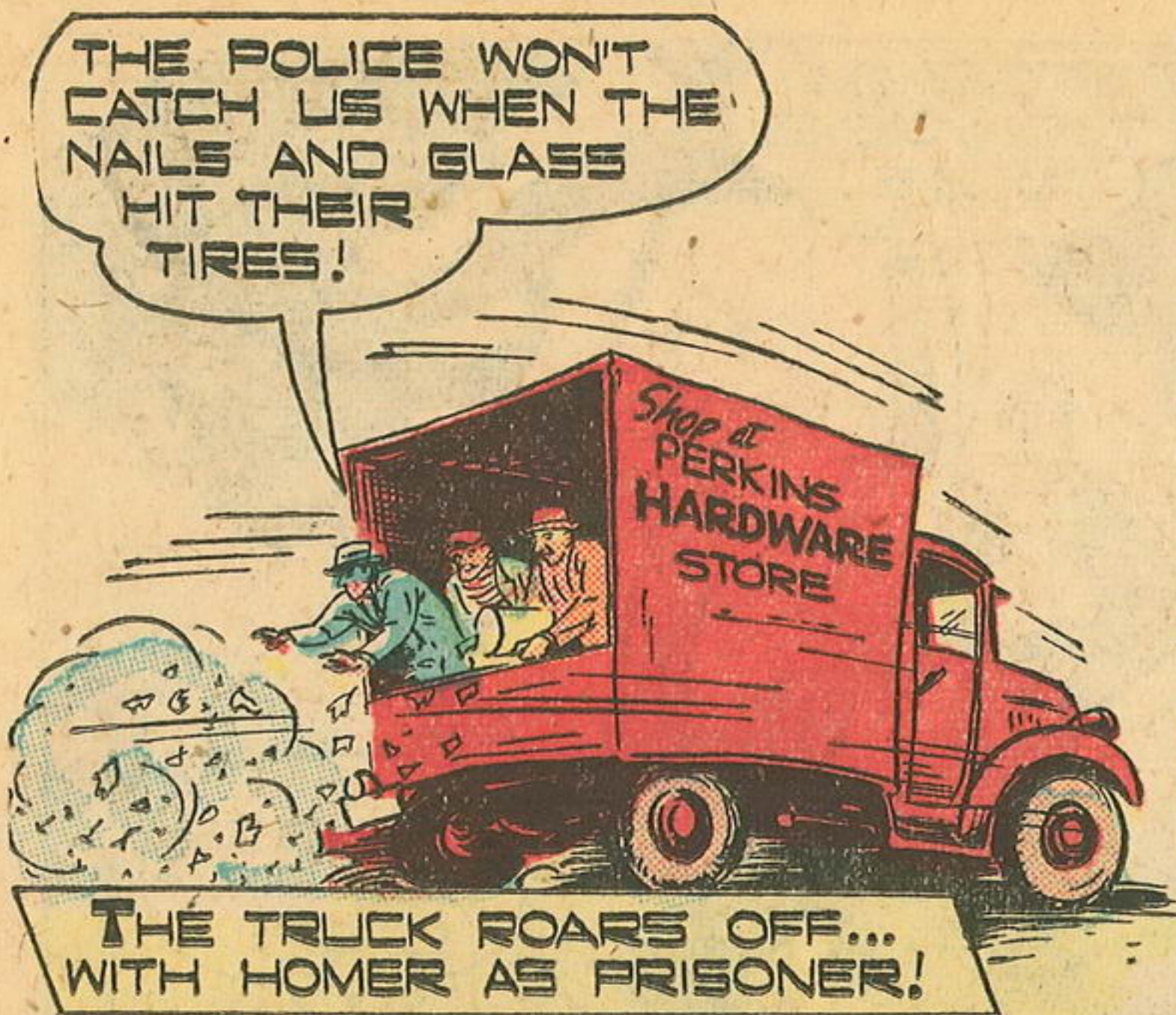
THE ASSASSIN!



INTO THE TRUCK... CLUCK!

YEOW! I AM IN HIS SHOES!





WHEN WE LET GO,
HE'LL DROP... AND
BREAK HIS NECK!

HEY!
WHERE
AM I?
HALP!

HOMER FACES DEATH WITH
HIS CUSTOMARY CALM!

**STOP! I'M
TOO YOUNG
TO DIE!**

**DIE, DOG!
LET HIM
DROP!**

CRACK

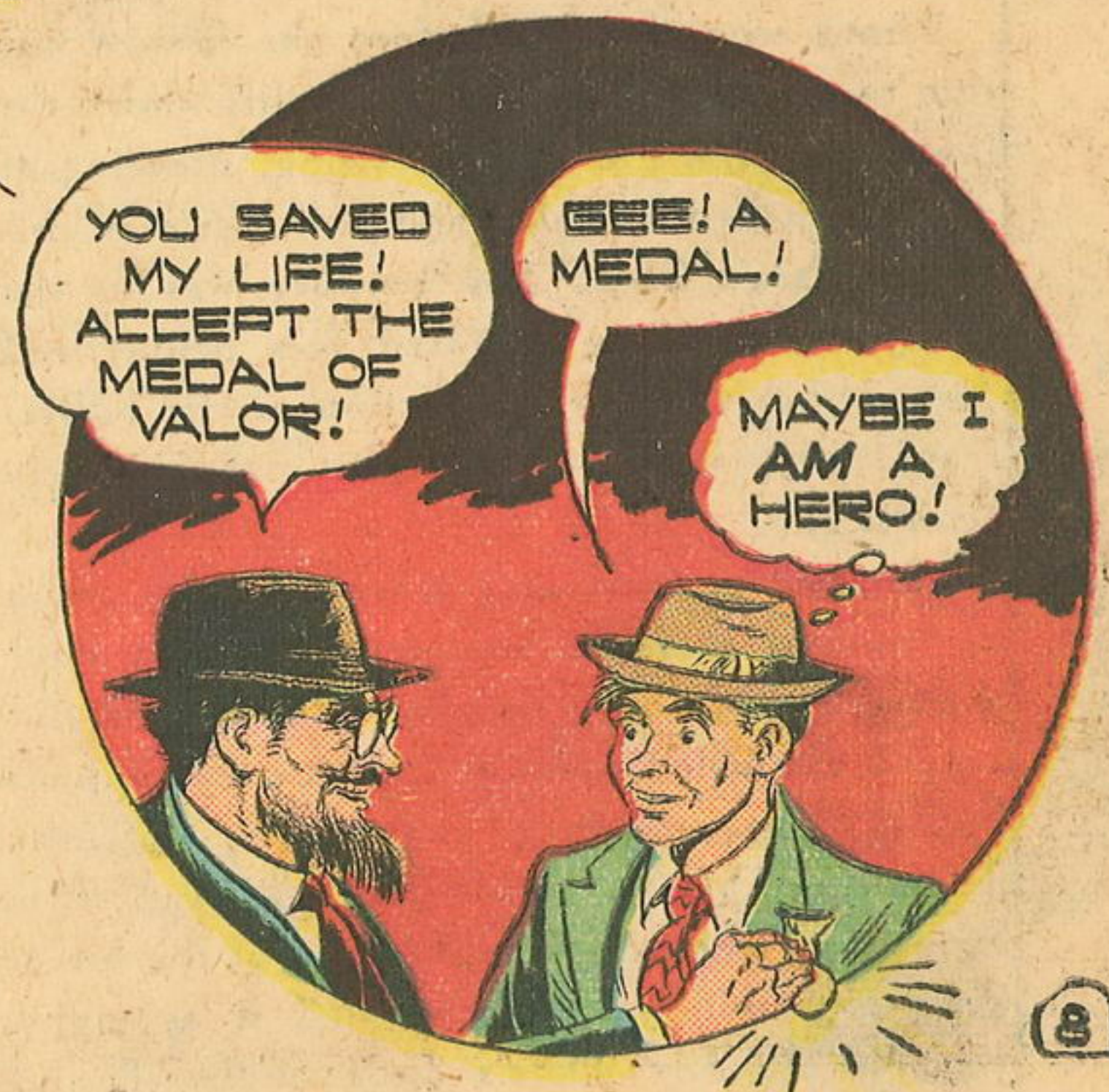
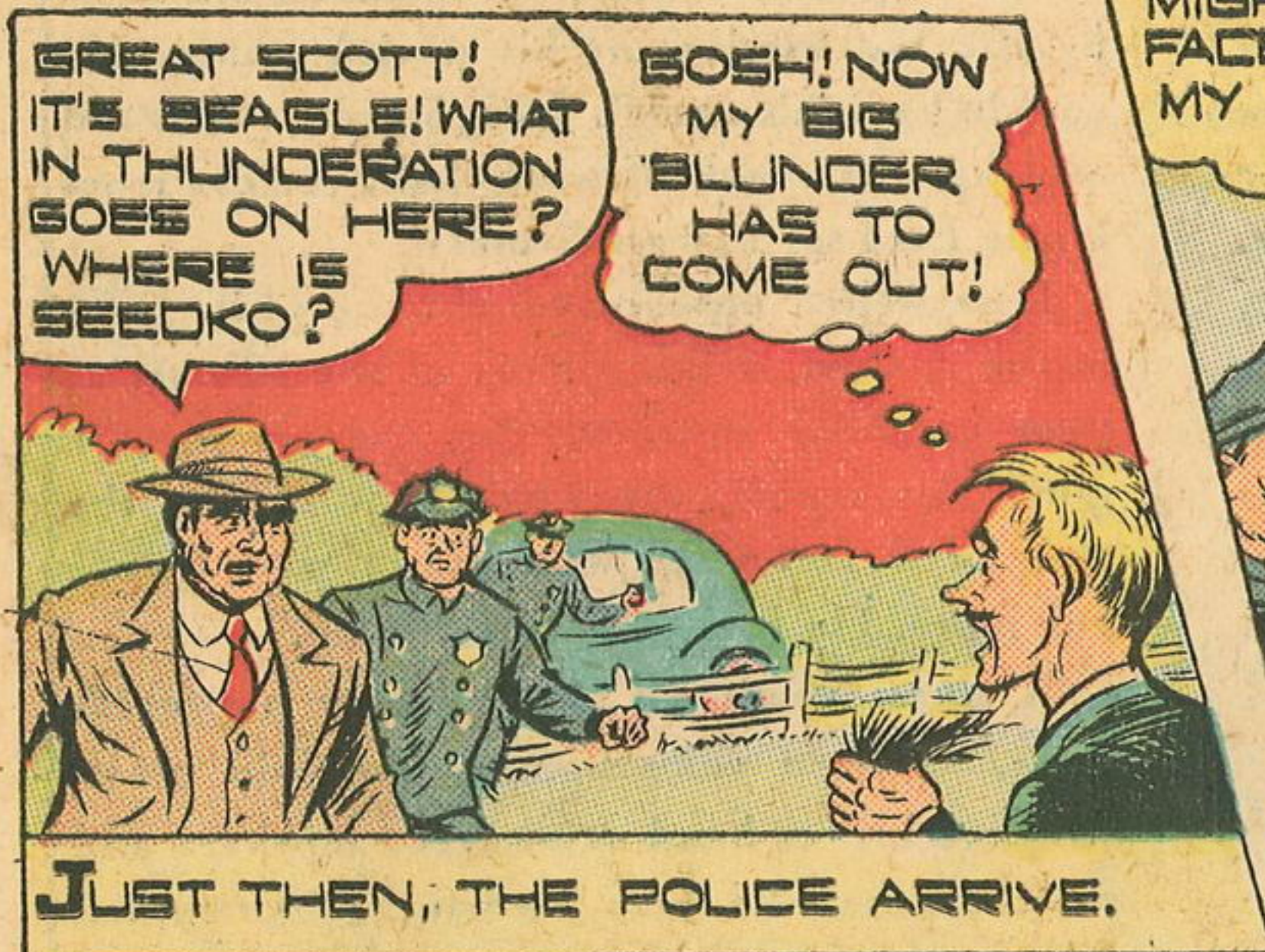
LUCKY THE LIMB IS ROTTEN!

**SHAME!
THEY WERE
KNOCKED
OUT!**

**BUT I
REMAIN
SEEDY!**

**YOUR BLOATED BELLY
WILL GET WHAT IT
DESERVES!**

CRIMINALS ON THE RUN





JESSE STRANGE decided to kill his Uncle Ezra Strange on the very day that the old man told him he was going to call in his lawyer and change his will.

Jesse had been with the old man for two years now. Two years in which he had waited on the old fellow hand and foot. Two years in which he had laughed at the old man's corny jokes. Two lifetimes of "Yes, Uncle. No, Uncle. Of course, Uncle!" And now the old goat was going to change his will. That could only mean that Jesse was going to be cut off without a penny. Jesse wasn't going to let that happen.

Jesse planned his uncle's murder with a certain, methodical cunning. In order to squeeze every bit of enjoyment from his uncle's death, he decided to wait until the very last minute. To wait until just before the old man started to sign his name to the changes in the will, and then—!

That's why the day before the lawyer was due to arrive, Jesse was on the cliff above the North pasture. He was practicing, shooting at a whitewashed boulder about the size of his Uncle Ezra's head. The boulder was in the valley, about three hundred feet below, and Jesse chuckled with satisfaction as the bullets from his high-powered rifle spattered accurately against it.

He had a momentary scare that day when he thought someone was watching. Just after the third shot a twig snapped suddenly behind him. He whirled quickly and saw a clump of bushes some distance away sway violently. Then there was a sudden, excited yap as a brown and white dog streaked out of the brush after a rabbit. Jesse recognized it as eight-year-old Freddy Dale's little mongrel, and breathed a sigh of relief. There was nothing to worry about after all.

The next afternoon, Jesse squatted in the thick stand of pine trees on the hillside above his Uncle Ezra's frame farmhouse and carefully lined the telescopic sights of his rifle on the slumped figure in the overstuffed armchair by the big window in his uncle's study. He couldn't see his uncle's face, but no one could mistake that shock of white hair. Across from Uncle Ezra sat Lawyer Froman.

Jesse waited until he caught the white head in the crossed, delicate hairs of the rifle sight, then carefully squeezed the trigger. At the gun's flat report, the white head within the study fell forward. Jesse didn't wait to see any more. He had an alibi to fix up.

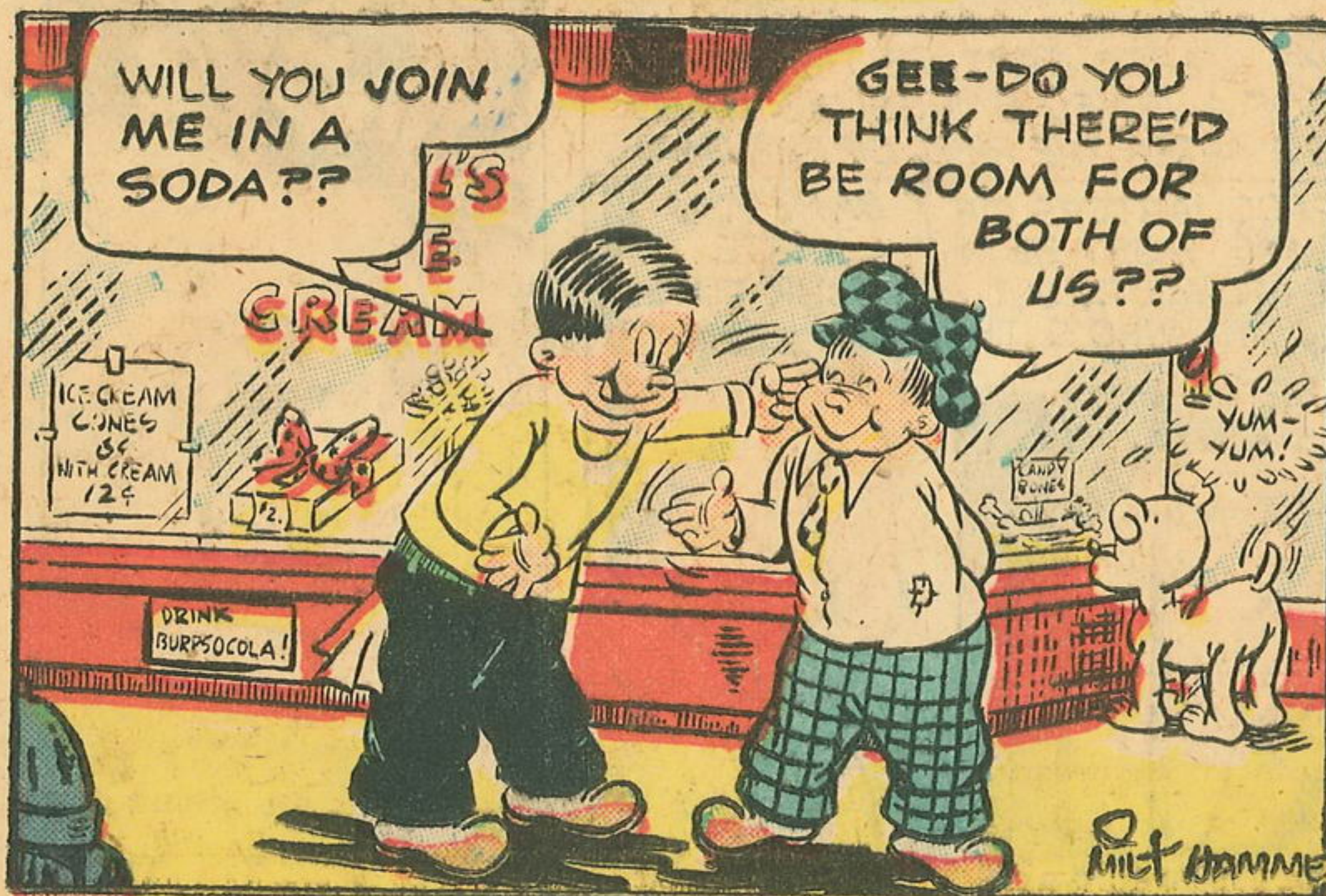
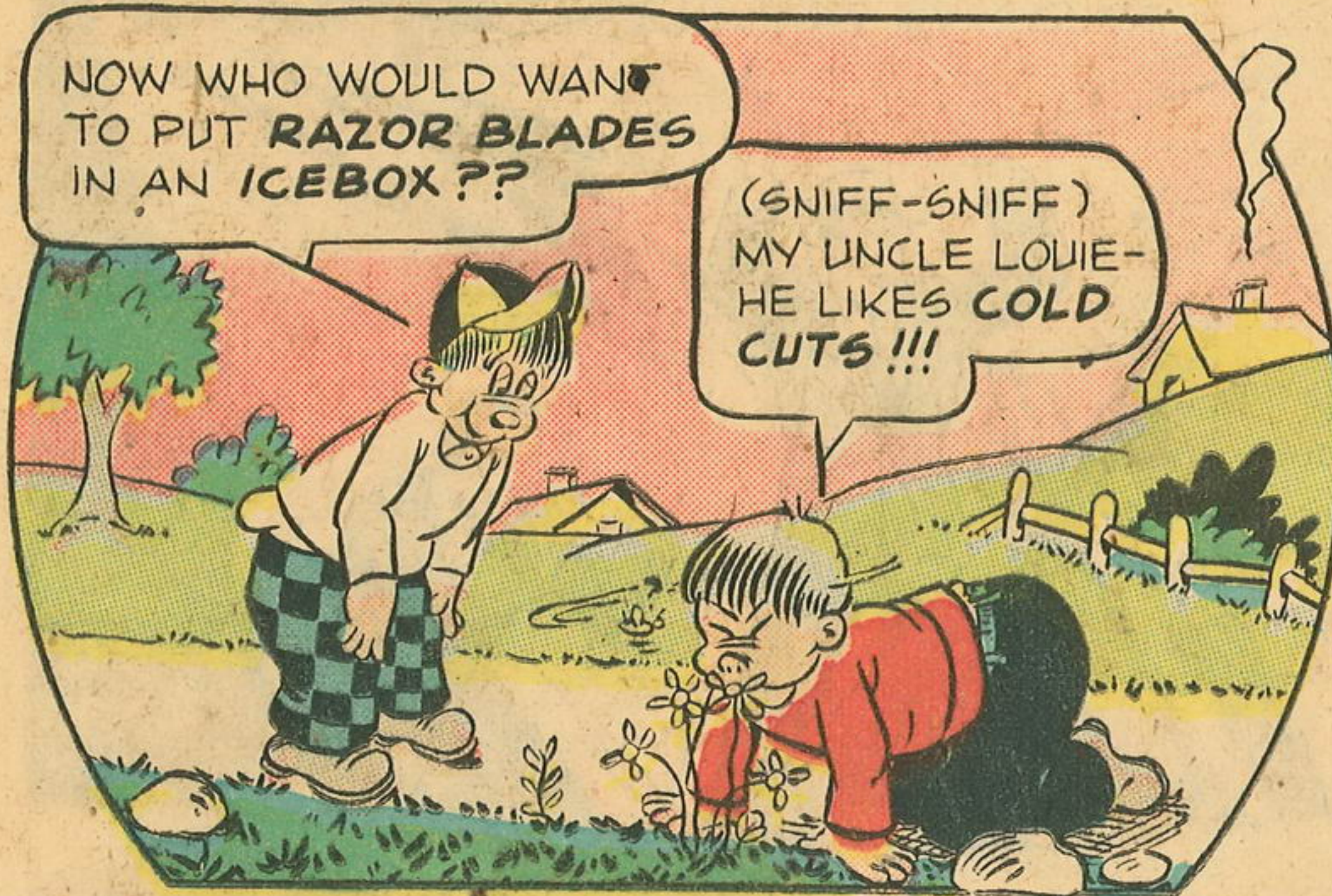
"I guess that's all the evidence we need, Jesse," a deep voice behind him said pleasantly. A brown hand came from nowhere and snatched the rifle from his hands. "Attempted murder, eh? That should put you away for a long time."

Jesse whirled, startled, to see the smiling face of Sheriff Dale, and behind the Sheriff, Uncle Ezra!

"Huh? Bu-But, Uncle Ezra, I thought you were dead! I—I—shot—?" Jesse's eyes bulged with a hundred unspoken questions.

"Oh, that?" Sheriff Dale chuckled. "We just thought we'd let you keep shootin' at targets. That thing in the chair was a dummy." He chuckled again. "Yuh see, Jesse, the dog wasn't the only thing in the bushes yesterday. Freddy was hidden there too, but when you turned with that rifle in your hand he was too scared to reveal himself. When he told me about it, I figgered you was up to no good and set this little trap. You stepped right into it."

THE END



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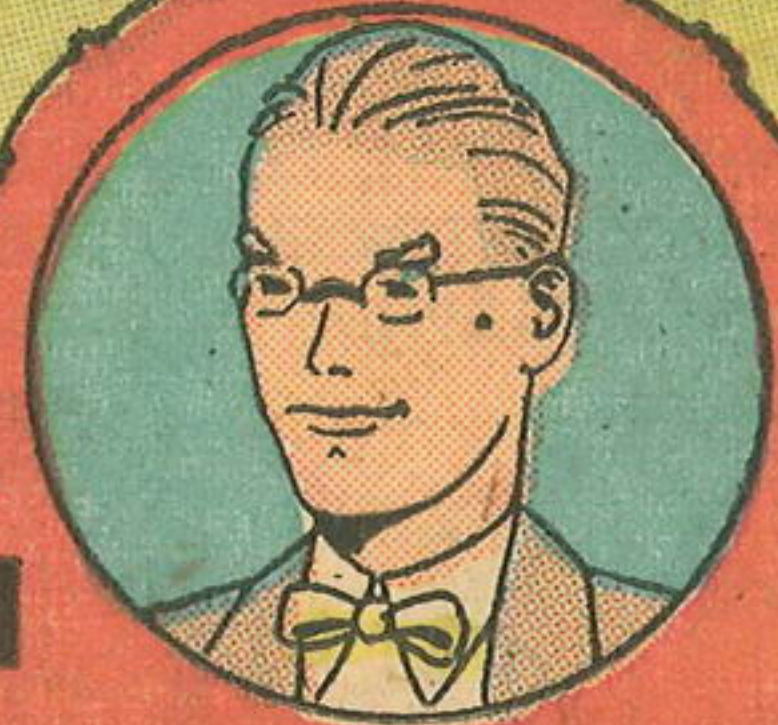


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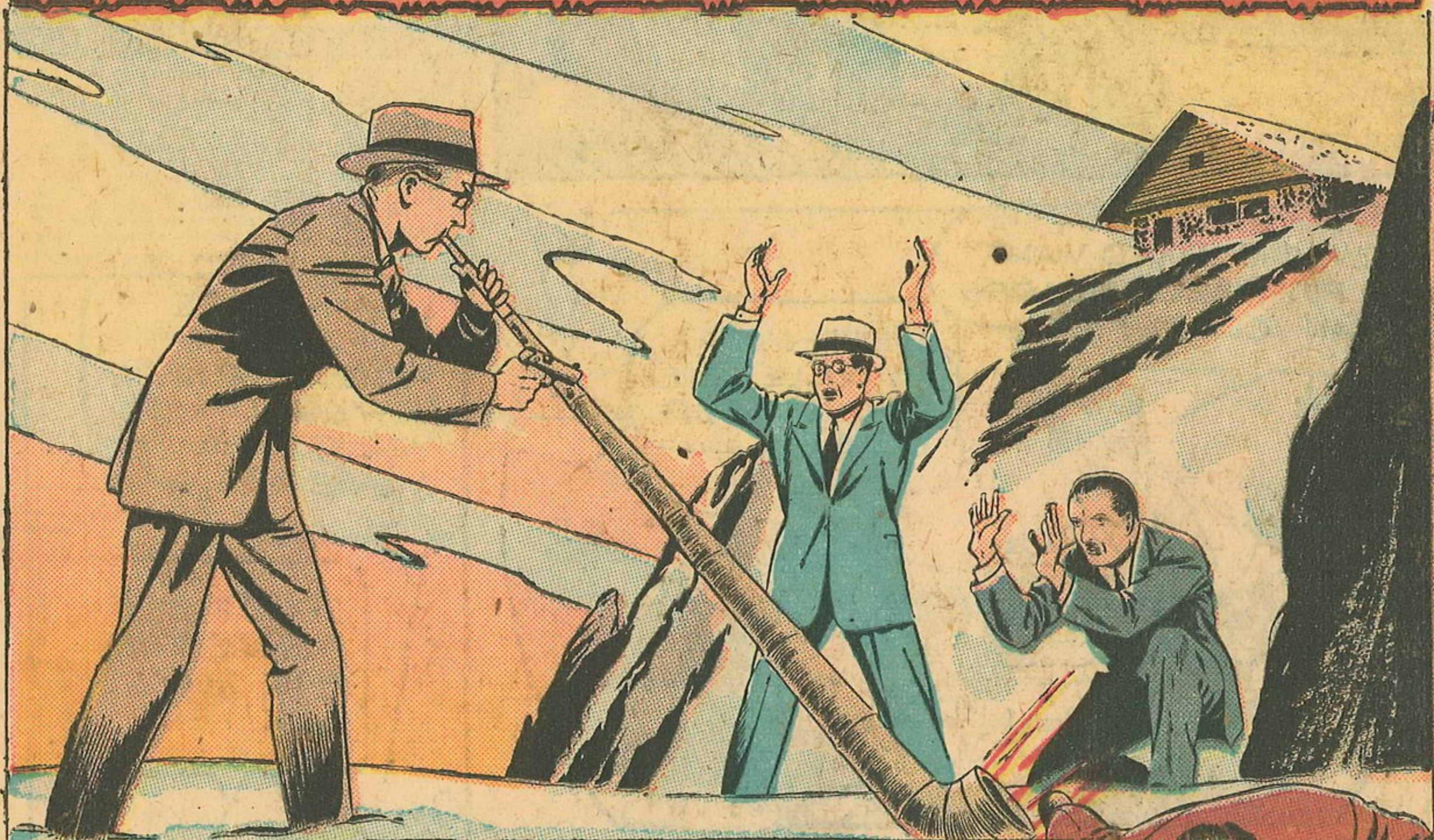
GLOBUS STAMP CO. 268 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y., Dept. 431



YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

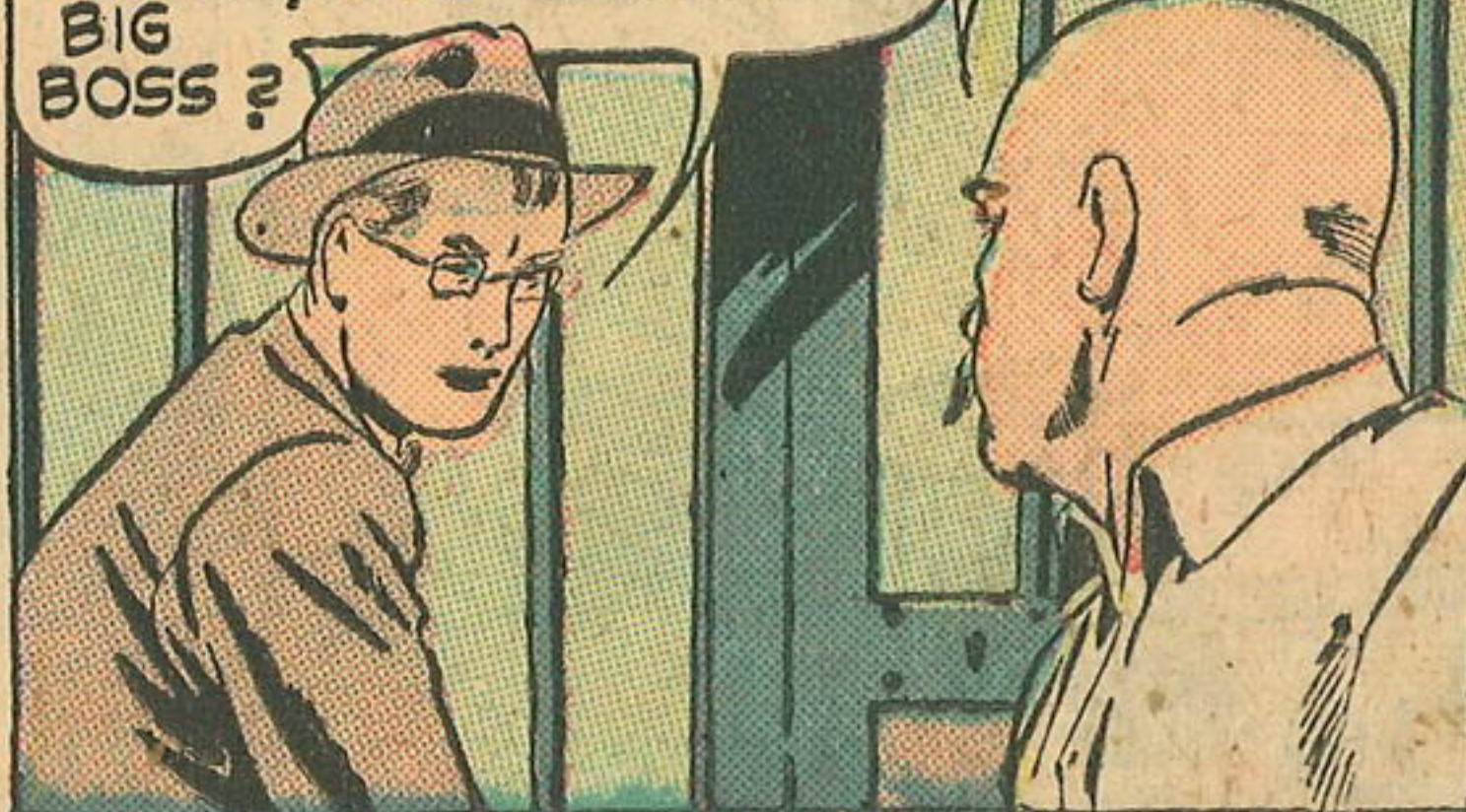


KINGSTON COLE, JR.,
THE MODEST YOUNG
DETECTIVE, CAN BLOW
HIS OWN HORN IF
DANGER DICTATES IT,
AS HE PROVES IN A
TINGLING BATTLE
HIGH IN THE SWISS
ALPS.

KING HAS HELPED CAPTURE THE AMERICAN
AGENT OF A JEWEL SMUGGLING GANG.
NOW HE'S AFTER THE REST OF THE GANG!

THE HEADQUARTERS OF
YOUR GANG MUST BE IN
EUROPE, SCHMIDT... BUT
WHERE? AND WHO'S THE
BIG
BOSS?

**BAH! YOU
VASTE
YOUR TIME!**

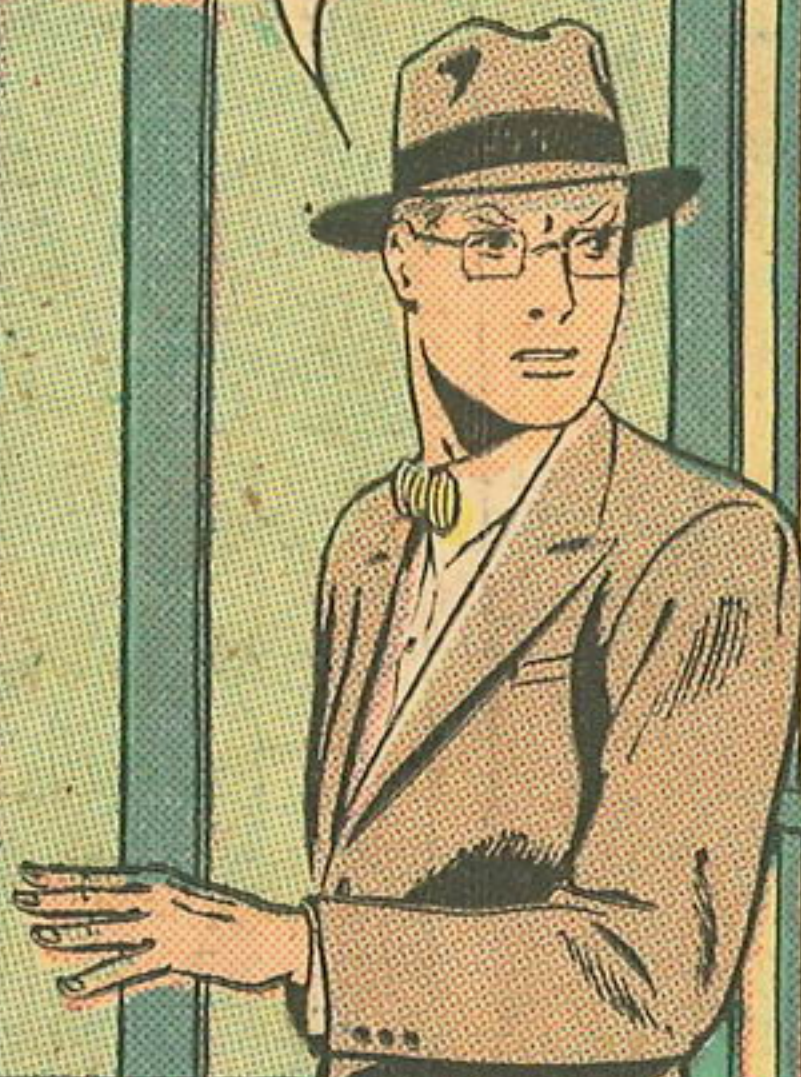


CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

NEFER VILL I TELL!! UND
NEFER VILL YOU CATCH DER
BOSS! HE ISS TOO SMART!



NO CROOK IS EVER TOO SMART
TO BE CAUGHT. THE COLE AGENCY
WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM EVEN
IF YOU WON'T TALK.



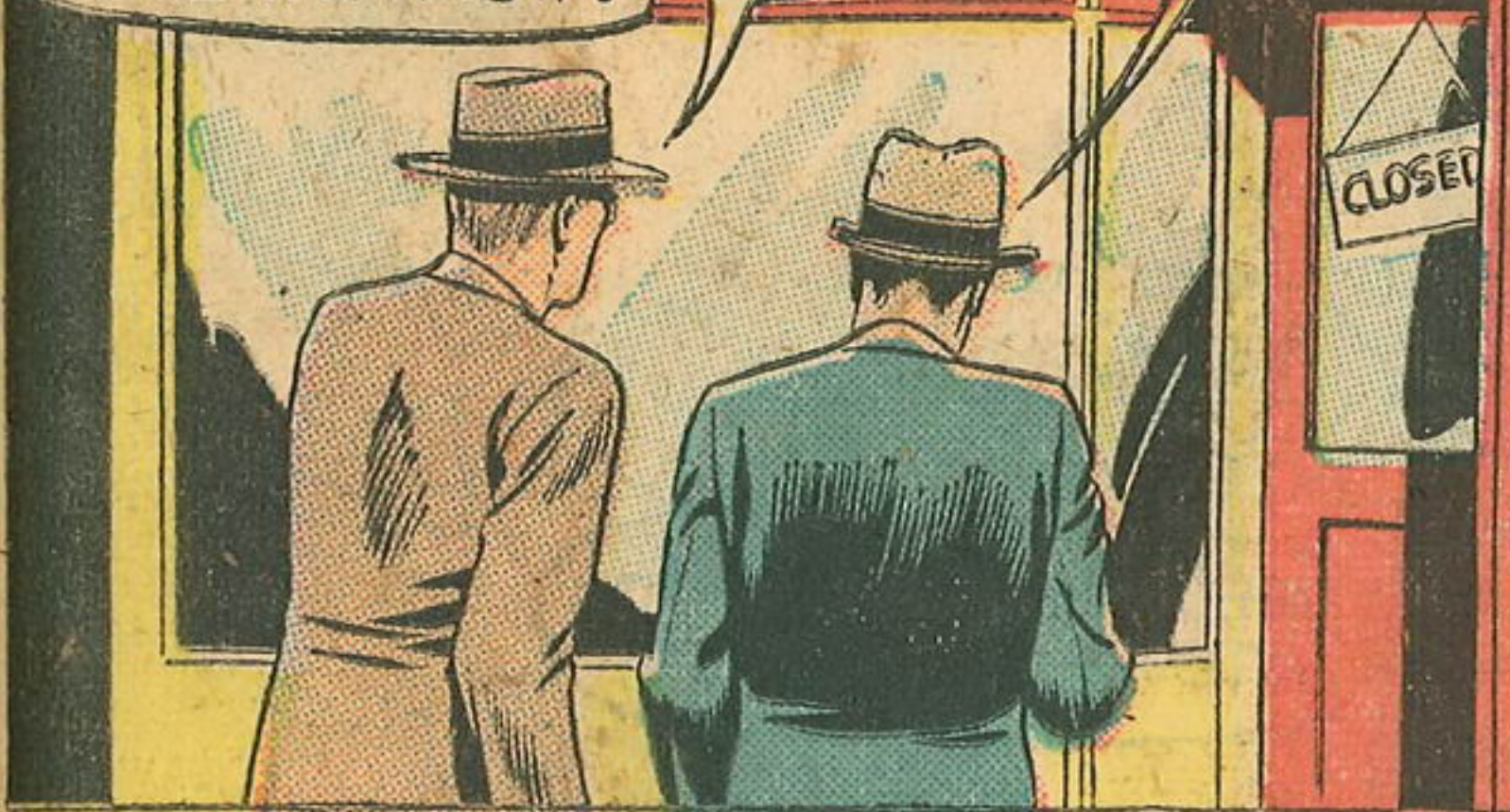
BAH!



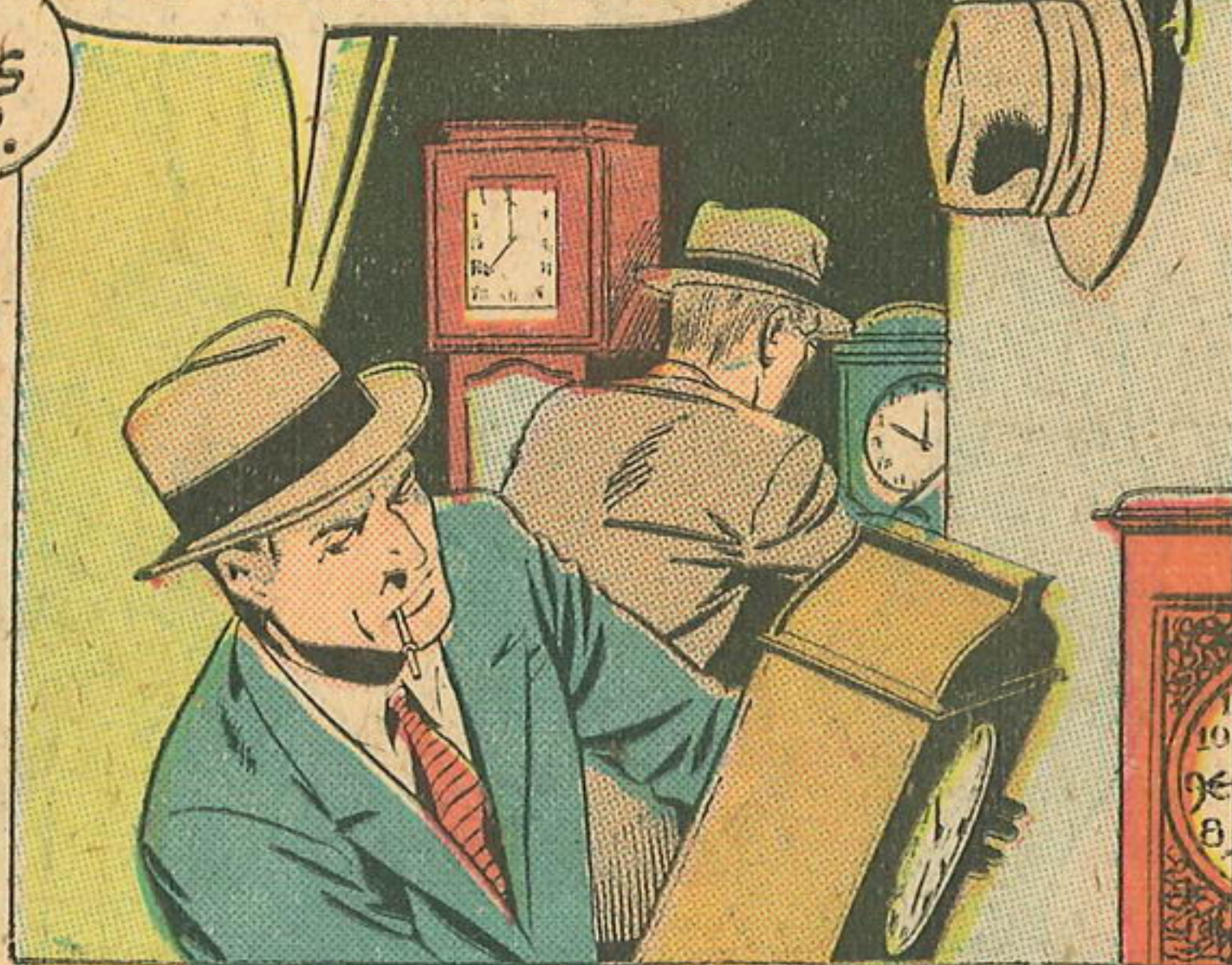
WITH WHIP STEELE, KING GOES TO
SCHMIDT'S CLOCK SHOP...

THE GANG STOLE JEWELS
IN EUROPE, THEN SMUGGLED
THEM PAST AMERICAN CUSTOMS
TO SCHMIDT IN SPECIALLY
MADE CLOCKS... AND THAT'S
ALL WE KNOW!

MAYBE
WE'LL FIND
SOME LEADS
IN THE SHOP.

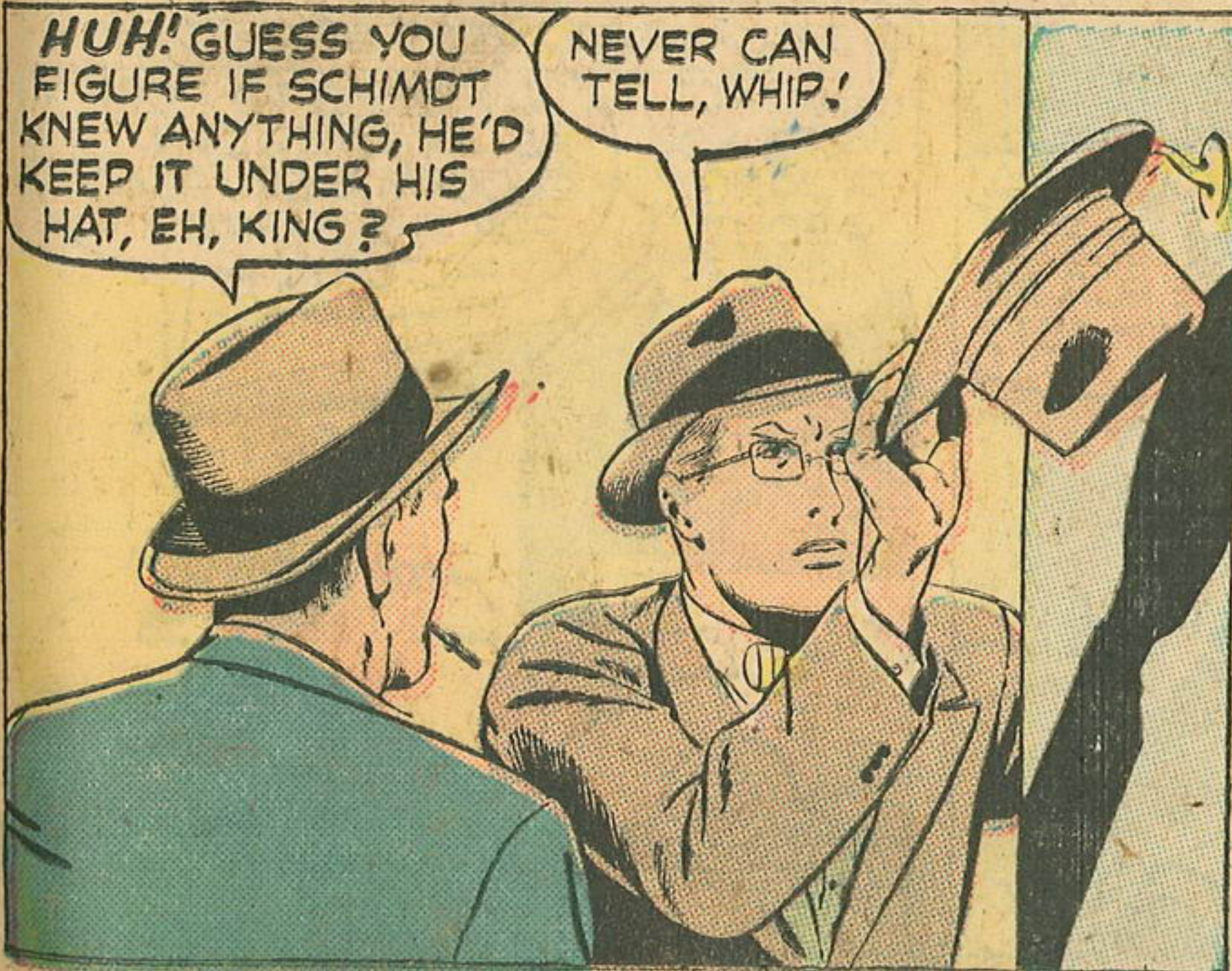


AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH TURNS UP NO
CLUES.
WHIP ME! LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE STUMPED!

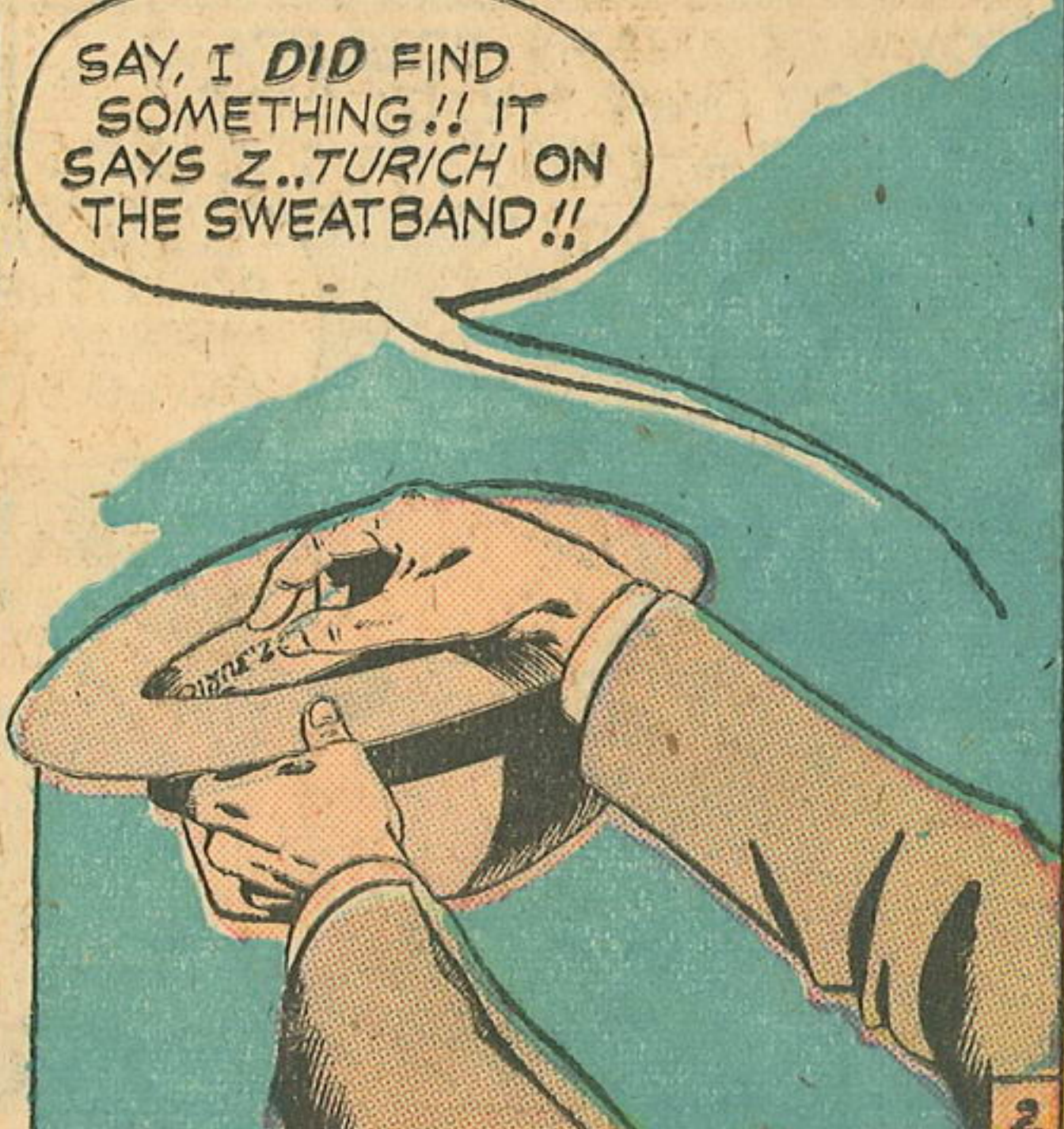


HUH! GUESS YOU
FIGURE IF SCHIMDT
KNEW ANYTHING, HE'D
KEEP IT UNDER HIS
HAT, EH, KING?

NEVER CAN
TELL, WHIP!



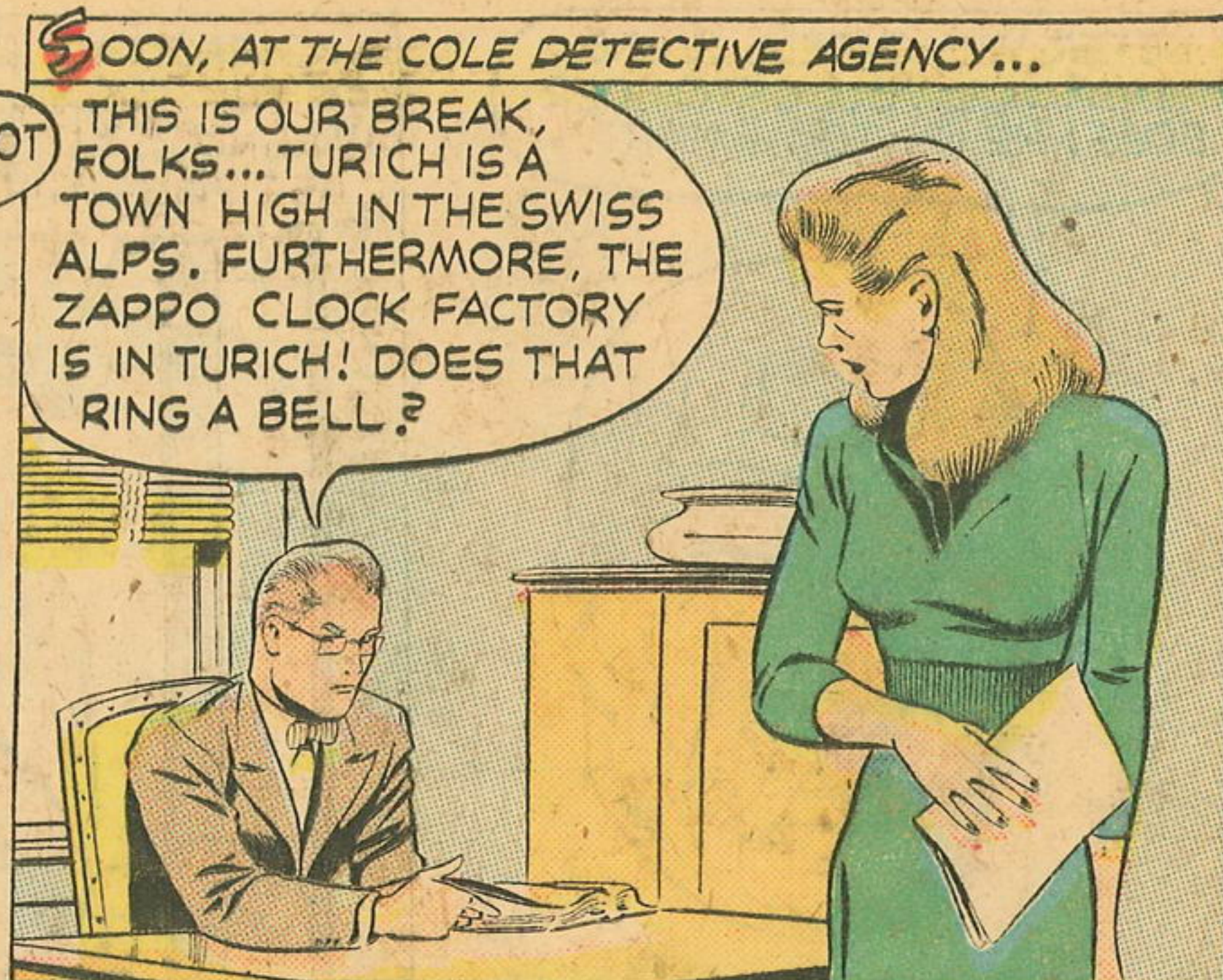
SAY, I **DID** FIND
SOMETHING!! IT
SAYS Z..TURICH ON
THE SWEATBAND!!





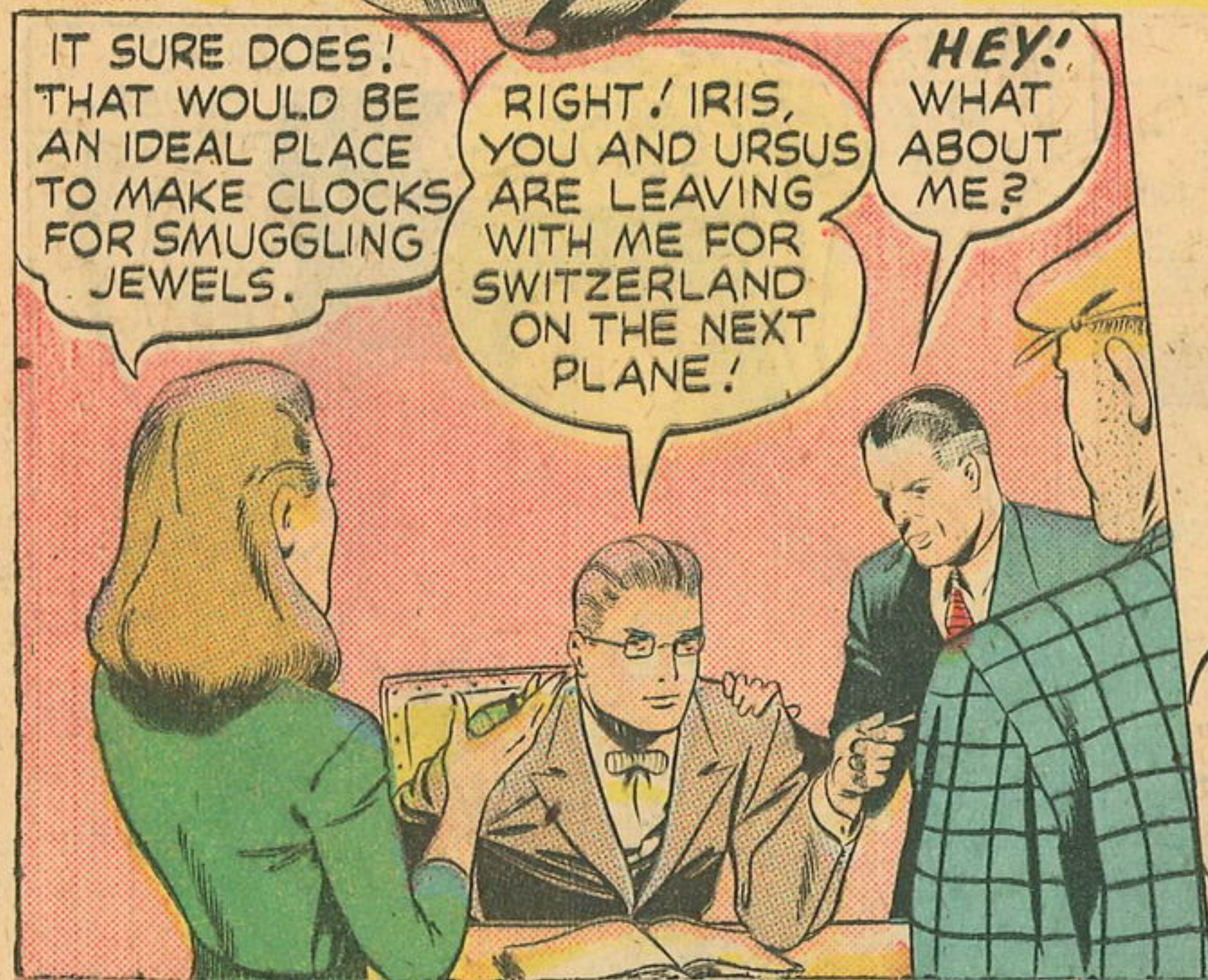
Z...TURICH. H'MPH! THAT DOESN'T HELP MUCH!

IT MIGHT HELP A GREAT DEAL, WHIP! LET'S HOTFOOT IT BACK TO THE AGENCY.



SOON, AT THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY...

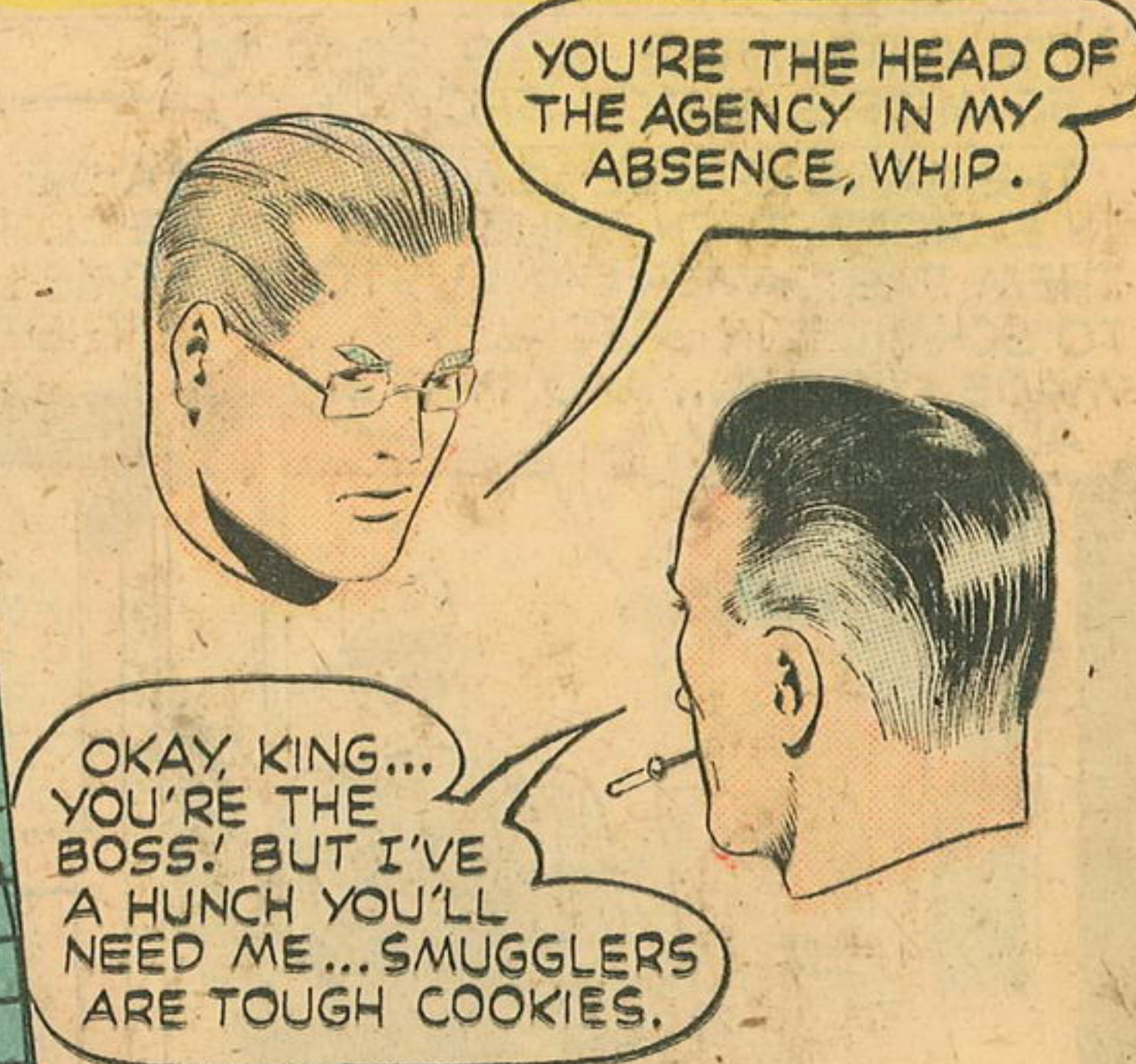
THIS IS OUR BREAK, FOLKS... TURICH IS A TOWN HIGH IN THE SWISS ALPS. FURTHERMORE, THE ZAPPO CLOCK FACTORY IS IN TURICH! DOES THAT RING A BELL?



IT SURE DOES! THAT WOULD BE AN IDEAL PLACE TO MAKE CLOCKS FOR SMUGGLING JEWELS.

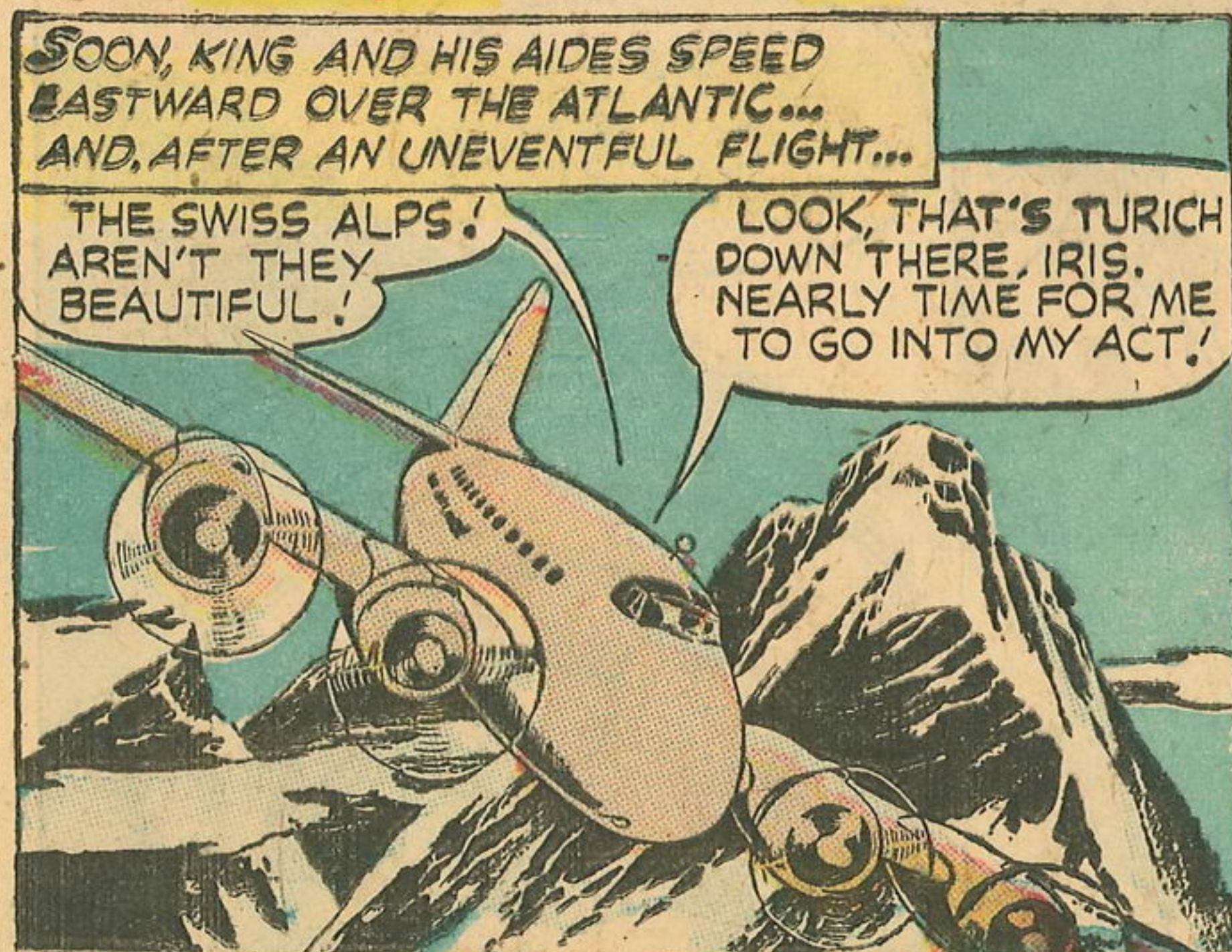
RIGHT! IRIS, YOU AND URSUS ARE LEAVING WITH ME FOR SWITZERLAND ON THE NEXT PLANE!

HEY! WHAT ABOUT ME?



YOU'RE THE HEAD OF THE AGENCY IN MY ABSENCE, WHIP.

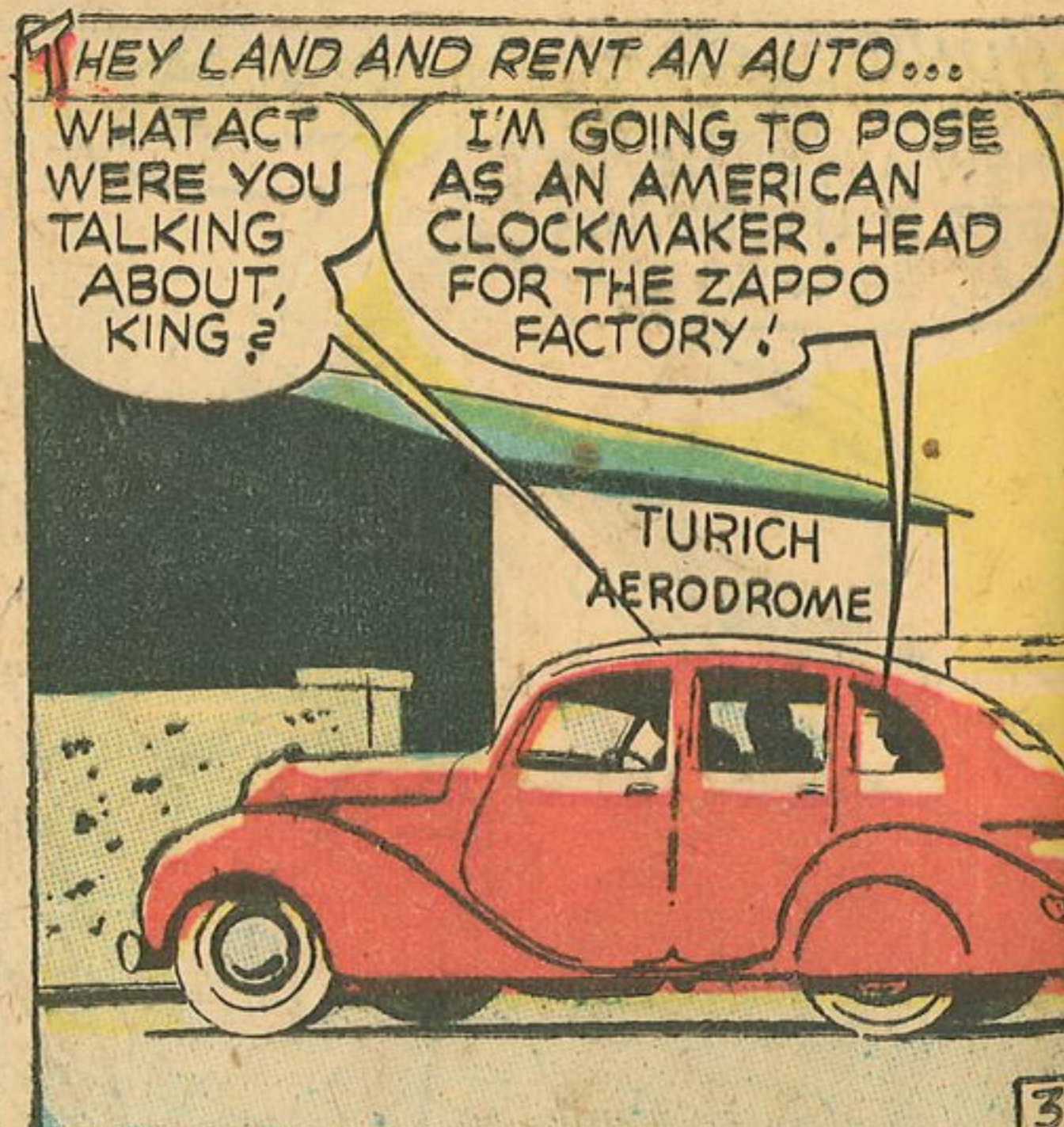
OKAY, KING... YOU'RE THE BOSS! BUT I'VE A HUNCH YOU'LL NEED ME... SMUGGLERS ARE TOUGH COOKIES.



SOON, KING AND HIS AIDES SPEED EASTWARD OVER THE ATLANTIC... AND, AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL FLIGHT...

THE SWISS ALPS! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL!

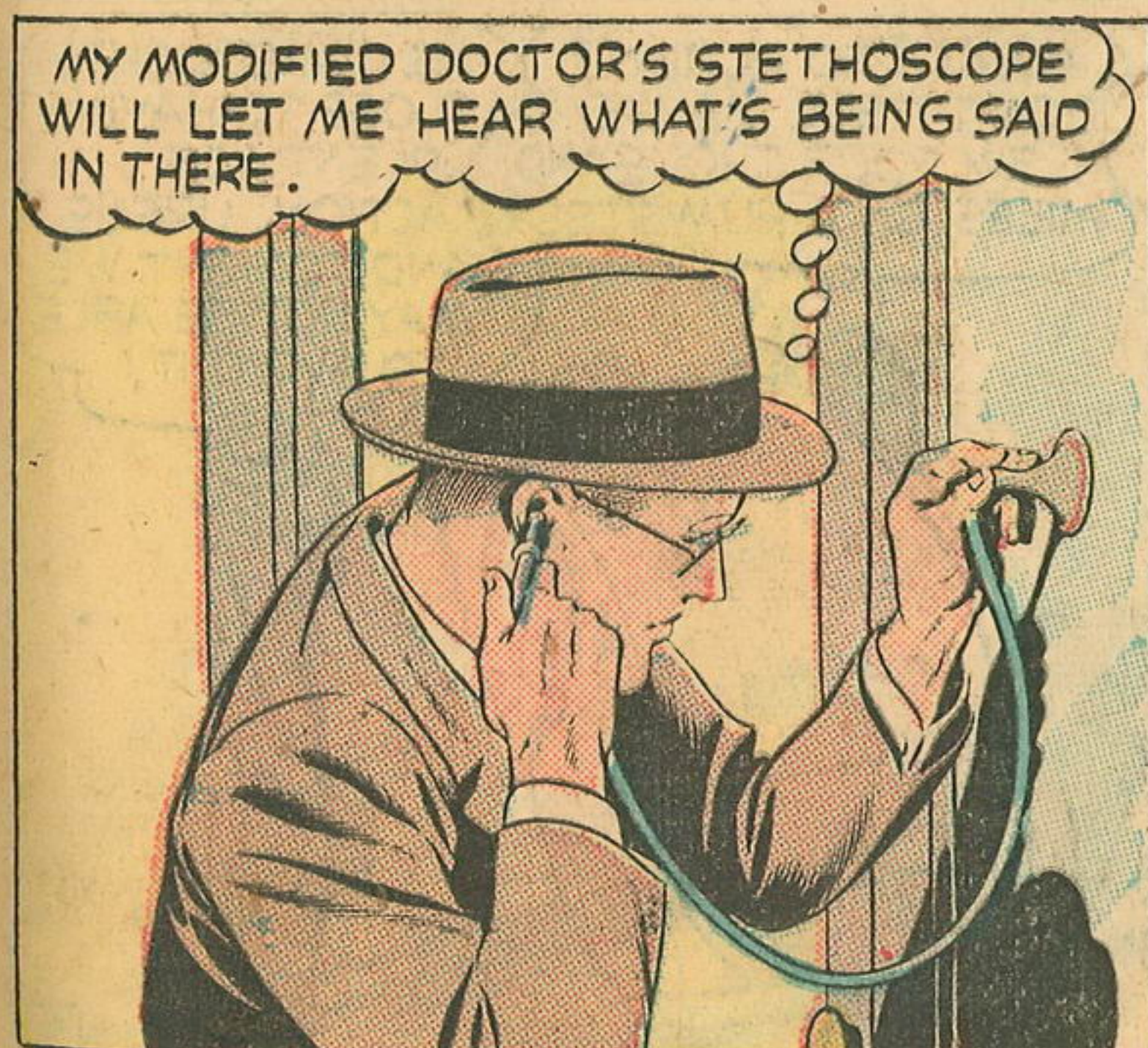
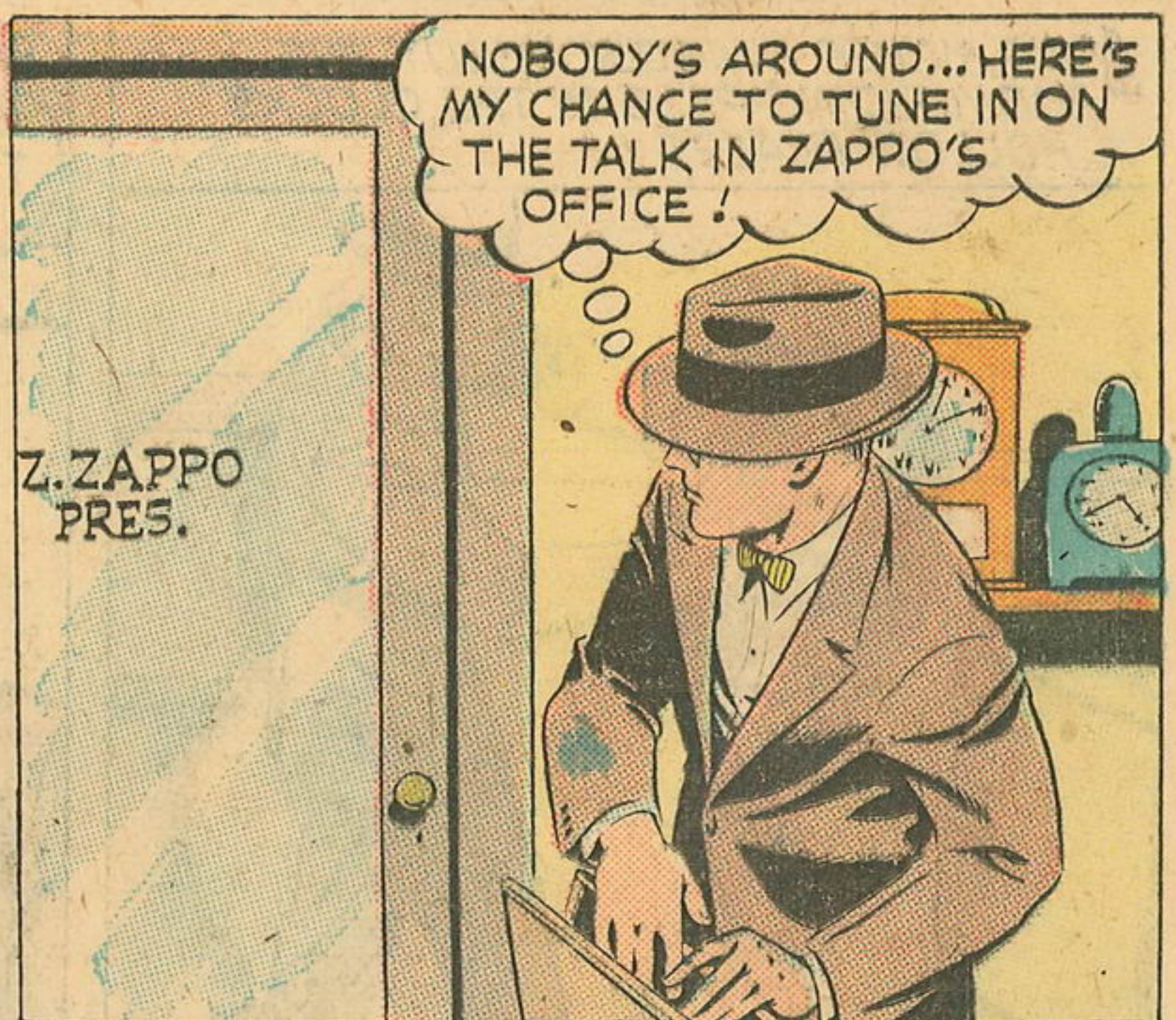
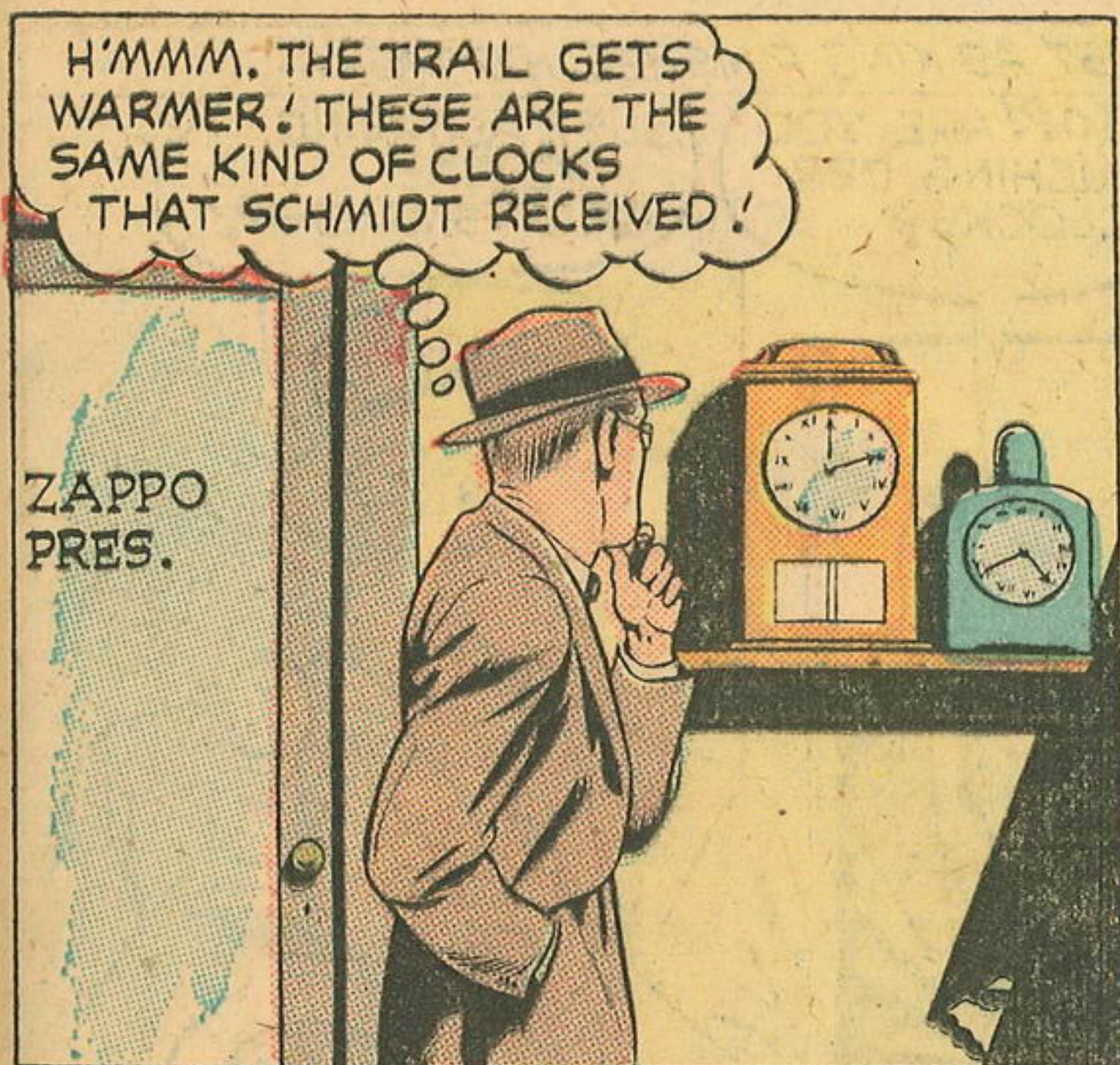
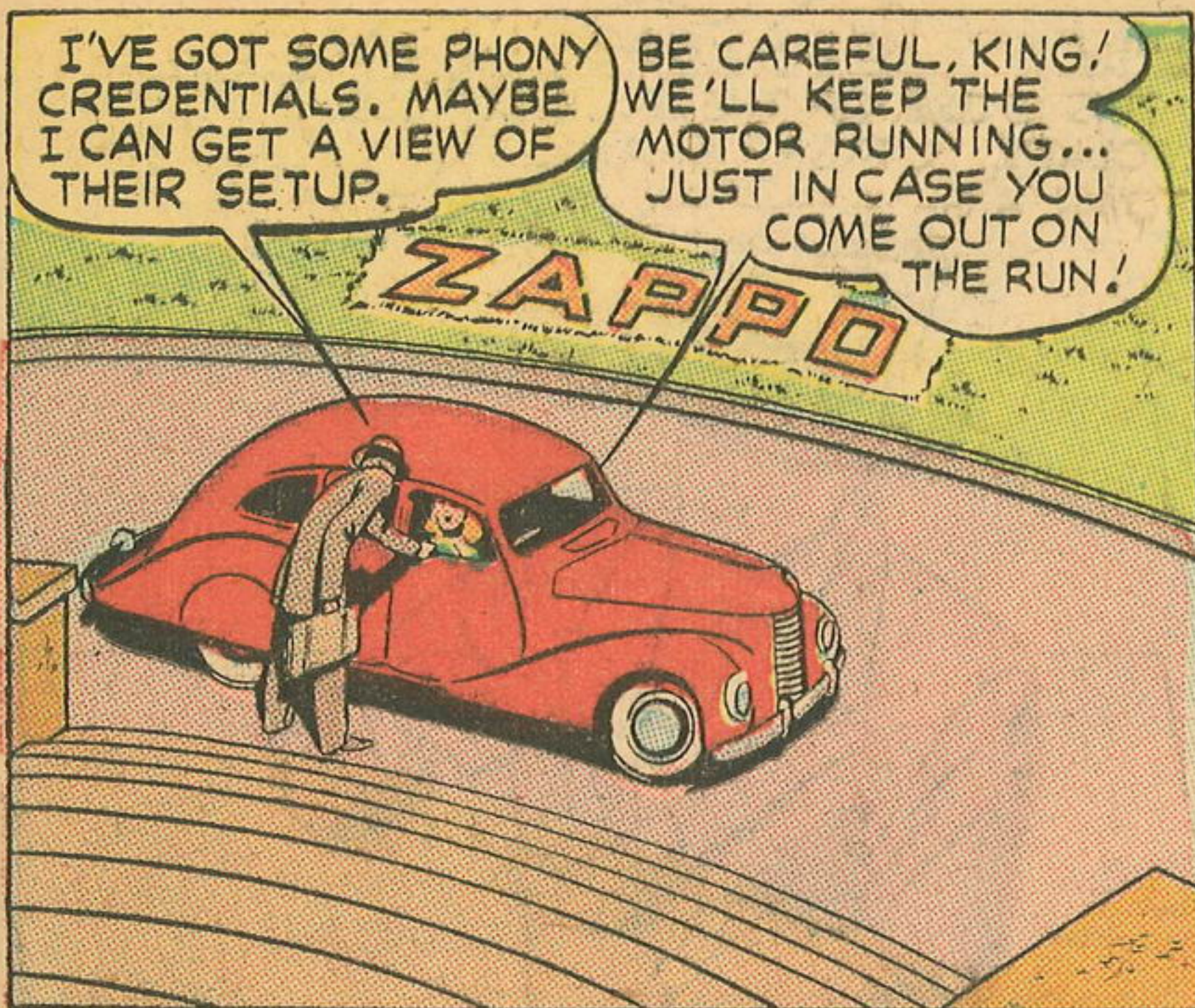
LOOK, THAT'S TURICH DOWN THERE, IRIS. NEARLY TIME FOR ME TO GO INTO MY ACT!

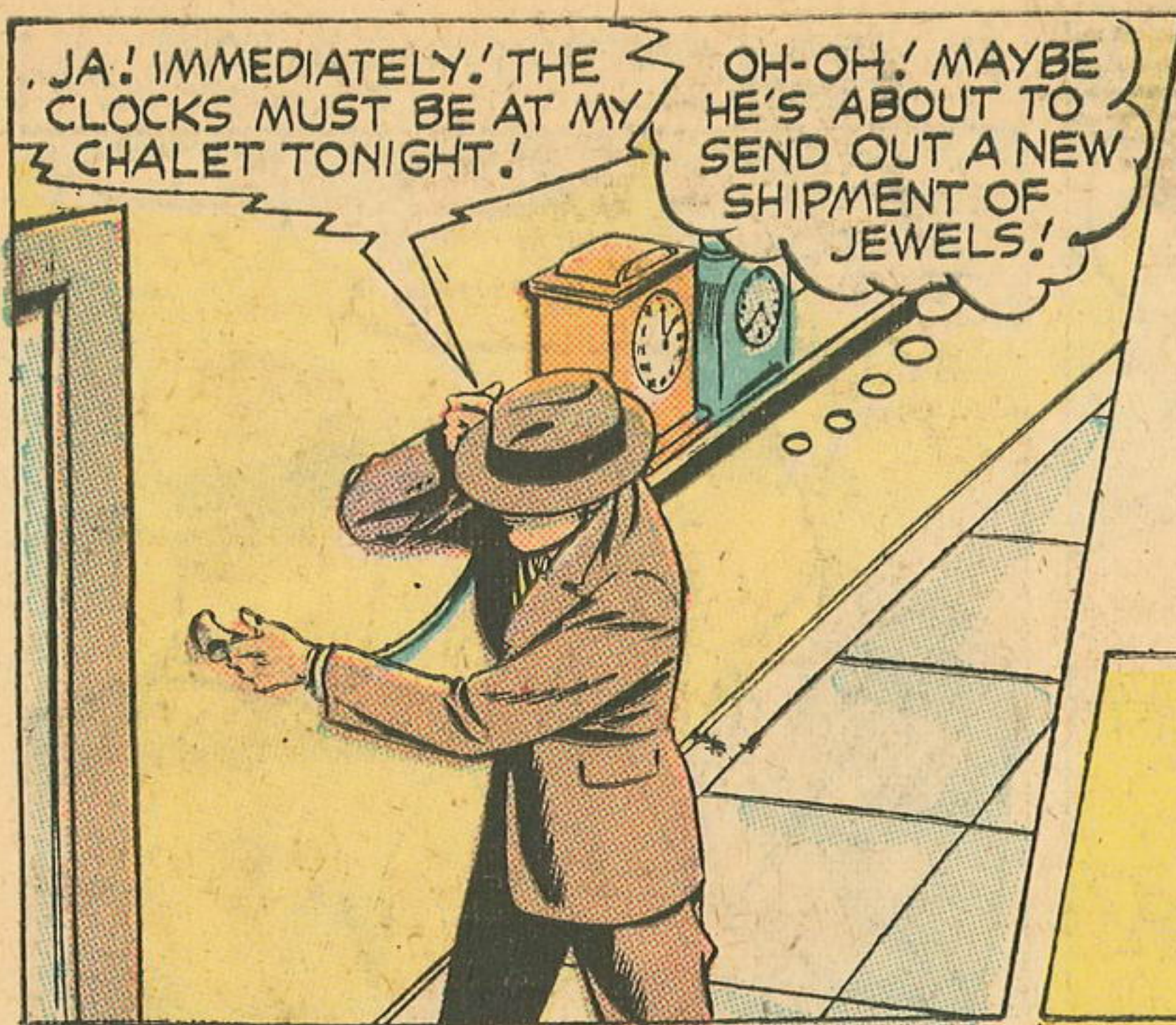


THEY LAND AND RENT AN AUTO...

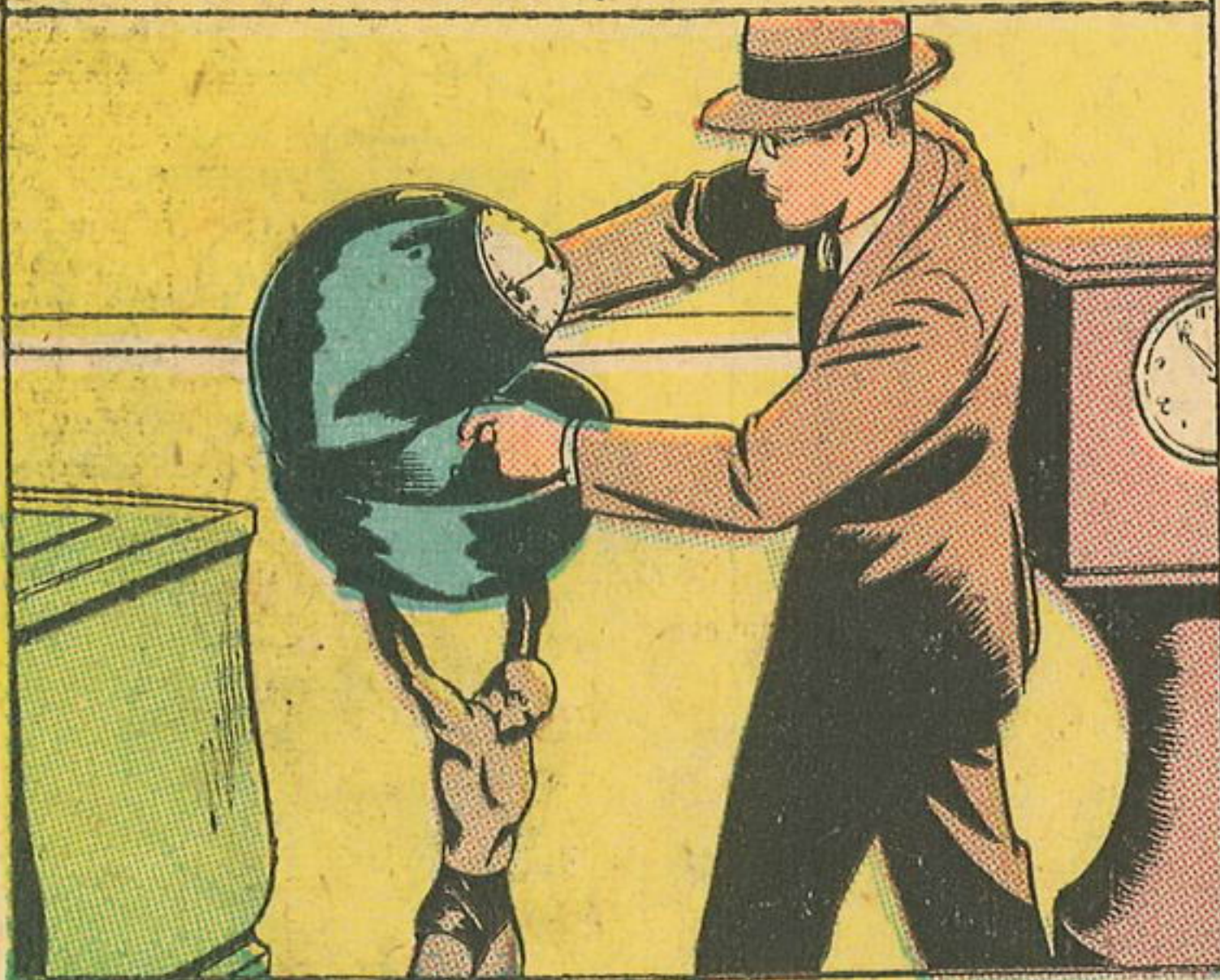
WHAT ACT WERE YOU TALKING ABOUT, KING?

I'M GOING TO POSE AS AN AMERICAN CLOCKMAKER. HEAD FOR THE ZAPPO FACTORY!





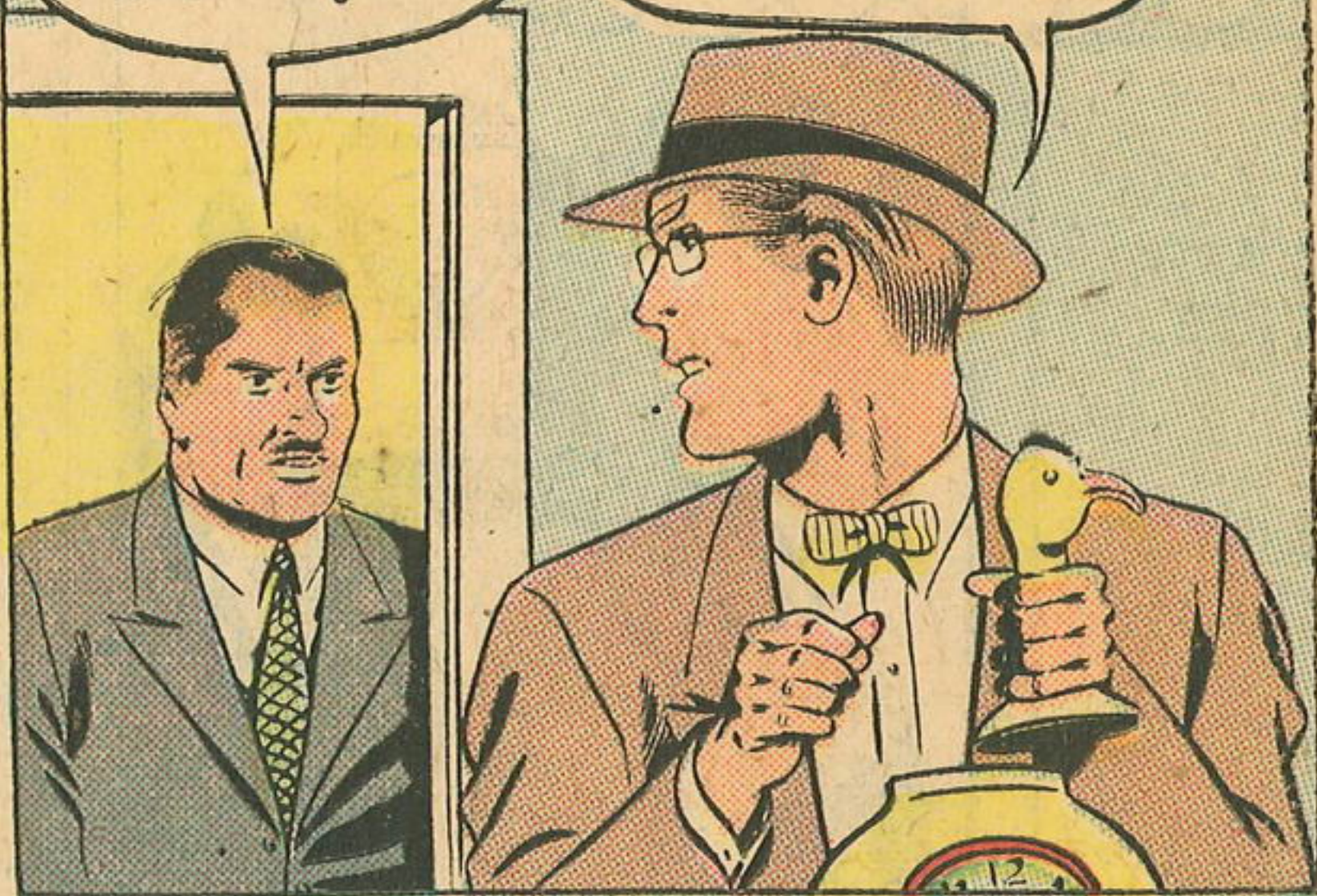
KING MOVES SWIFTLY ABOUT THE ROOM, HIDING PILLS IN THE CLOCKS' HOLLOW PLACES!



JUST AS KING FINISHES HIS TASK...

STOP! ARE YOU TOUCHING DER CLOCKS?

JUST ADMIRING THE FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP!

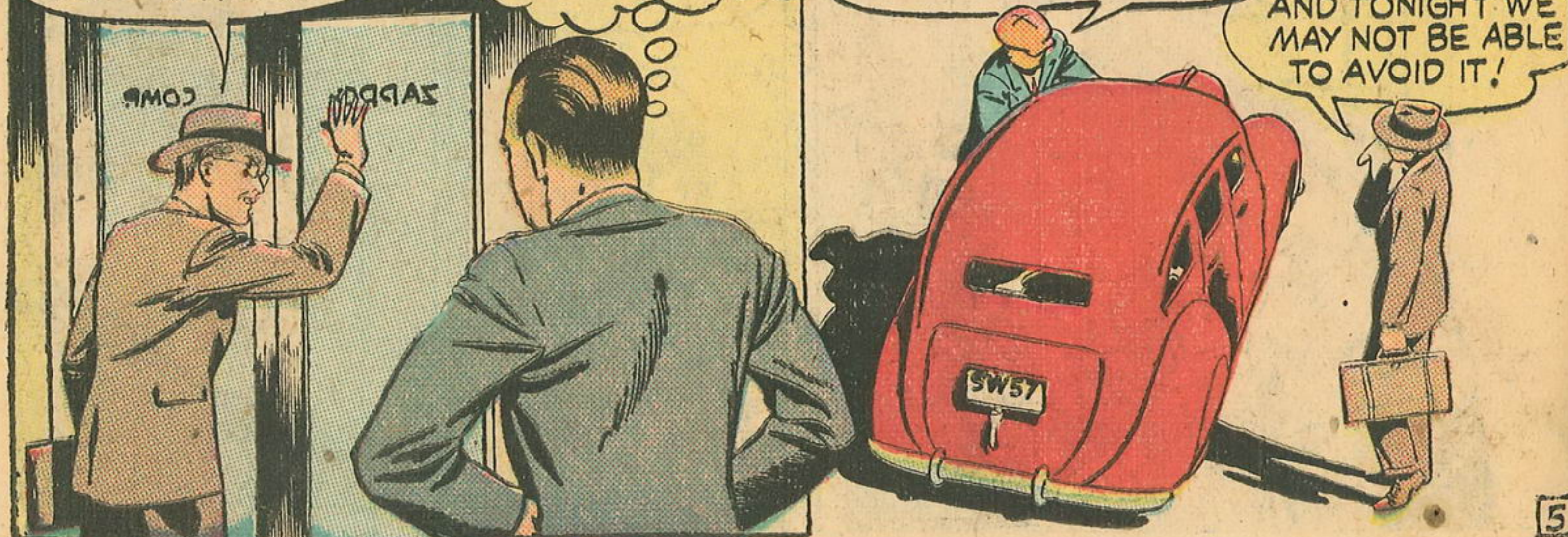


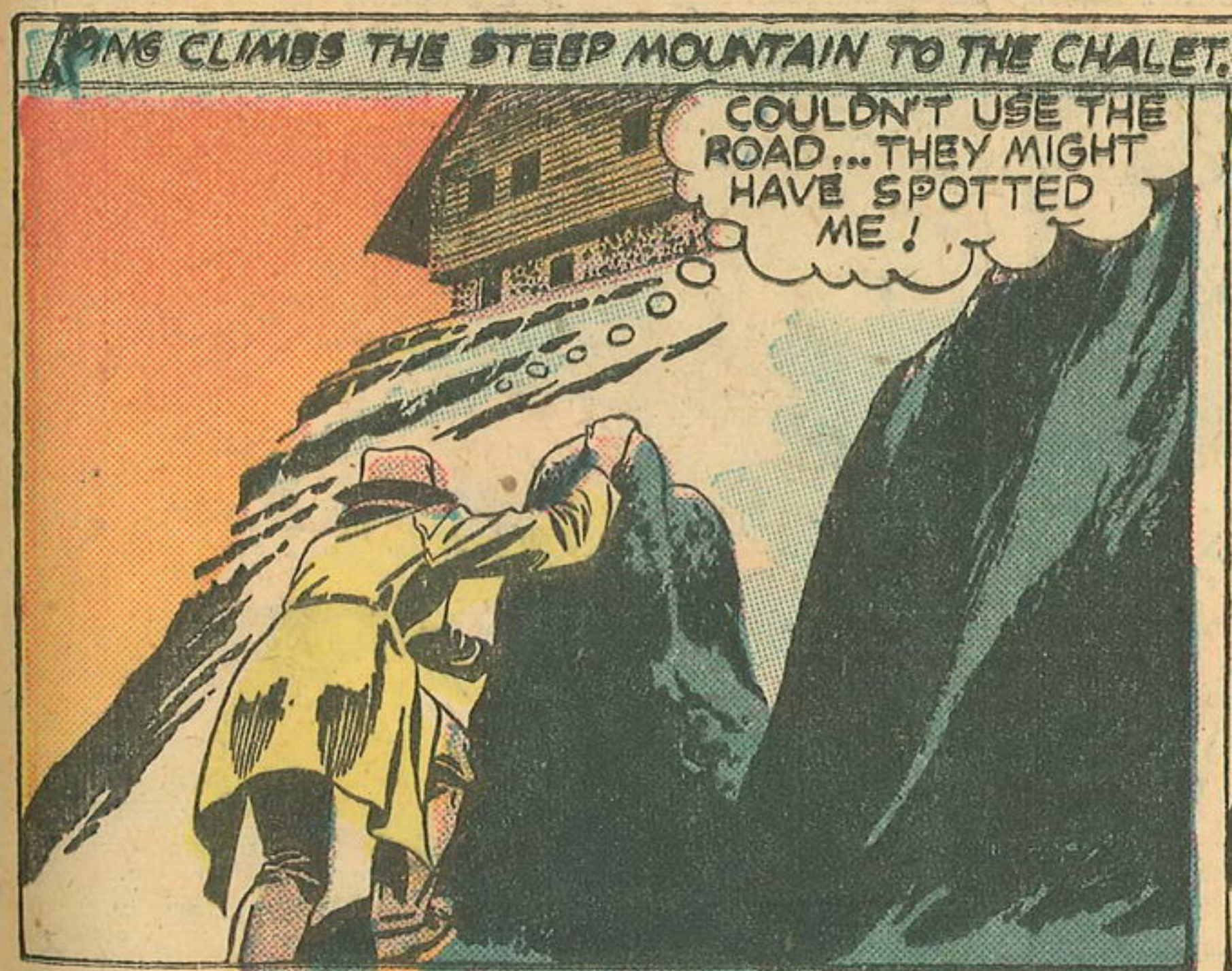
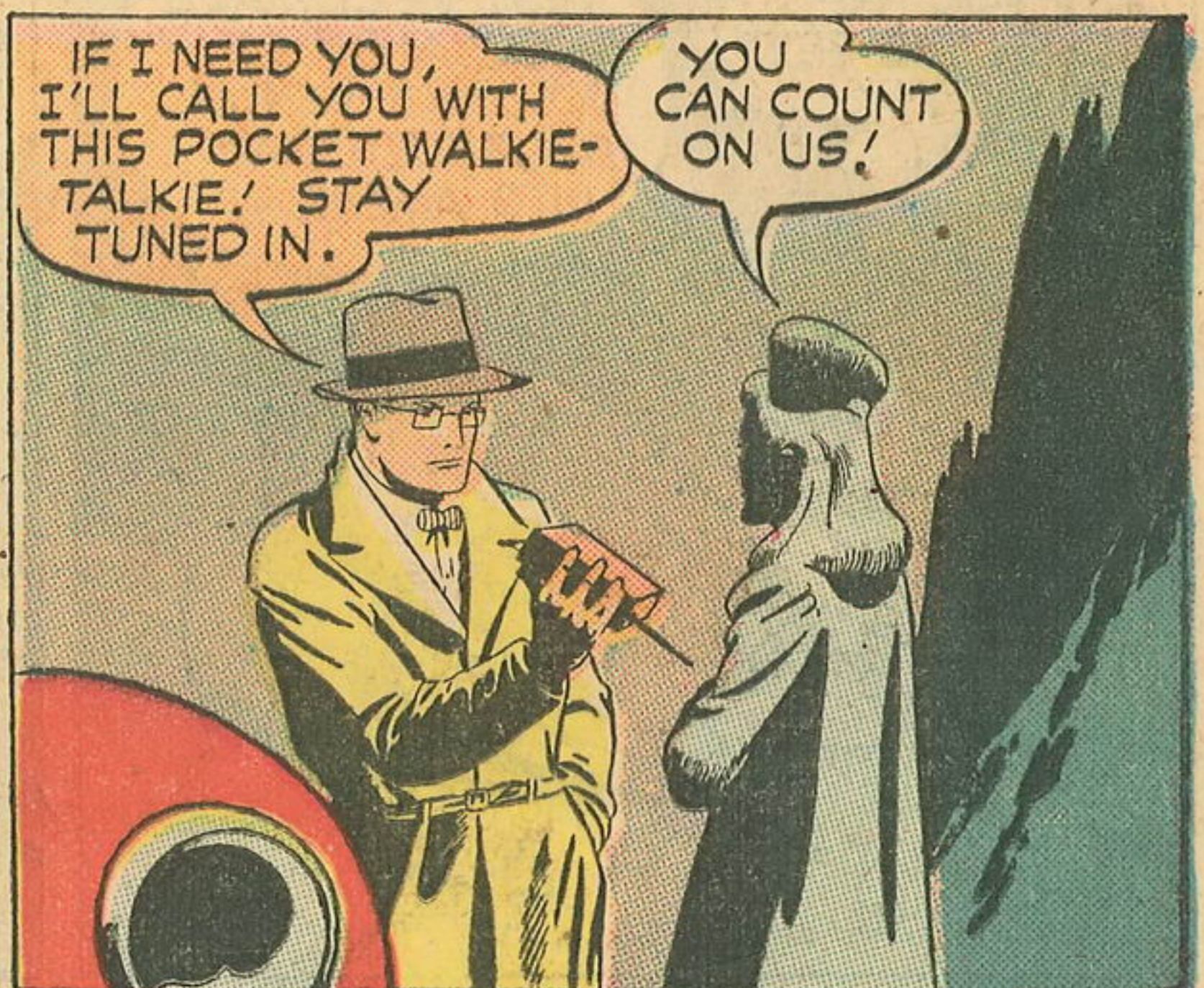
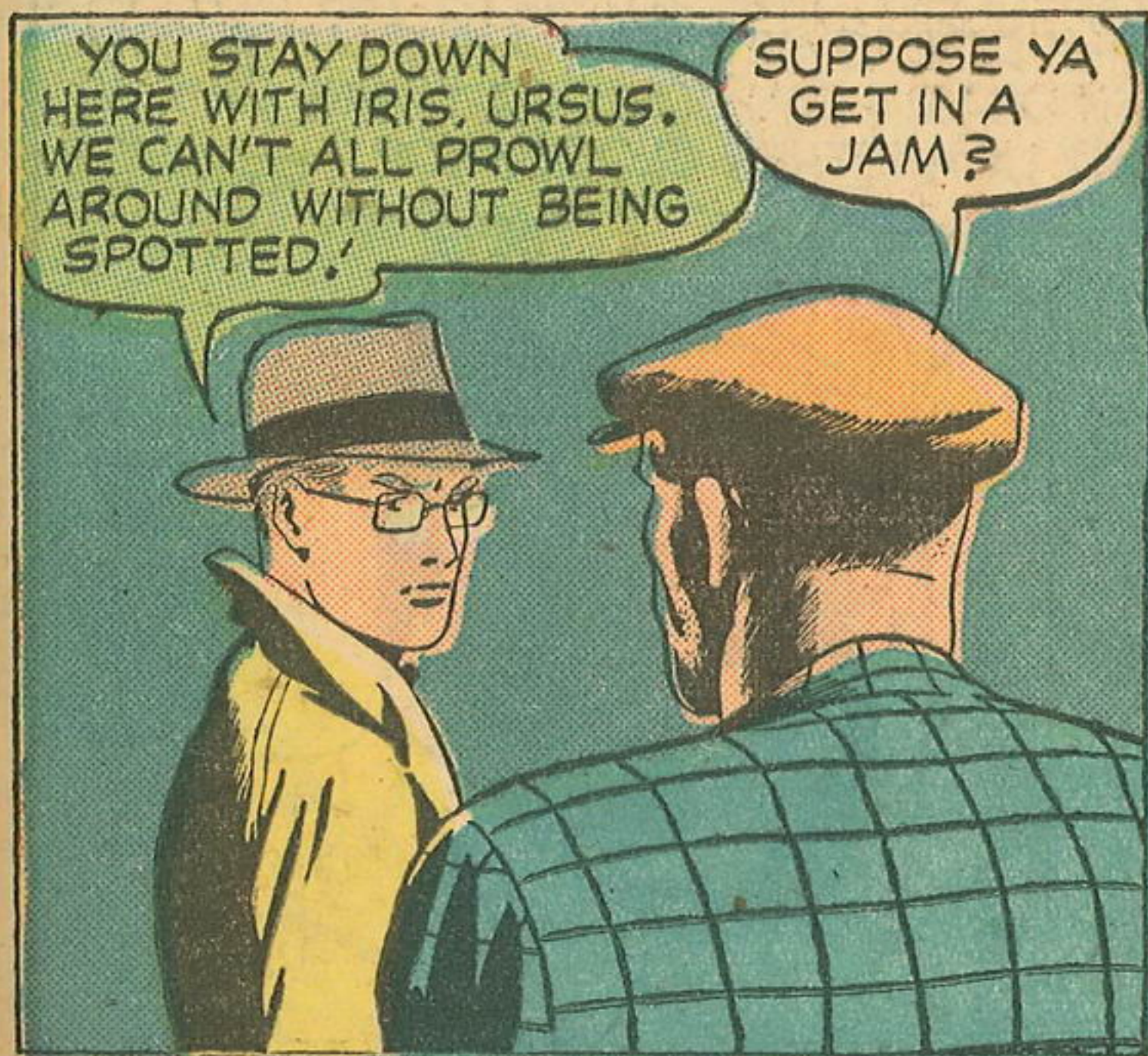
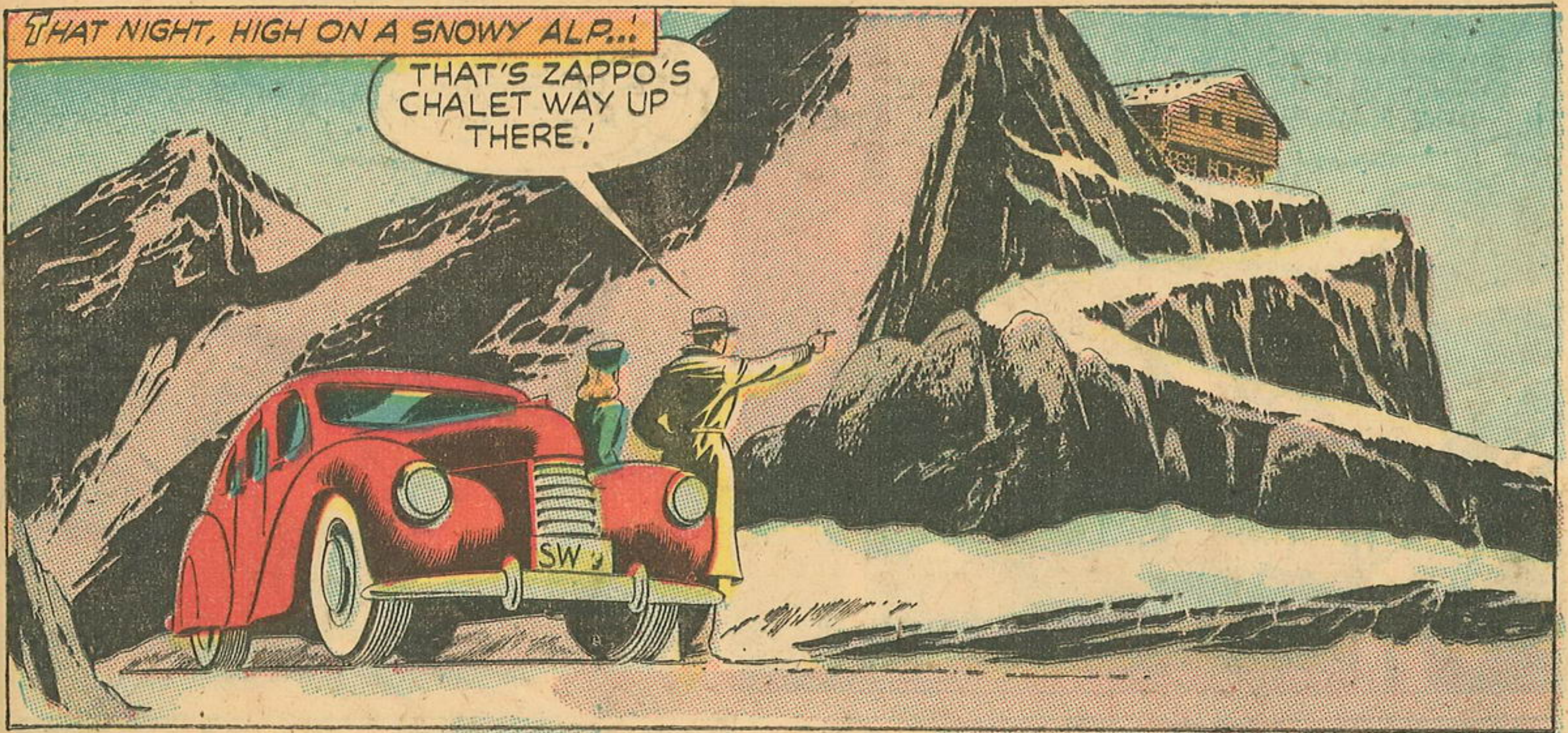
YOU CERTAINLY CAN TEACH US AMERICANS A THING OR TWO... GOOD DAY, SIR!

NO NEED TO FEAR DOT HARMLESS-LOOKING FOOL!

WHAT? NO ACTION? DON'T TELL ME WE FLEW FOUR THOUSAND MILES ON A BUM STEER!

WE CAME MIGHTY CLOSE TO HAVING PLENTY OF ACTION, URSUS! AND TONIGHT WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO AVOID IT!

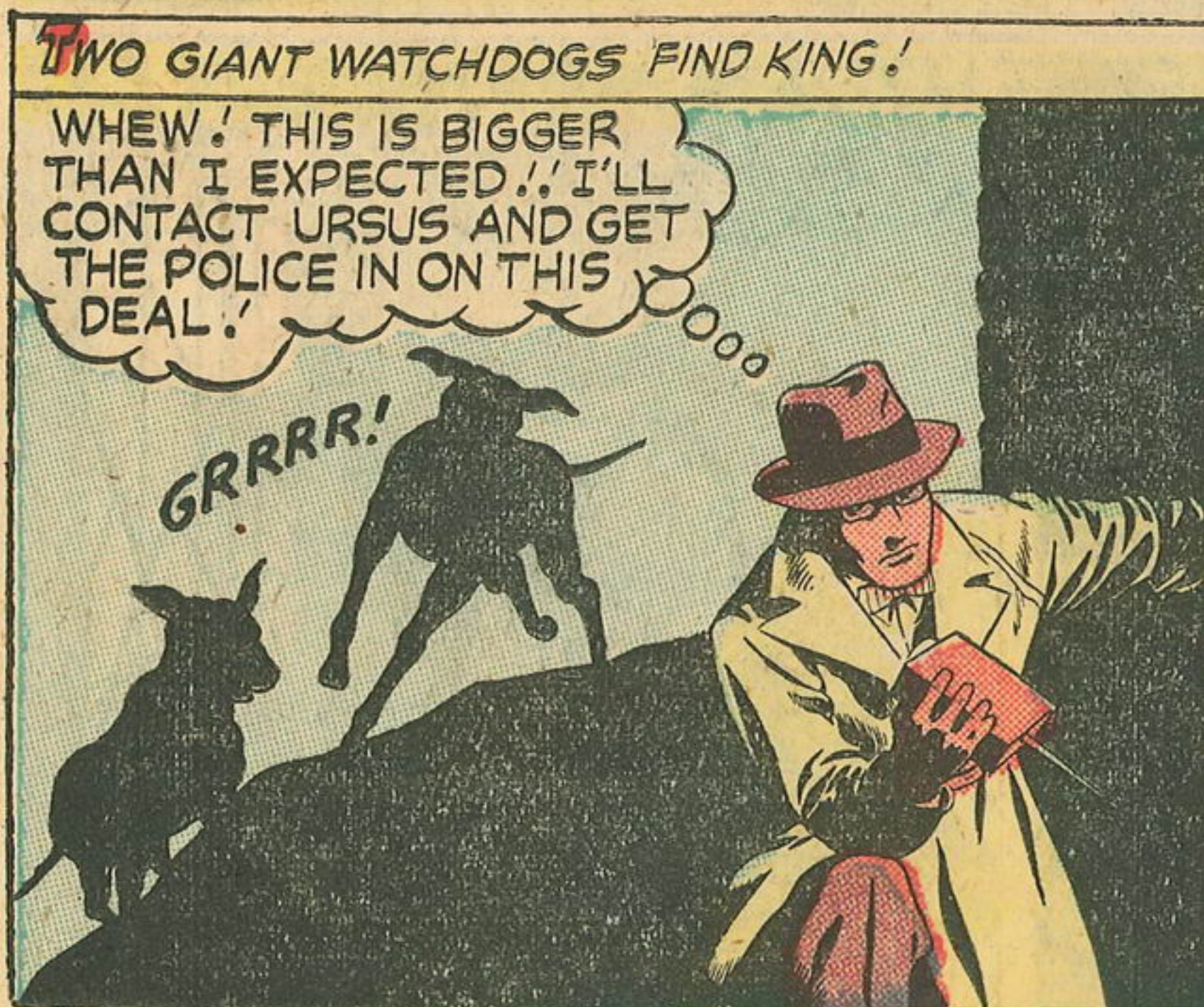
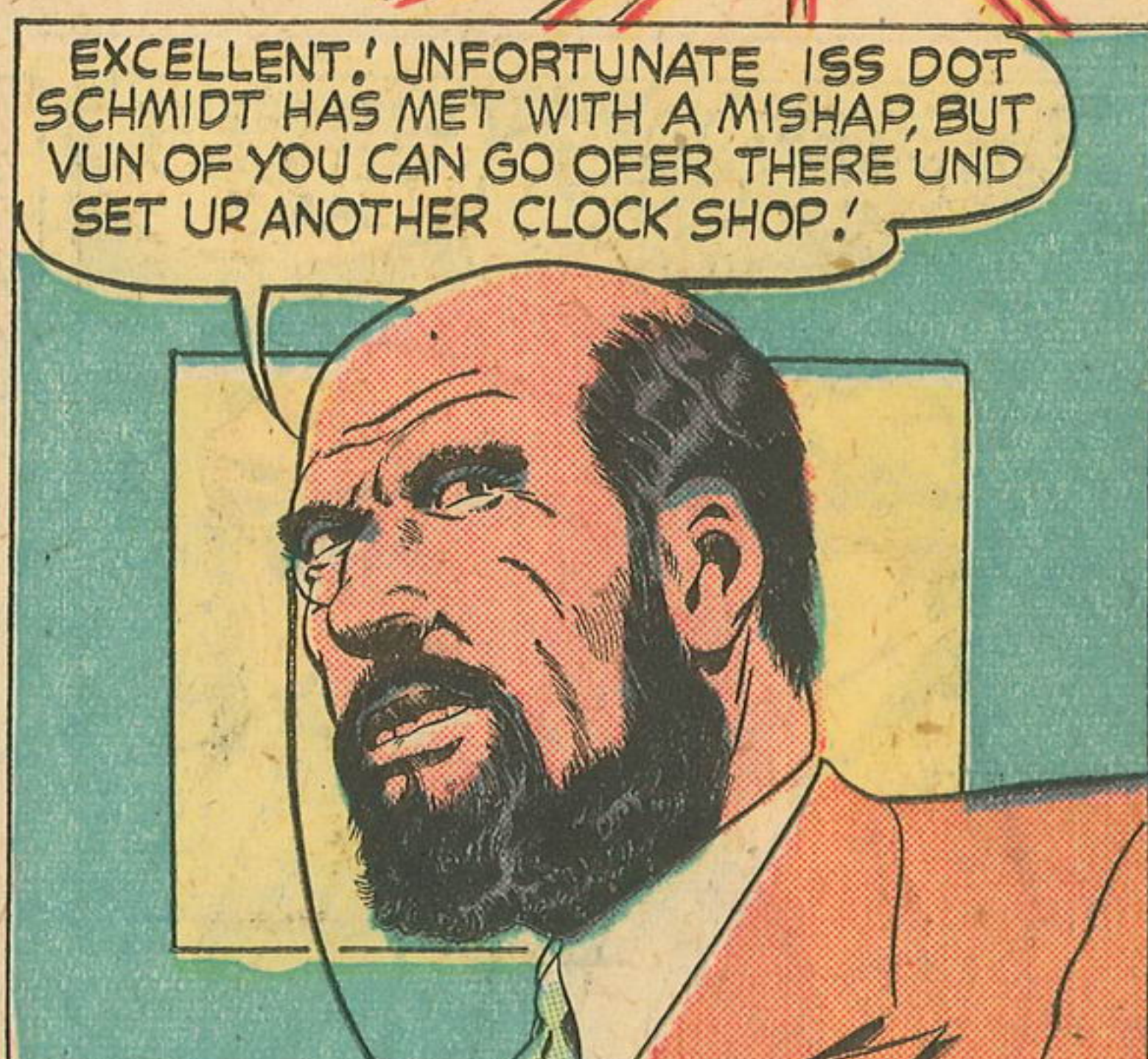
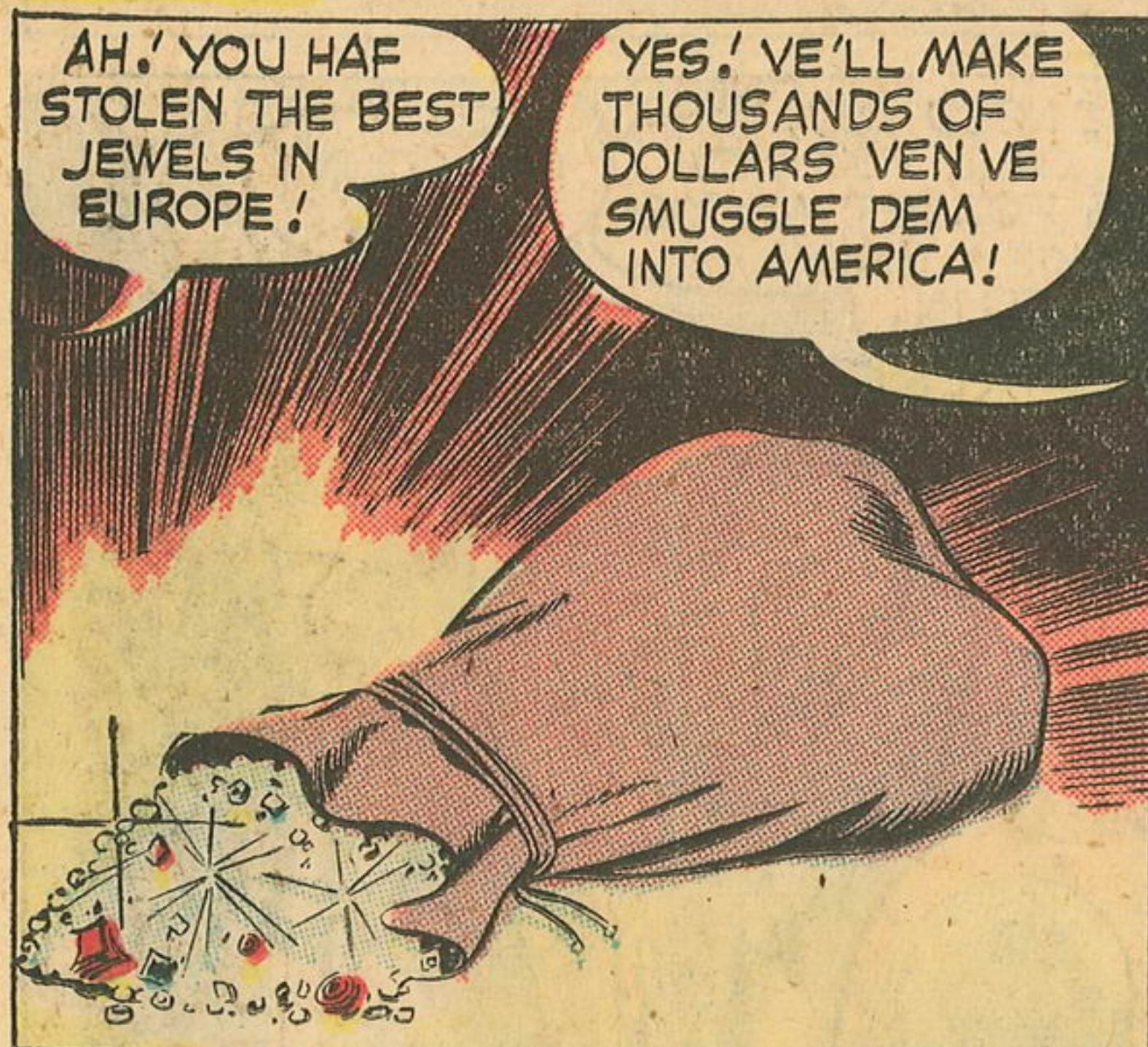


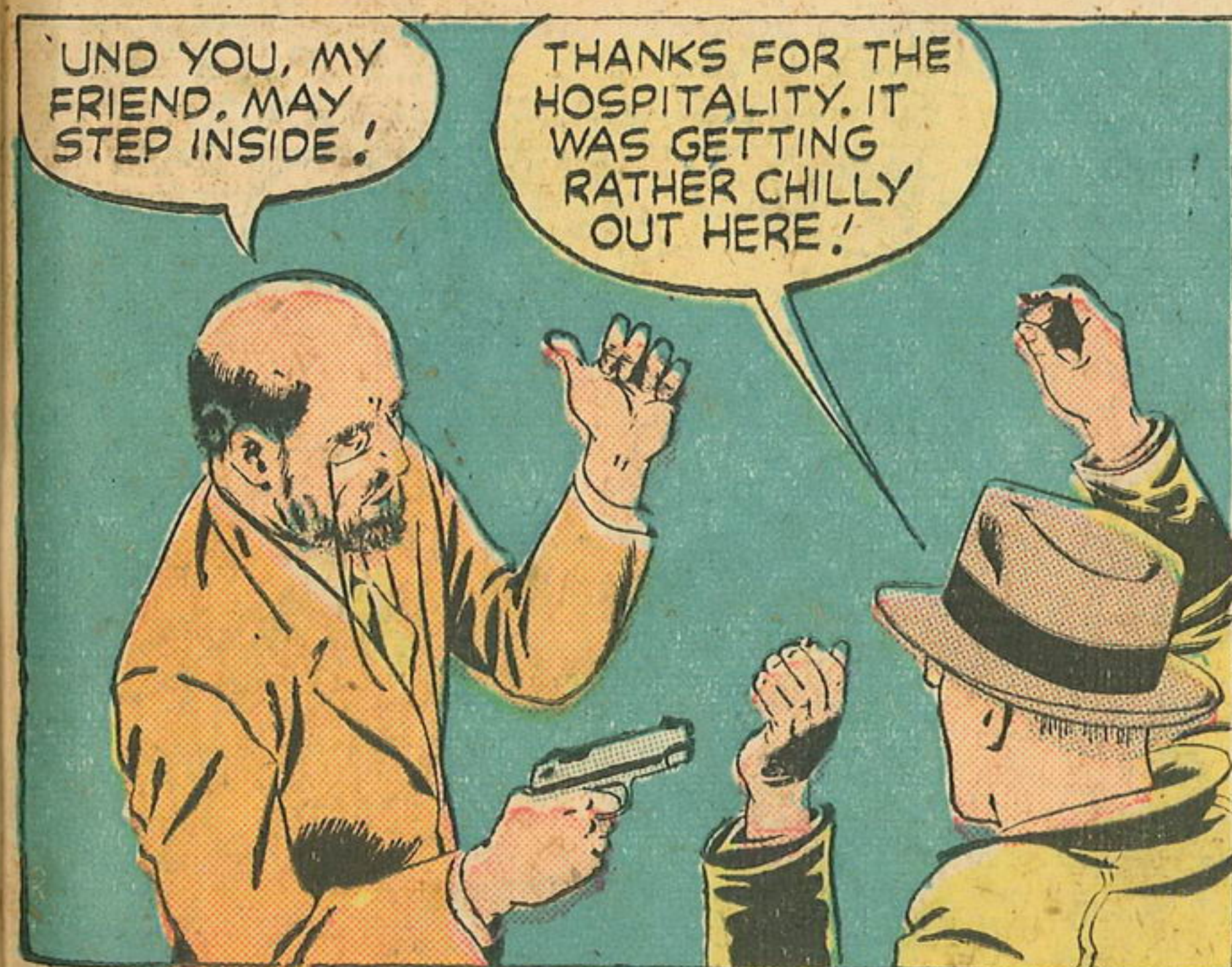
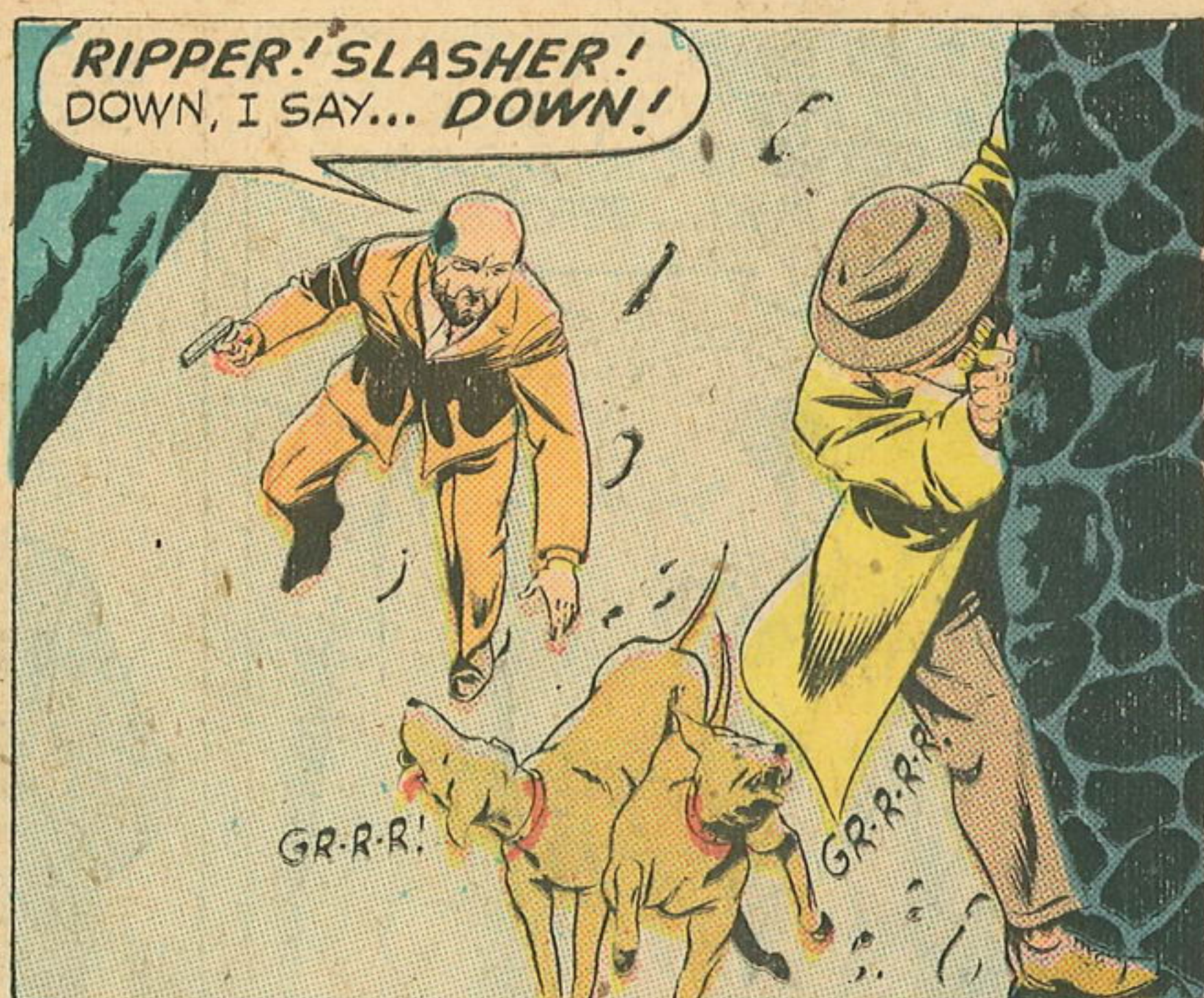
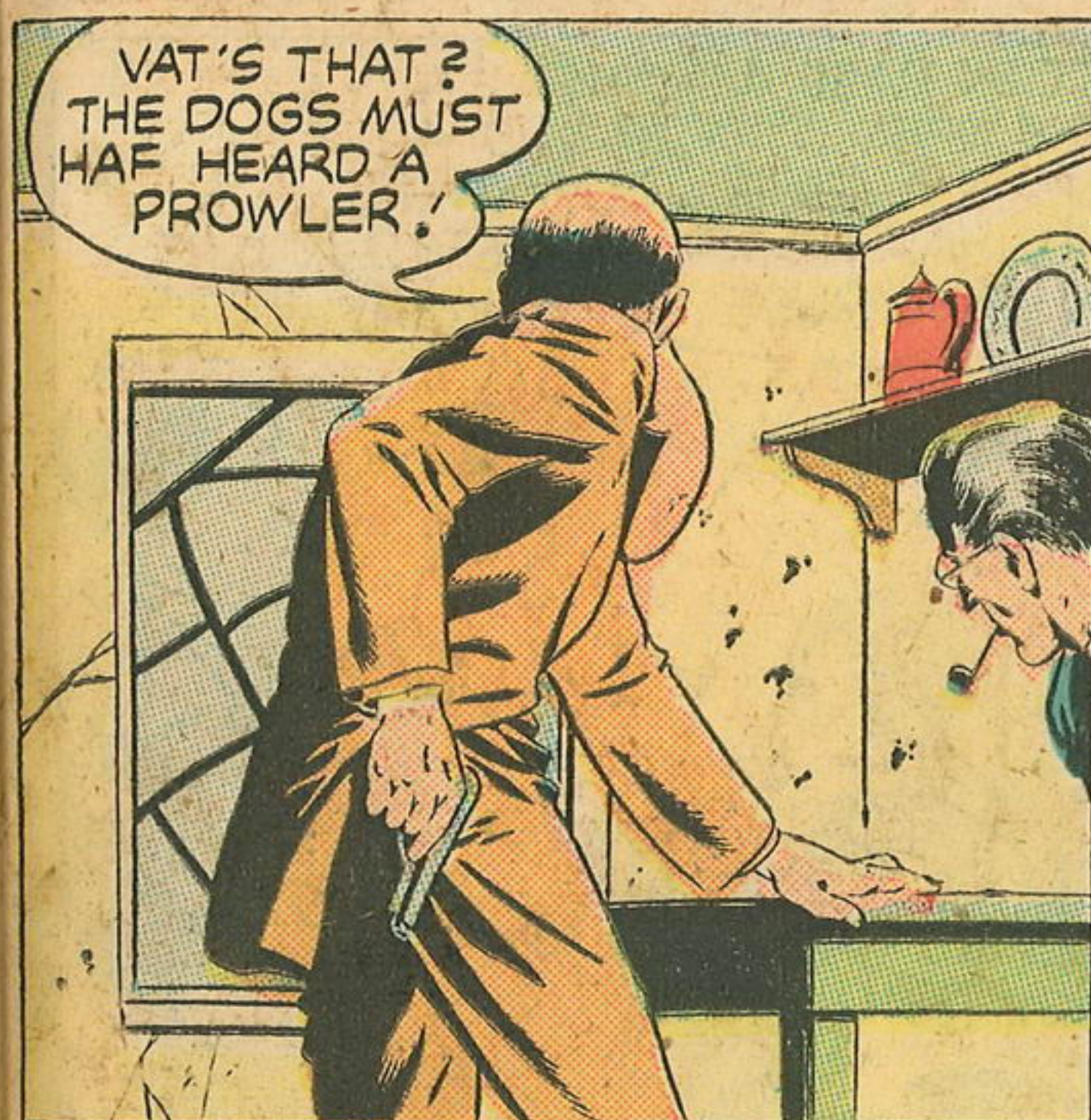
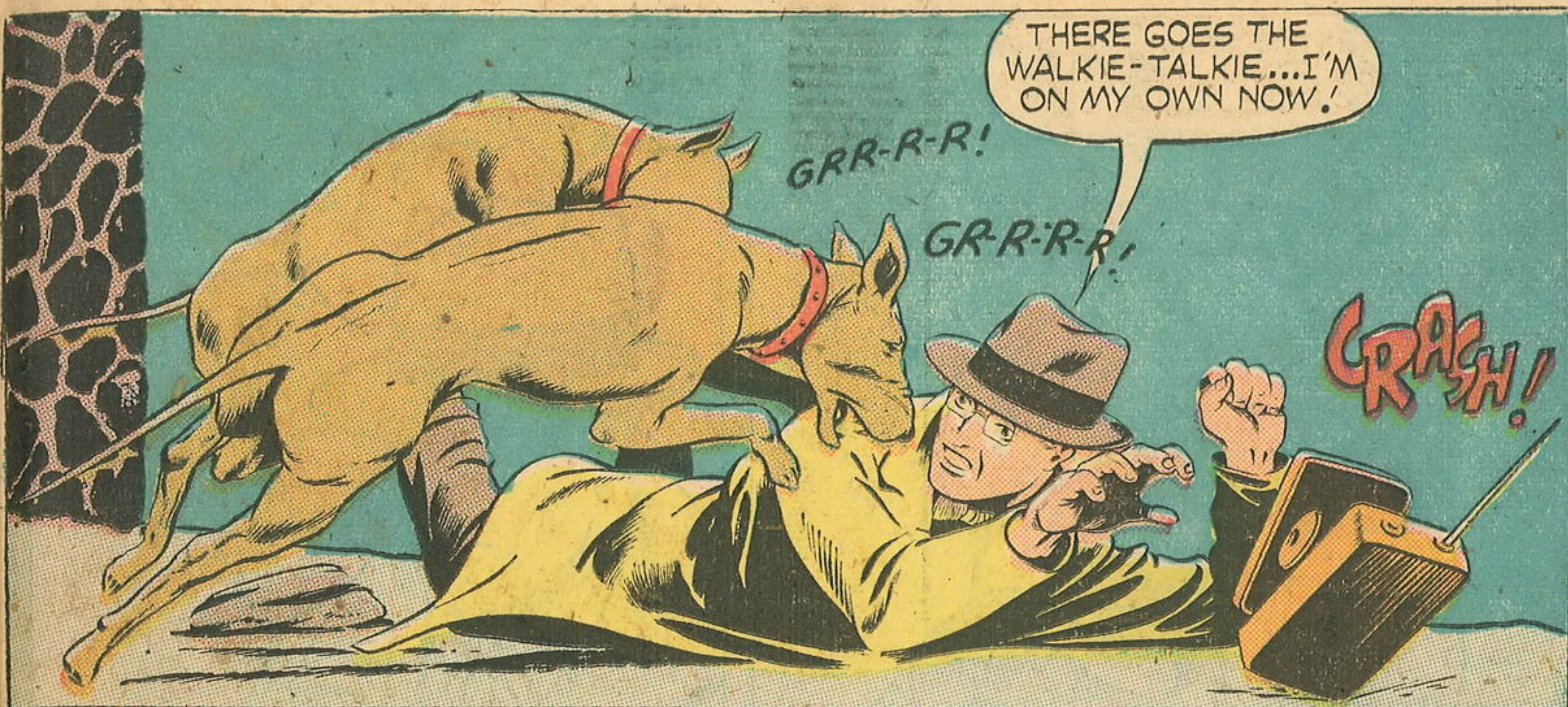


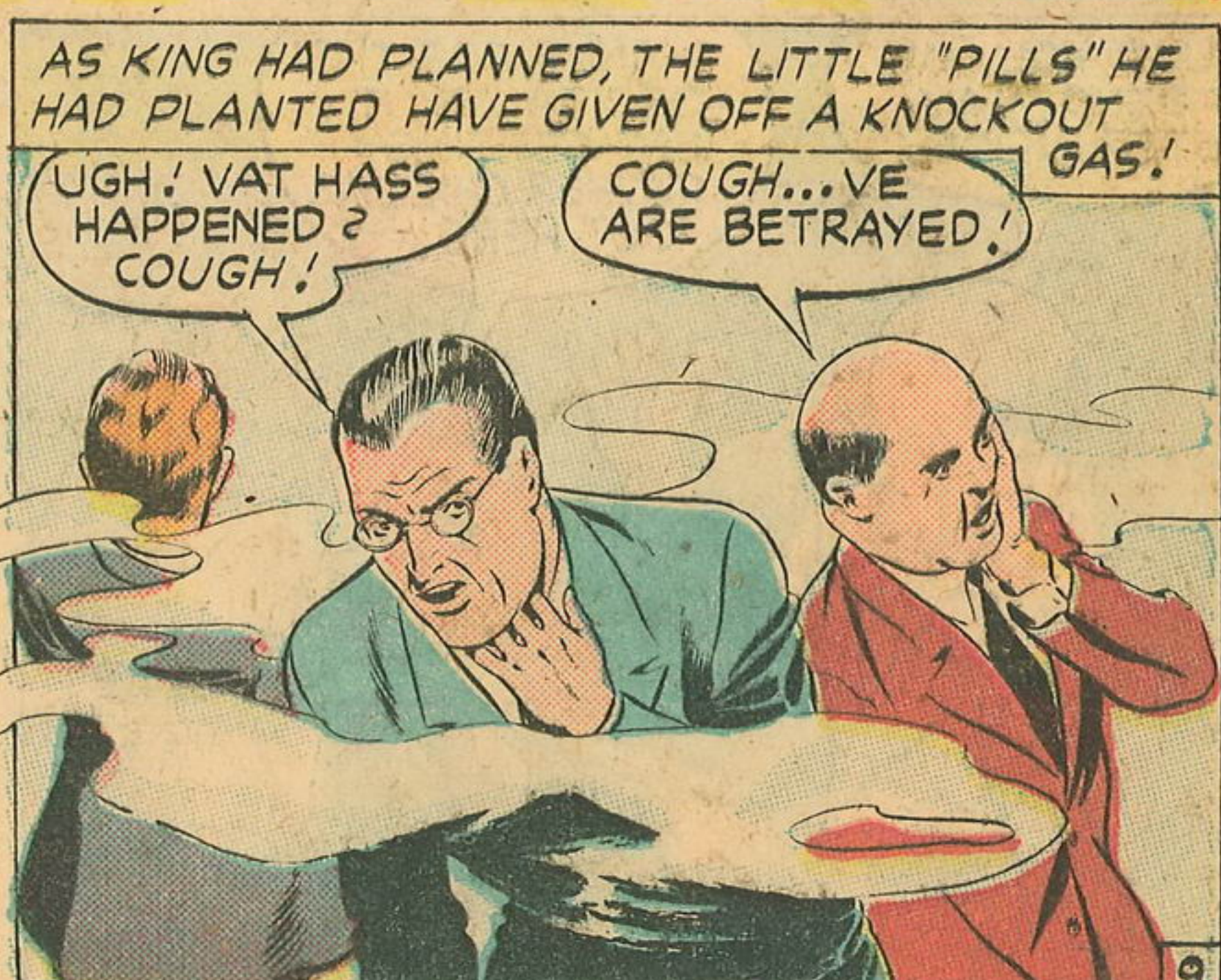
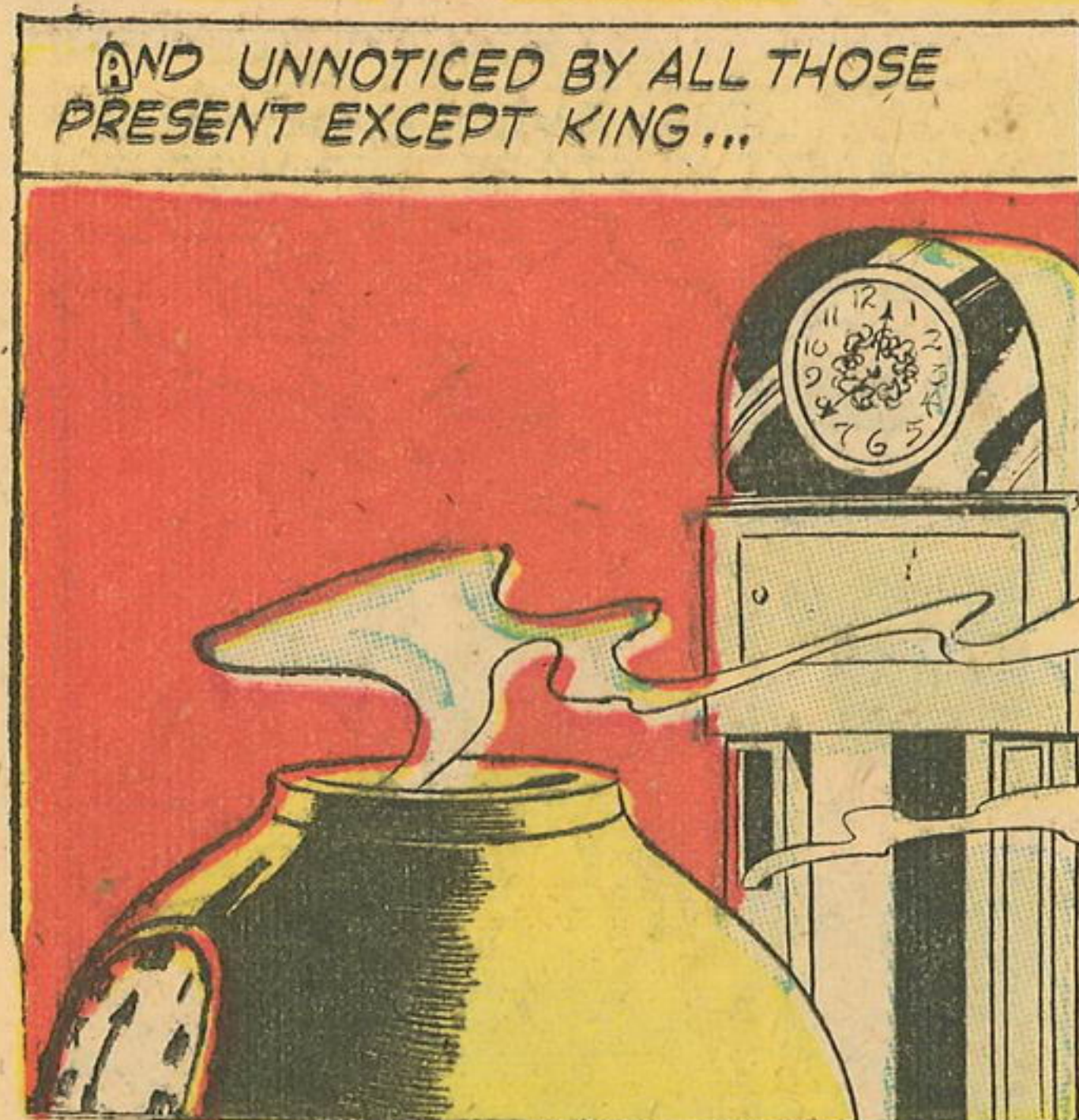
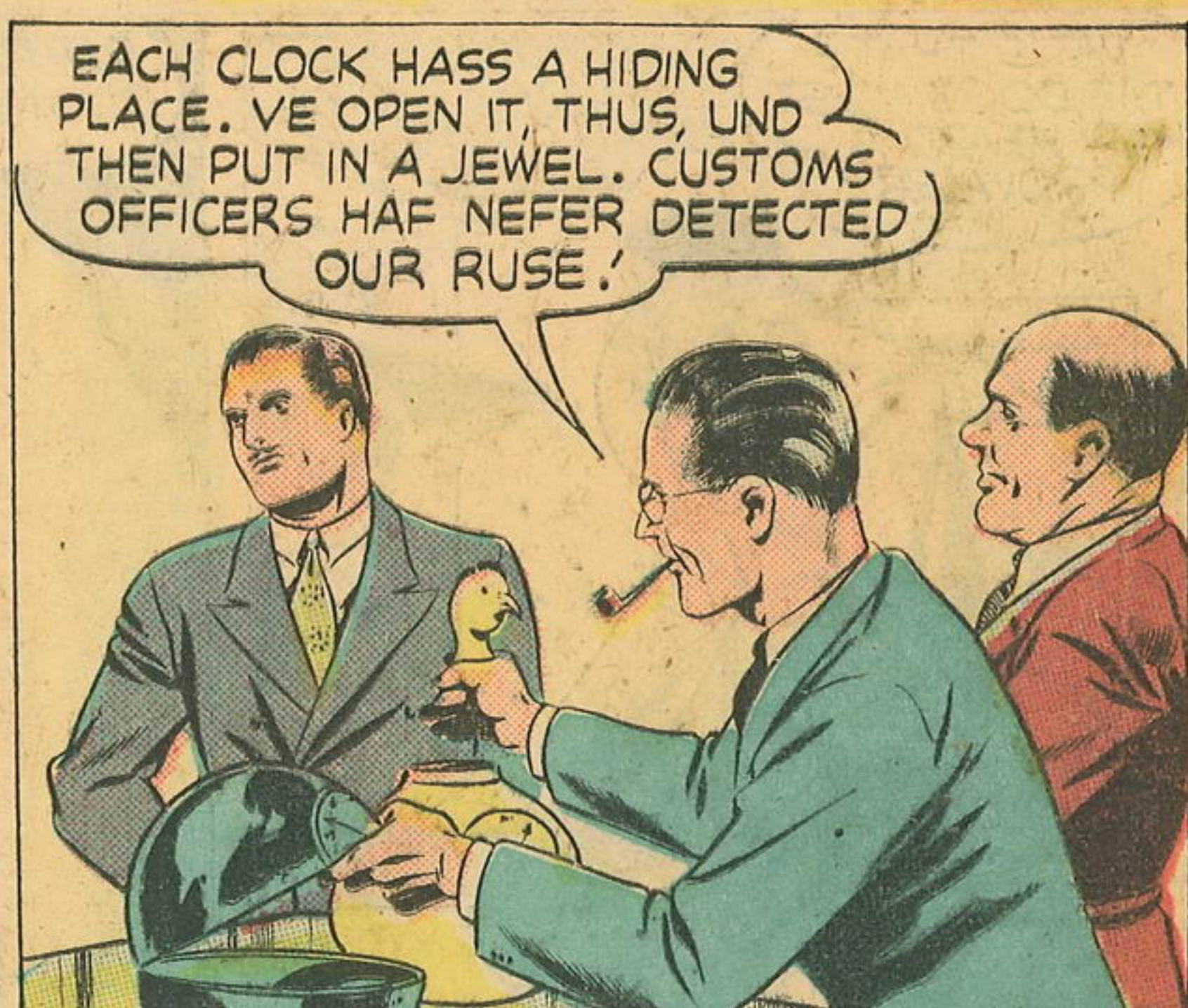
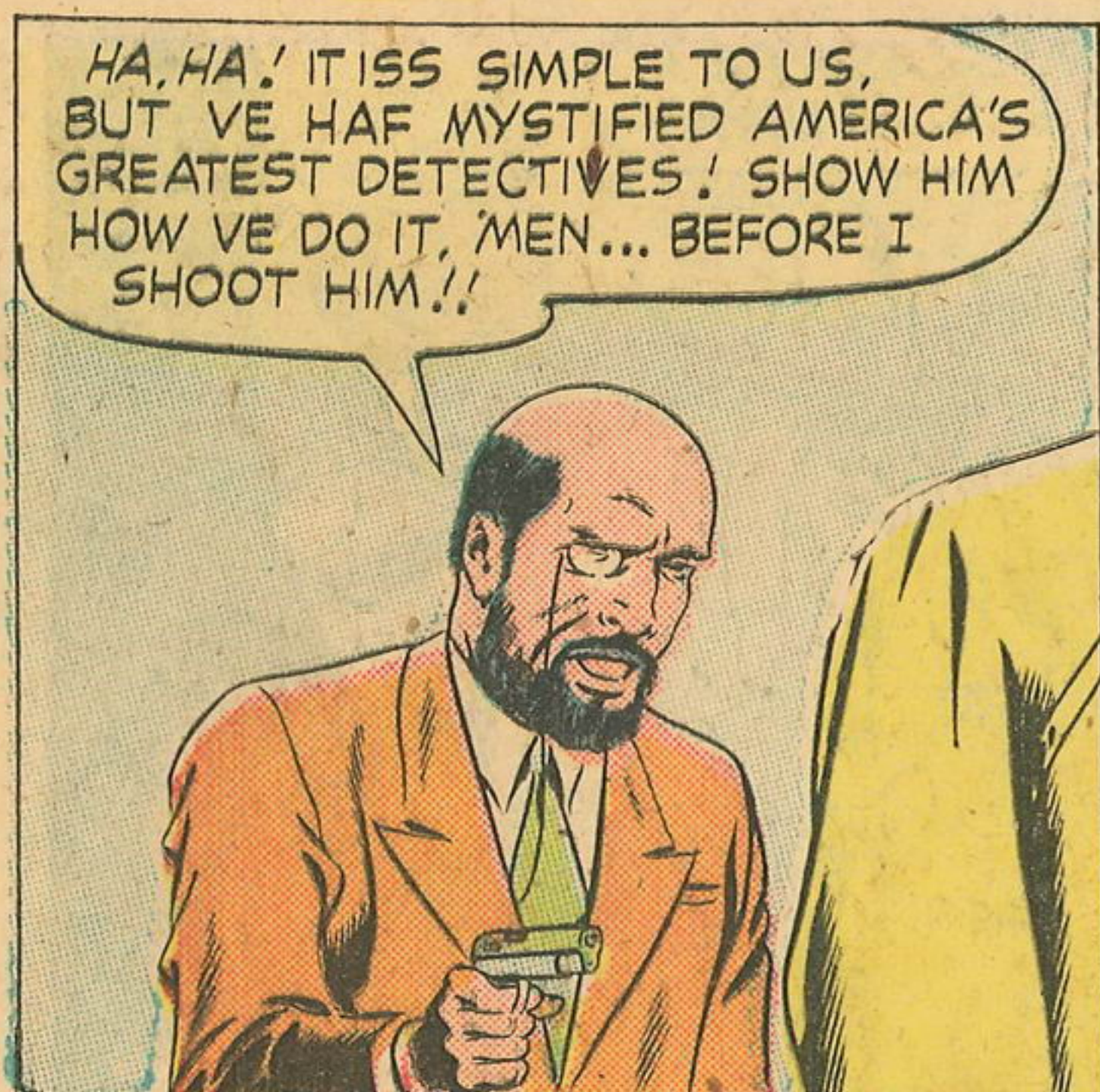
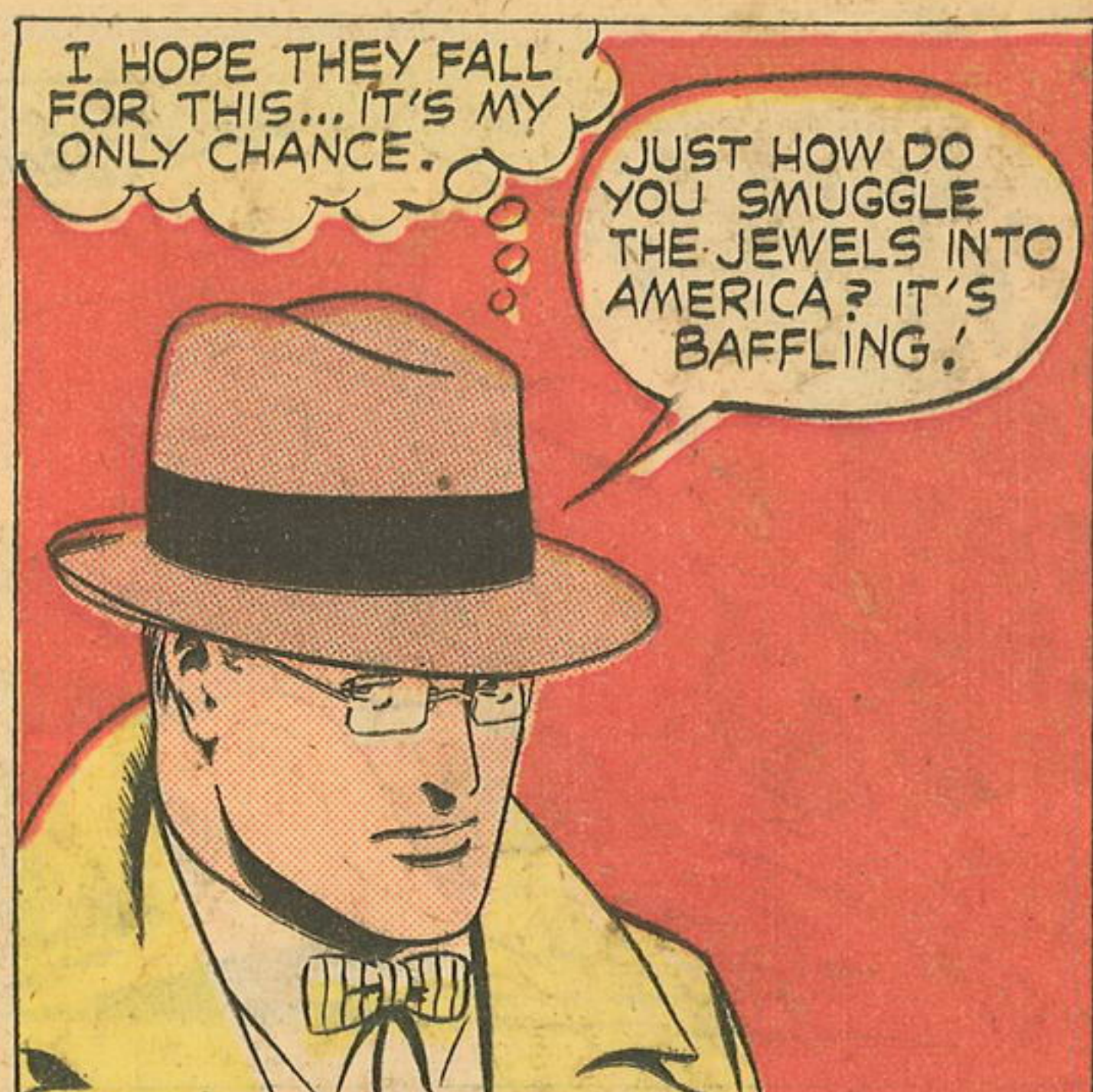
See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



WE HAF REAPED A FINE CROP... EFERYT'NG VORKED LIKE... UH.. CLOCKVORK!





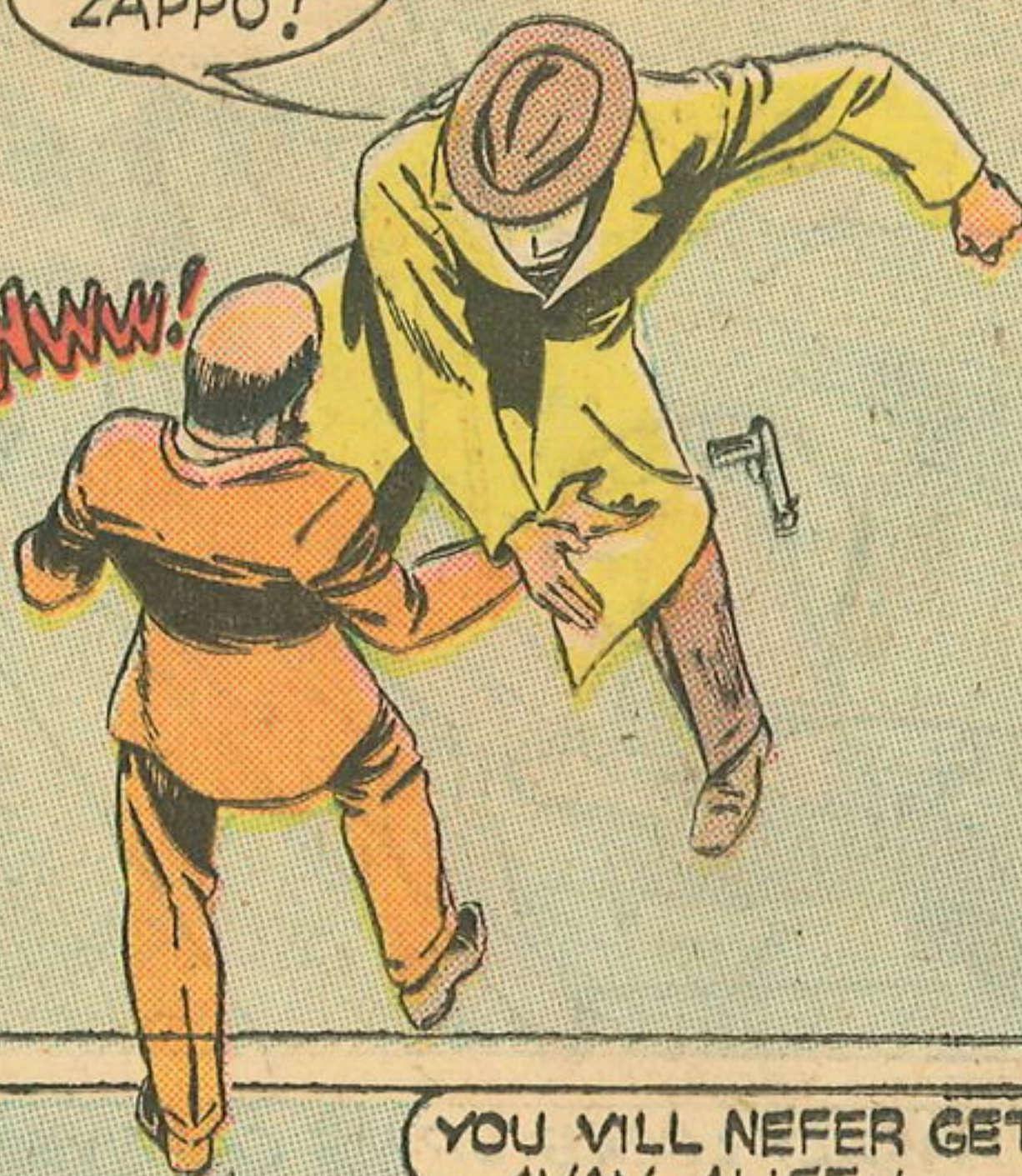


KING AND ZAPPO, NEAR THE DOOR, ESCAPE THE
DONNER UND BLITZEN! MY MEN...
THEY ARE COLLAPSING!



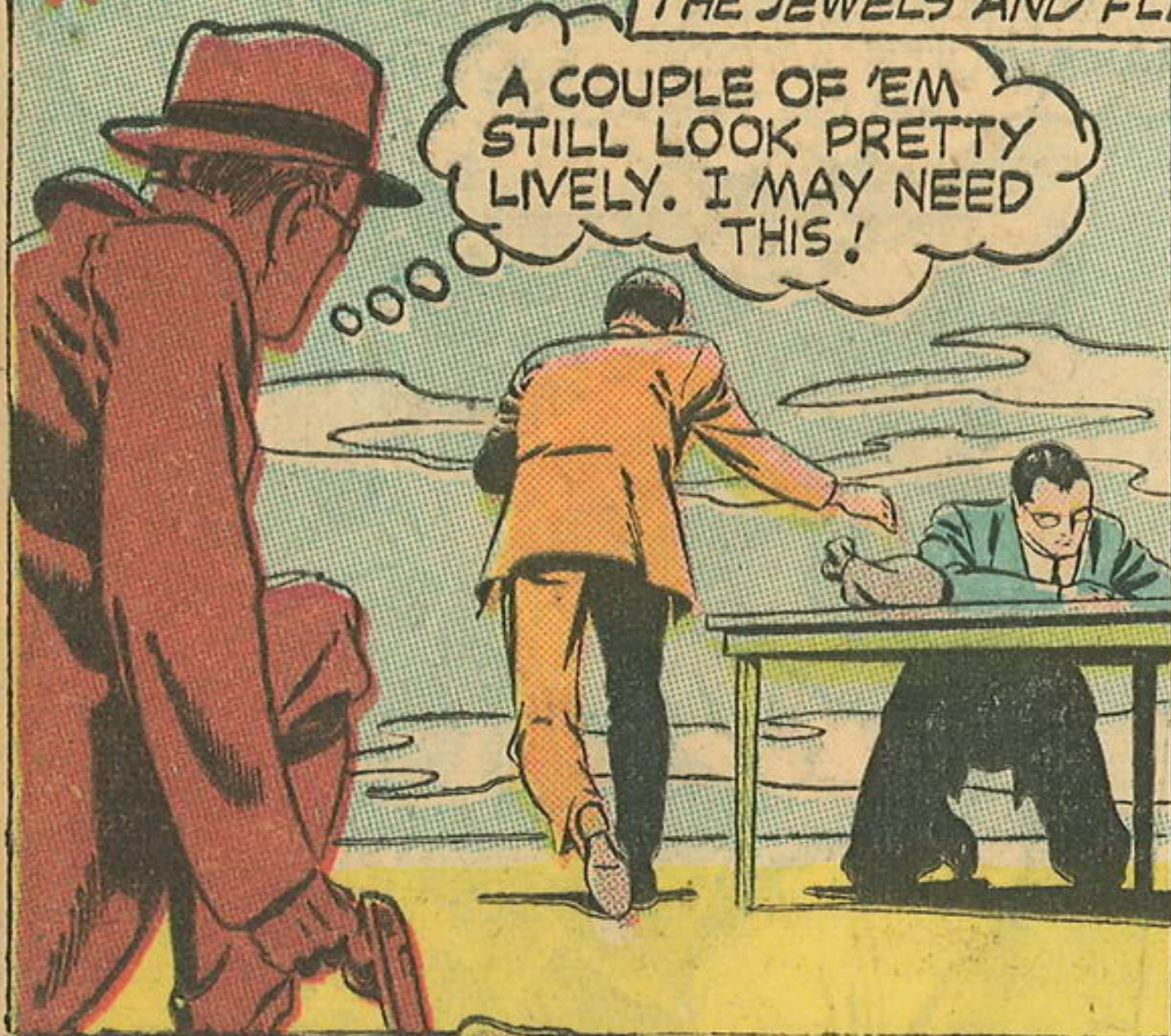
IT'S YOUR
TURN, NEXT,
ZAPPO!

OWWWW!

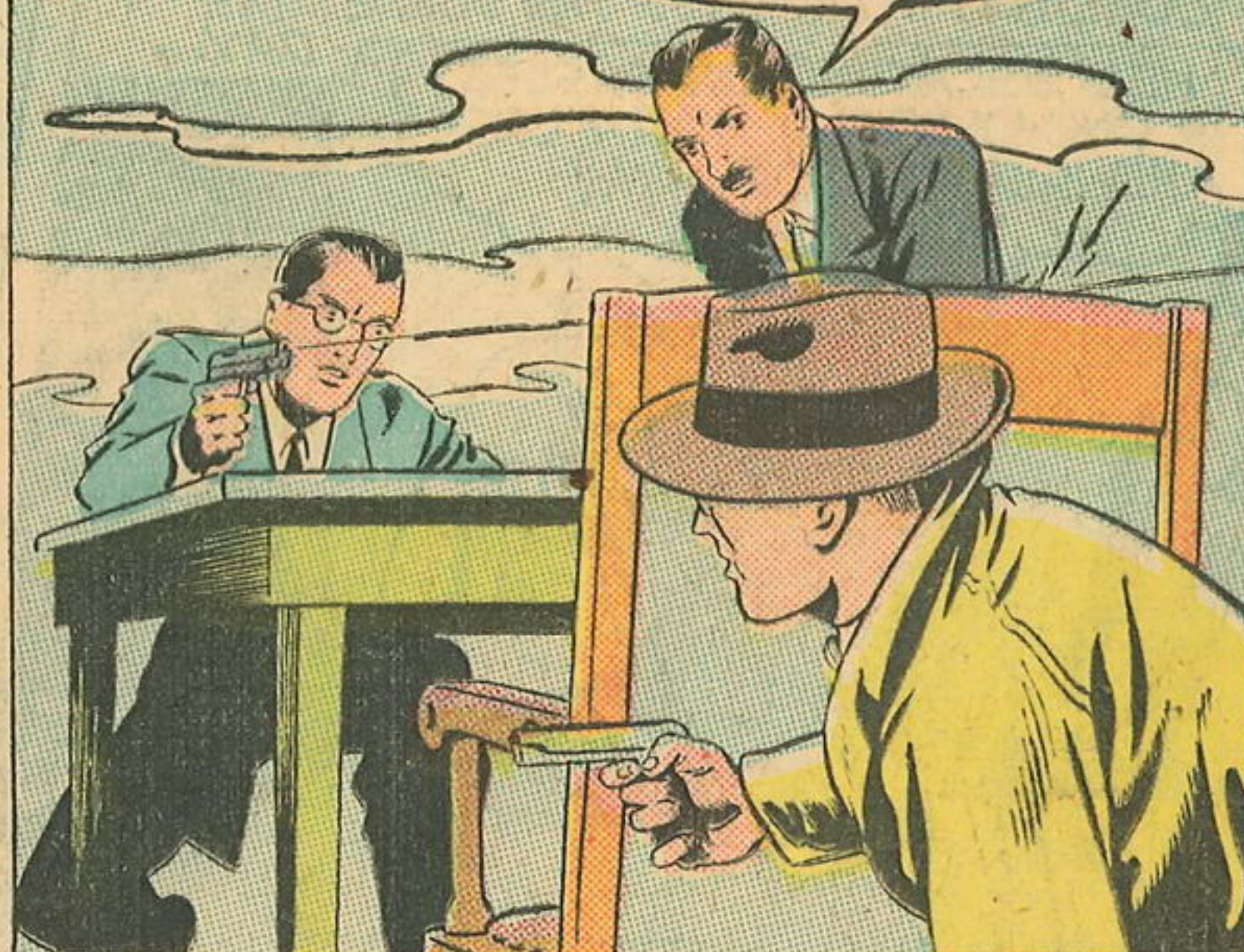


AS KING PICKS UP THE GUN, ZAPPO GRABS
THE JEWELS AND FLEES!

A COUPLE OF 'EM
STILL LOOK PRETTY
LIVELY. I MAY NEED
THIS!



YOU WILL NEVER GET
AWAY ALIVE!

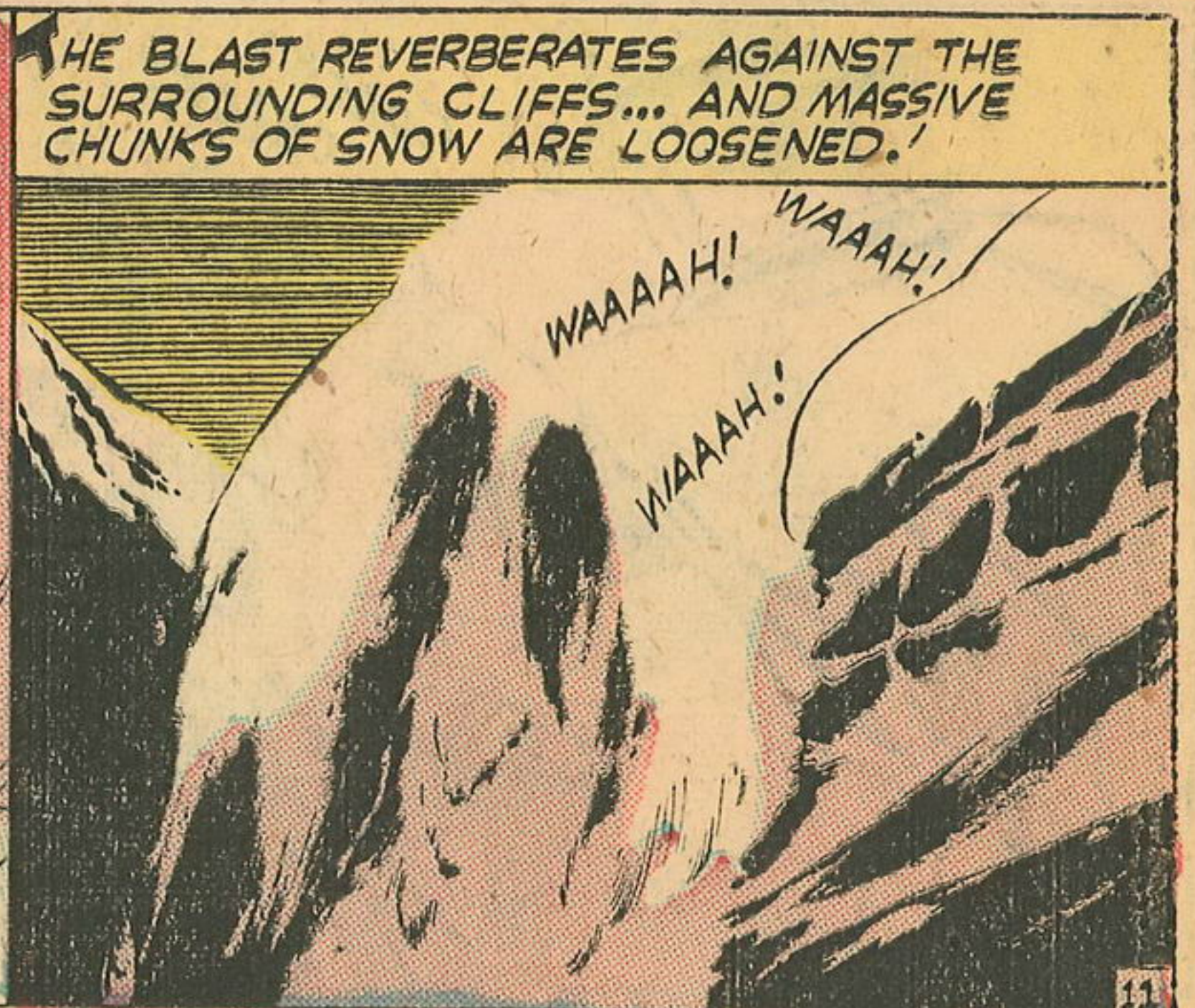
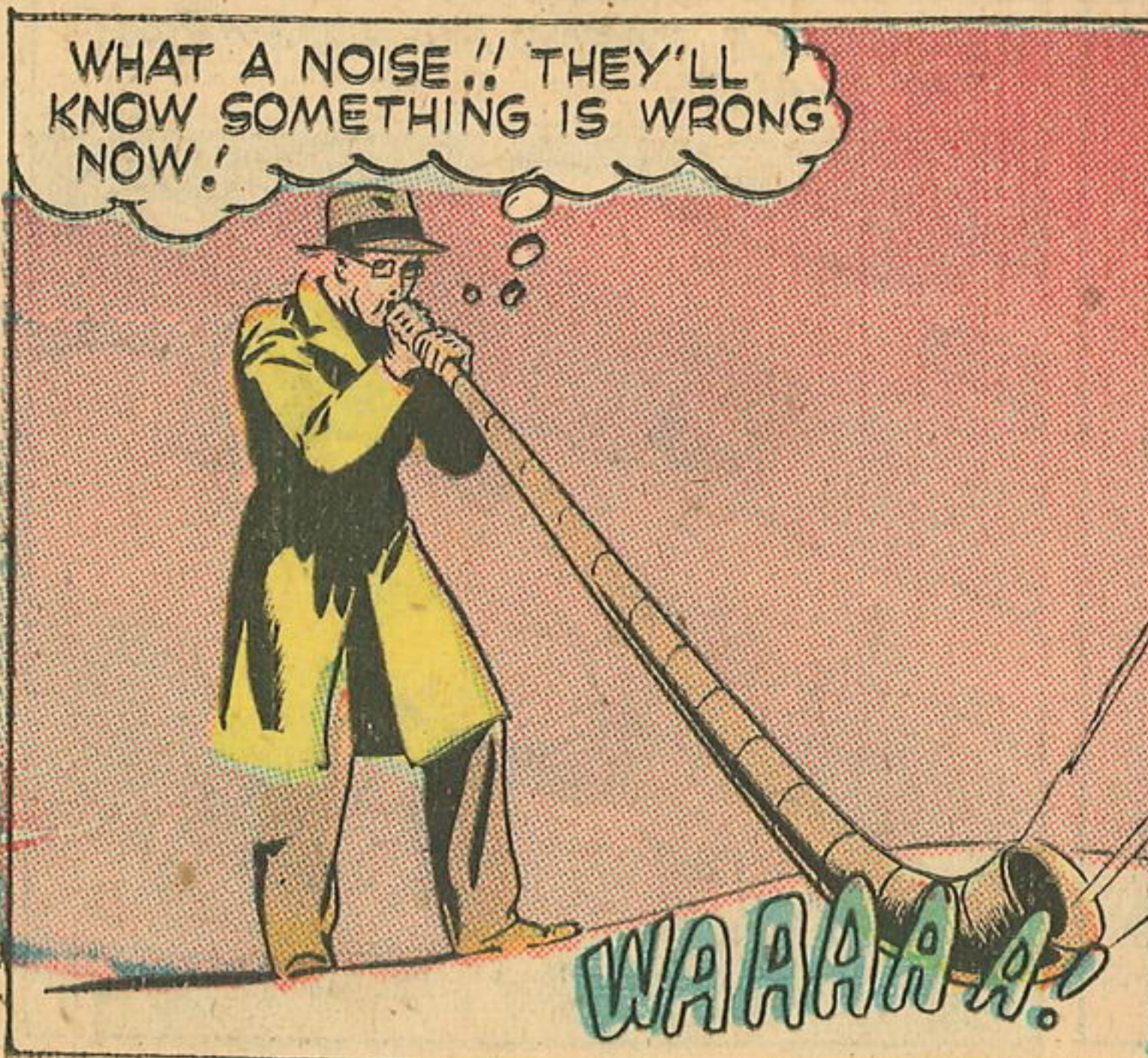
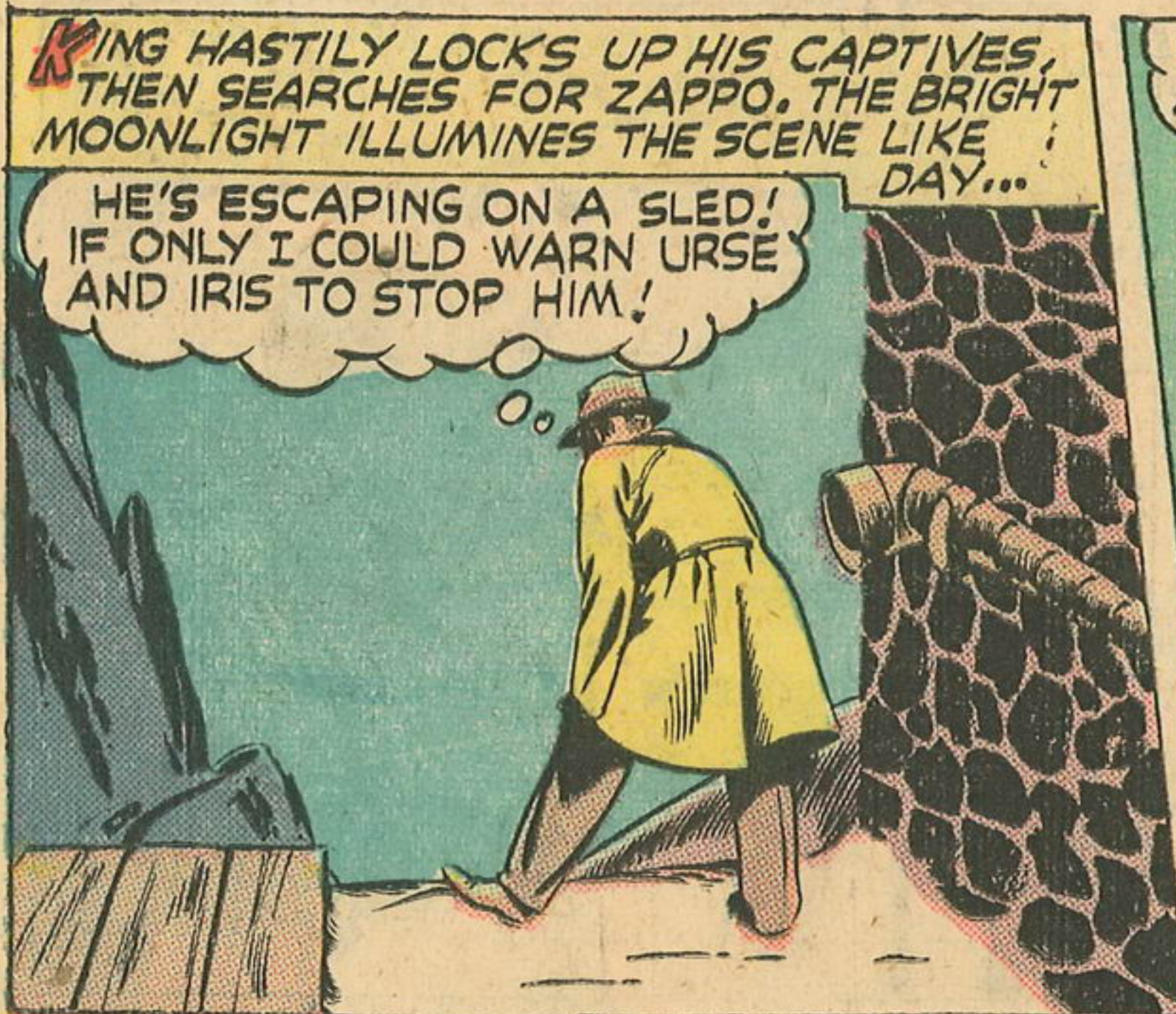
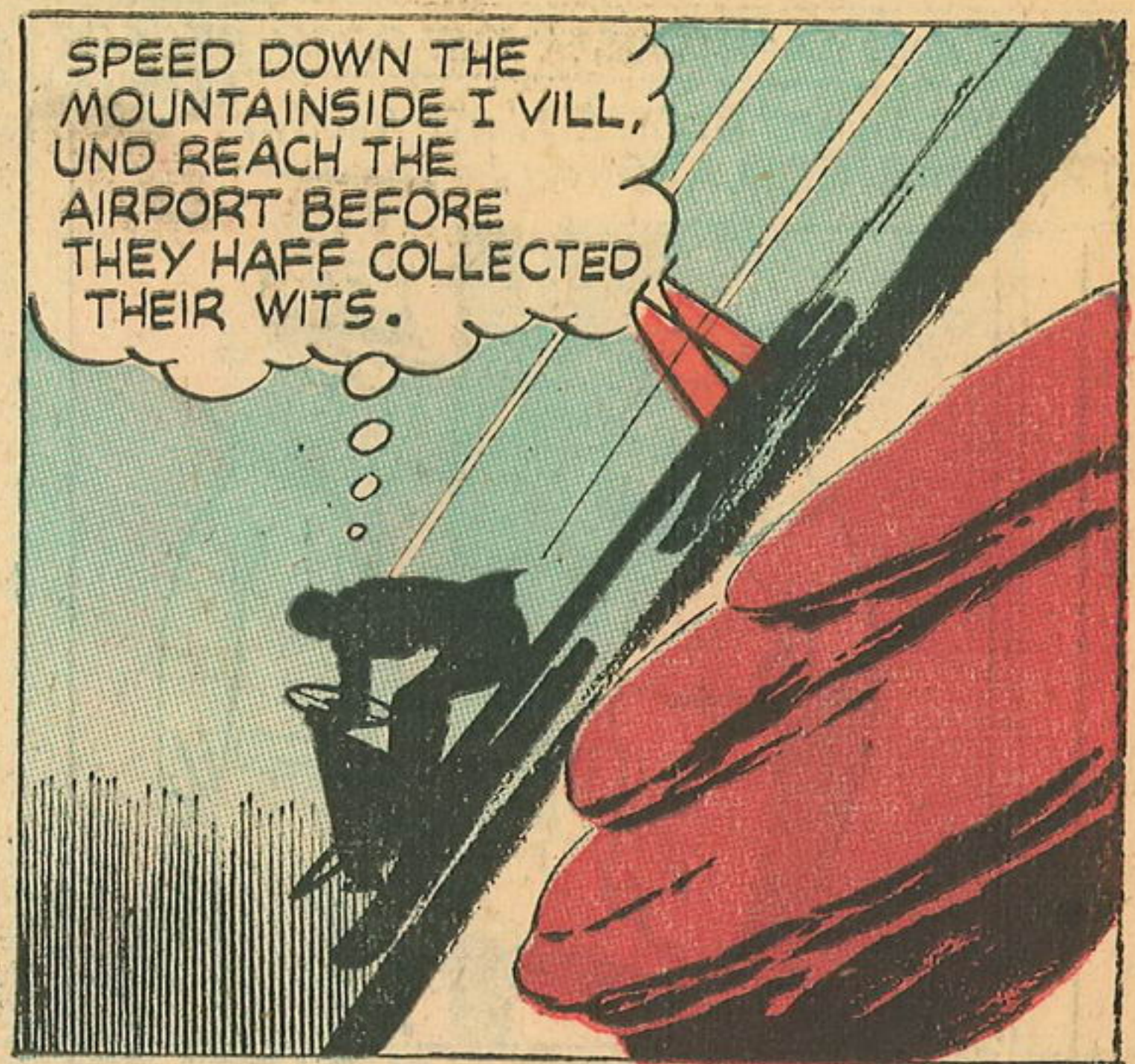
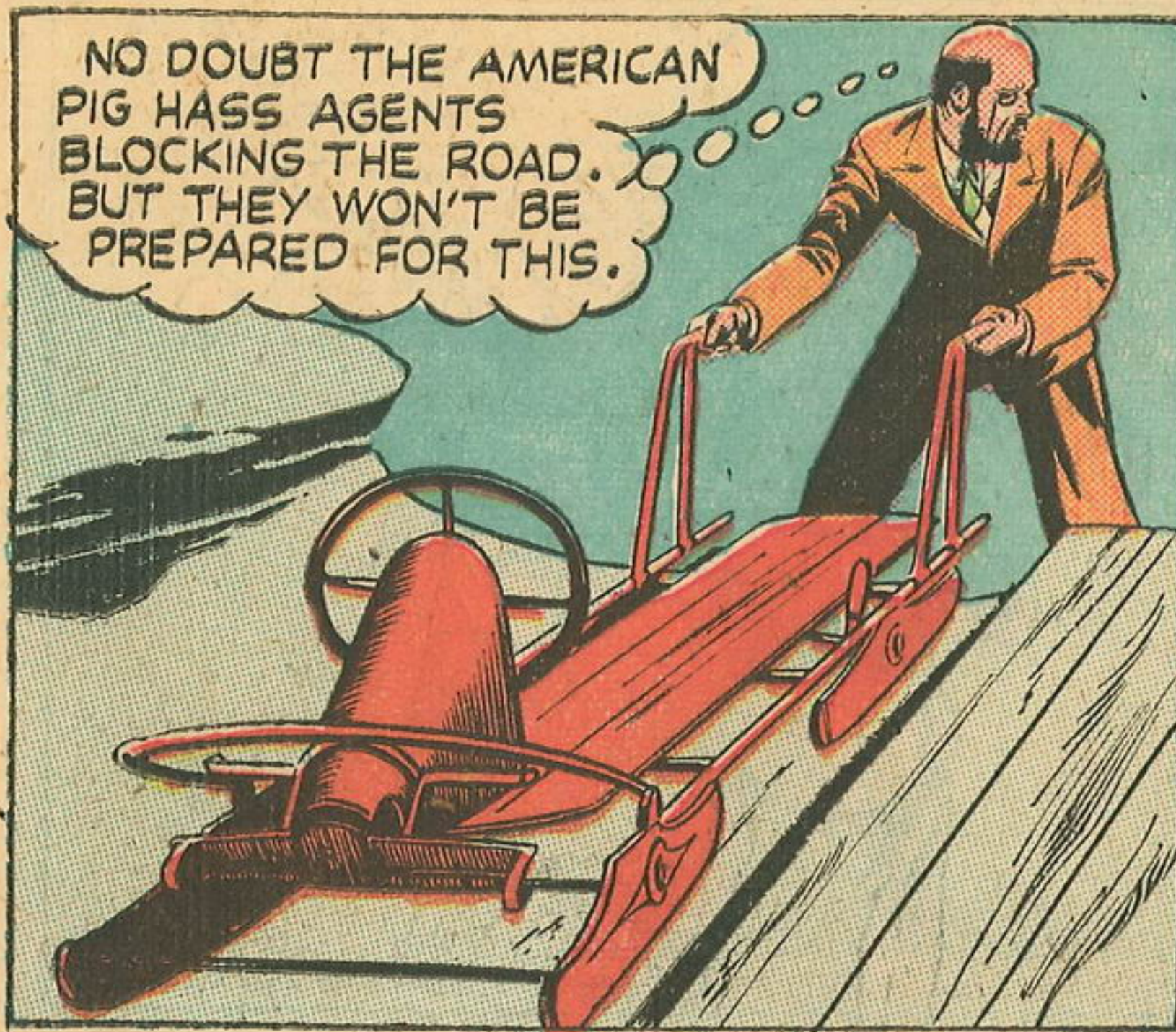


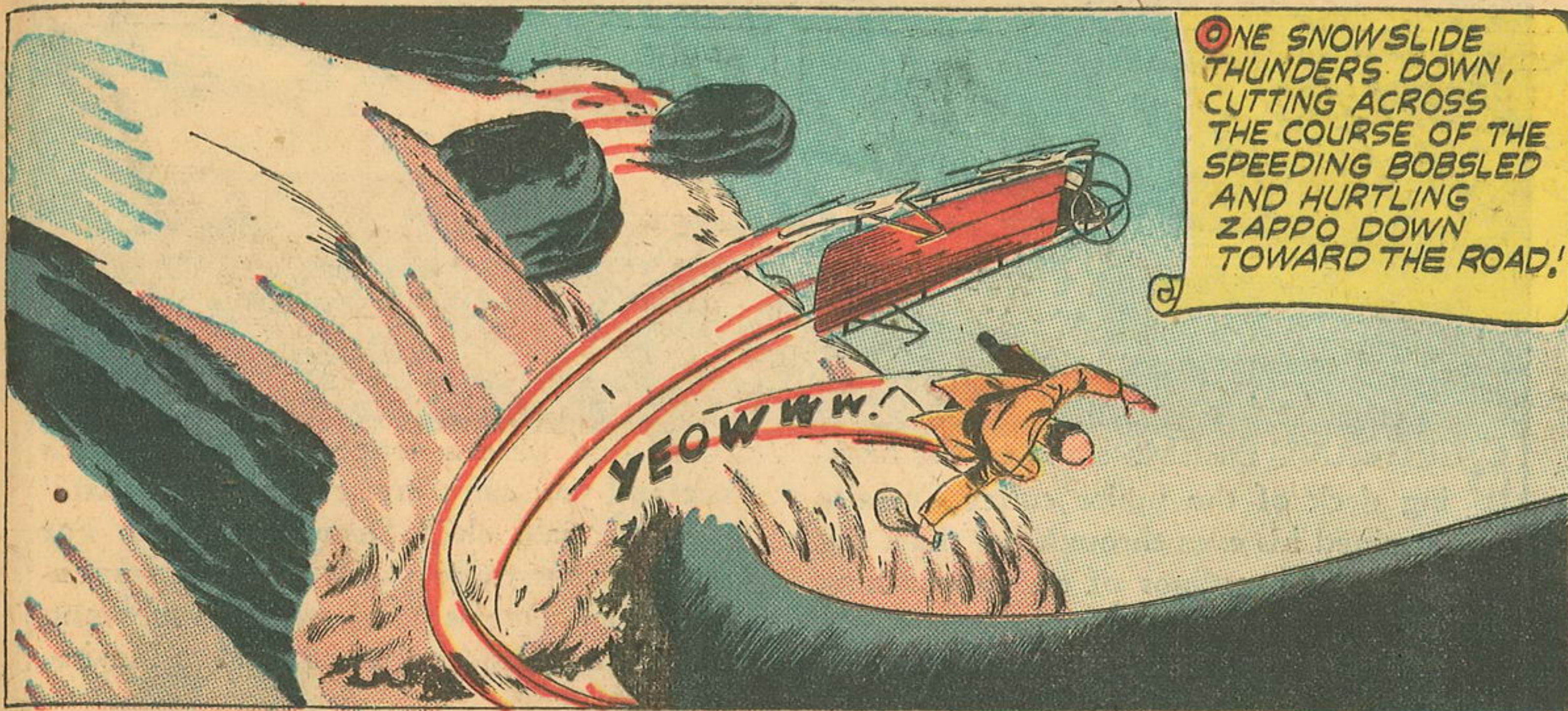
CRACK!
CRACK!



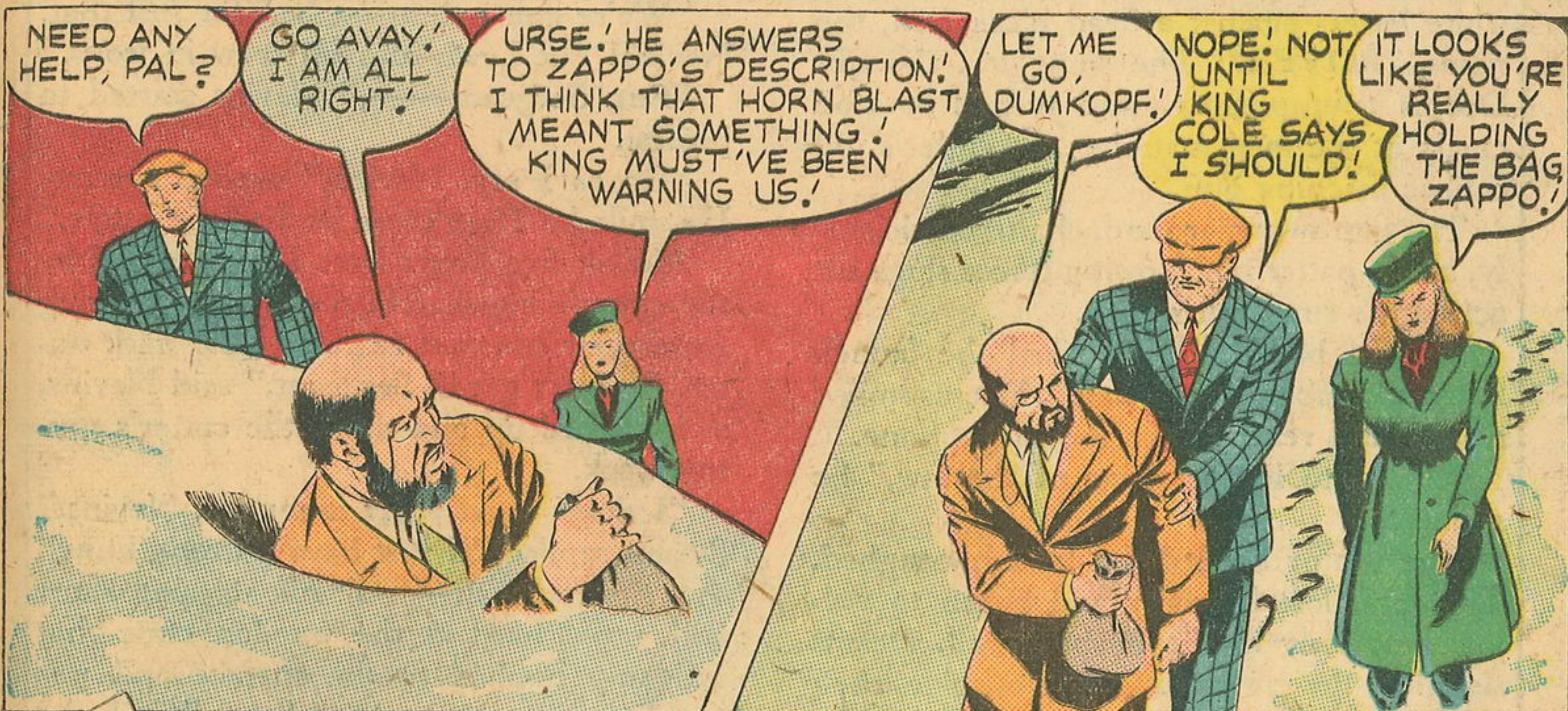
MEANWHILE, ZAPPO ESCAPES FROM
THE CHALET.







ONE SNOWSLIDE THUNDERS DOWN, CUTTING ACROSS THE COURSE OF THE SPEEDING BOBSLED AND HURLING ZAPPO DOWN TOWARD THE ROAD!



NEED ANY HELP, PAL?

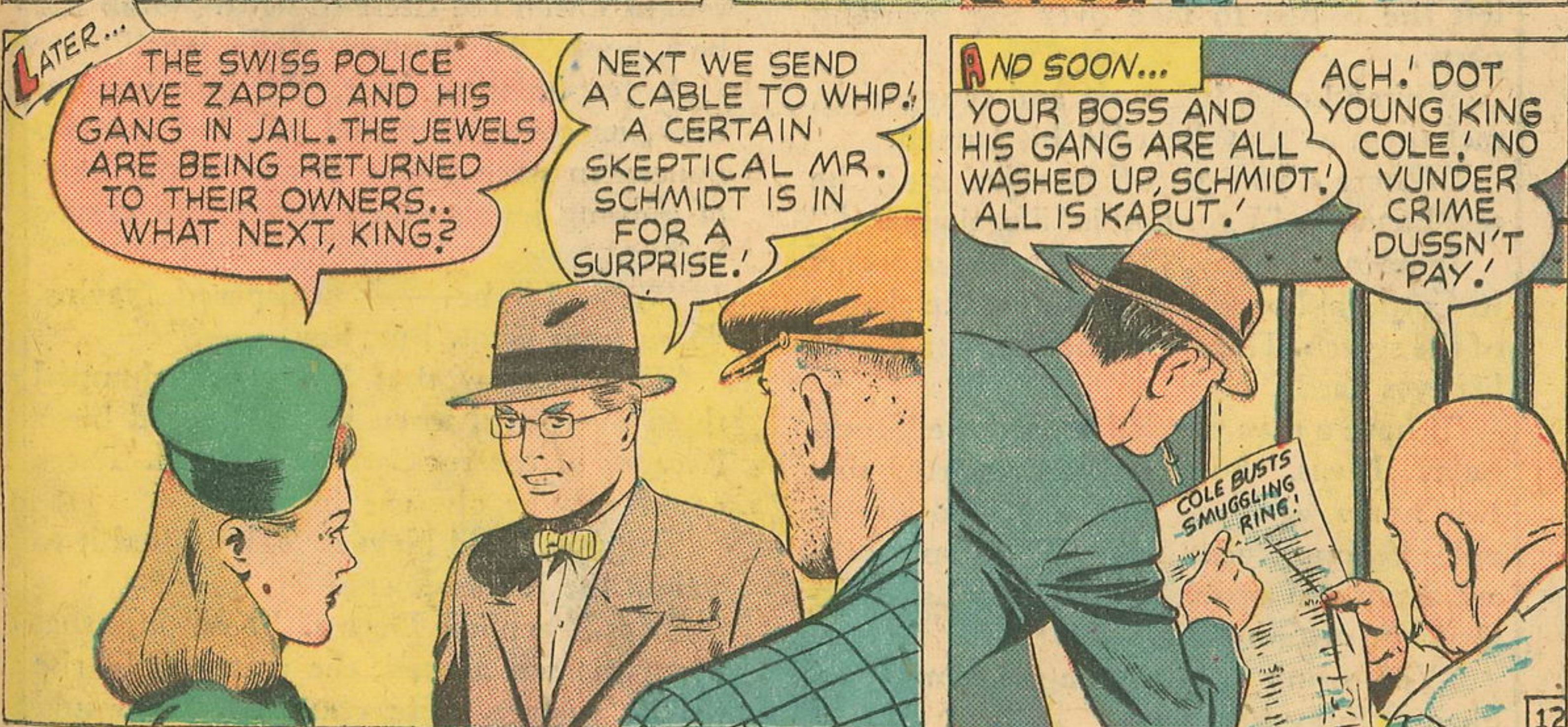
GO AWAY! I AM ALL RIGHT!

URSE! HE ANSWERS TO ZAPPO'S DESCRIPTION! I THINK THAT HORN BLAST MEANT SOMETHING! KING MUST'VE BEEN WARNING US!

LET ME GO, DUMKOPF!

NOPE! NOT UNTIL KING COLE SAYS I SHOULD!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE REALLY HOLDING THE BAG ZAPPO!



LATER...

THE SWISS POLICE HAVE ZAPPO AND HIS GANG IN JAIL. THE JEWELS ARE BEING RETURNED TO THEIR OWNERS.. WHAT NEXT, KING?

NEXT WE SEND A CABLE TO WHIP! A CERTAIN SKEPTICAL MR. SCHMIDT IS IN FOR A SURPRISE!

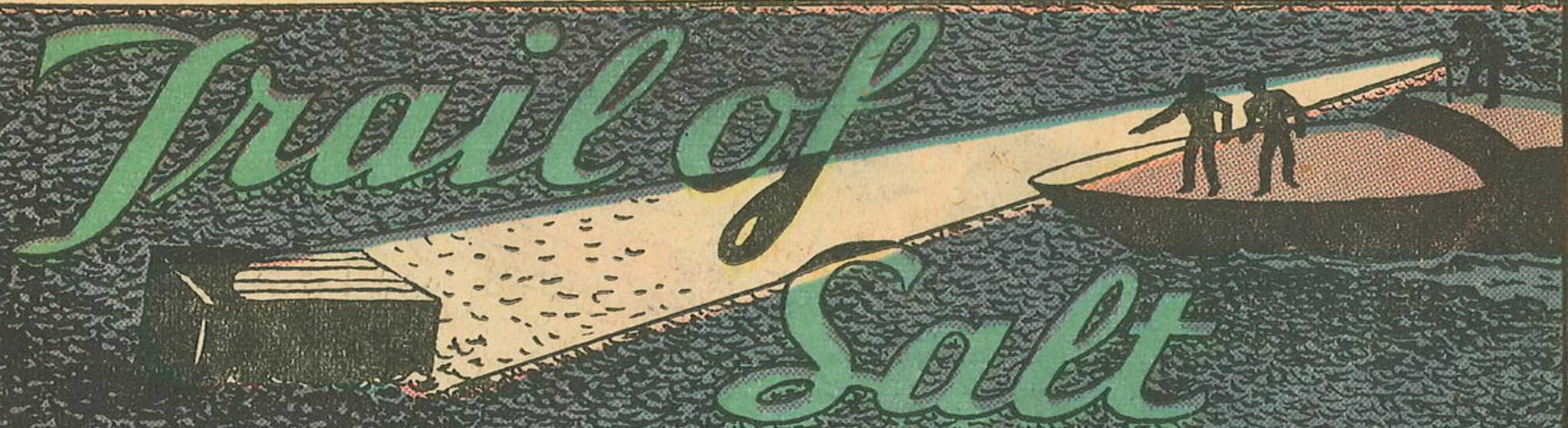
AND SOON...

YOUR BOSS AND HIS GANG ARE ALL WASHED UP, SCHMIDT! ALL IS KAPUT!

ACH! DOT YOUNG KING COLE! NO VUNDER CRIME DUSSEN'T PAY!

COLE BUSTS SMUGGLING RING!

Trail of Salt

An illustration at the top of the page shows a police cutter at night. A powerful searchlight beam cuts through a thick fog, illuminating a small launch in the distance. Two figures are visible on the launch. The title "Trail of Salt" is written in a large, stylized, green font across the top of the illustration.

SERGEANT DEEMS stood on the heaving deck of the police cutter *Corsaire* and strained his eyes through the thick fog at the ghostly outlines of an approaching launch.

A sudden gust of wind cleared the fog away from the other's bow, revealing in white letters against a dead black hull, the name "ROVER". The smuggler, thought Deems triumphantly, and turned to nod curtly at the men manning the cutter's .50 caliber machine gun.

The gun swung around, chattered viciously, and a pattern of glowing tracer slugs cut across the smuggler's path.

Bedlam broke loose aboard the launch as the men aboard it scattered. Deems smiled grimly and reached for the megaphone.

"Heave-to in the name of the law," he shouted.

The motor aboard the launch coughed. The craft lost headway and began to wallow helplessly in the harbor swell. Deems signalled the cutter to warp alongside, then left the bridge to take over the boarding party.

Whitey Lewis, heavy-set and swaggering, met them as they boarded his launch.

"Where d'you get off boardin' me?" he said hoarsely. "I got nothin' illegal aboard."

Ignoring Whitey, Deems gave his orders to Corporal Nevins, who was to take charge of the search. Then he turned back to Lewis, his eyes hard.

"I have a man planted aboard the 'Stockholm', Lewis," he said. "He reported that two hours ago you met the ship twelve miles beyond Rocky Point. The ship's steward threw you a package of diamonds, smuggled out of Germany."

"You won't find nothing, Deems," replied Whitey harshly.

A little later Nevins reported to Deems. "It's no go, Sergeant," he said. "All we

could find were a couple of bags of rock salt and you can't arrest a man for that."

"Rock salt, eh?" Deems muttered. For some reason those words struck a responsive chord. Deems pondered for a moment. Then it came to him! He turned to Nevins, smiling.

"We're going to arrest him for just that, Nevins! Put Lewis and his crew in irons."

"But, Sergeant——," Nevins started to protest.

"Do as I say, Nevins," replied Deems. He smiled. "Then come back to the cutter."

Almost five hours later Deems stood by the cutter's big searchlight, his eyes aching from their constant search of the dark water. "I don't get it, Sergeant," said Nevins, as he paced up and down the cutter's narrow deck.

"I don't exactly get it myself, Nevins," Deems replied. "I just have a strong hunch that the rock salt——!" He stopped short and gazed hard at the wooden crate that suddenly bobbed to the surface and was caught within the circle of light. "Grab the boat hook," he shouted. "This it is!"

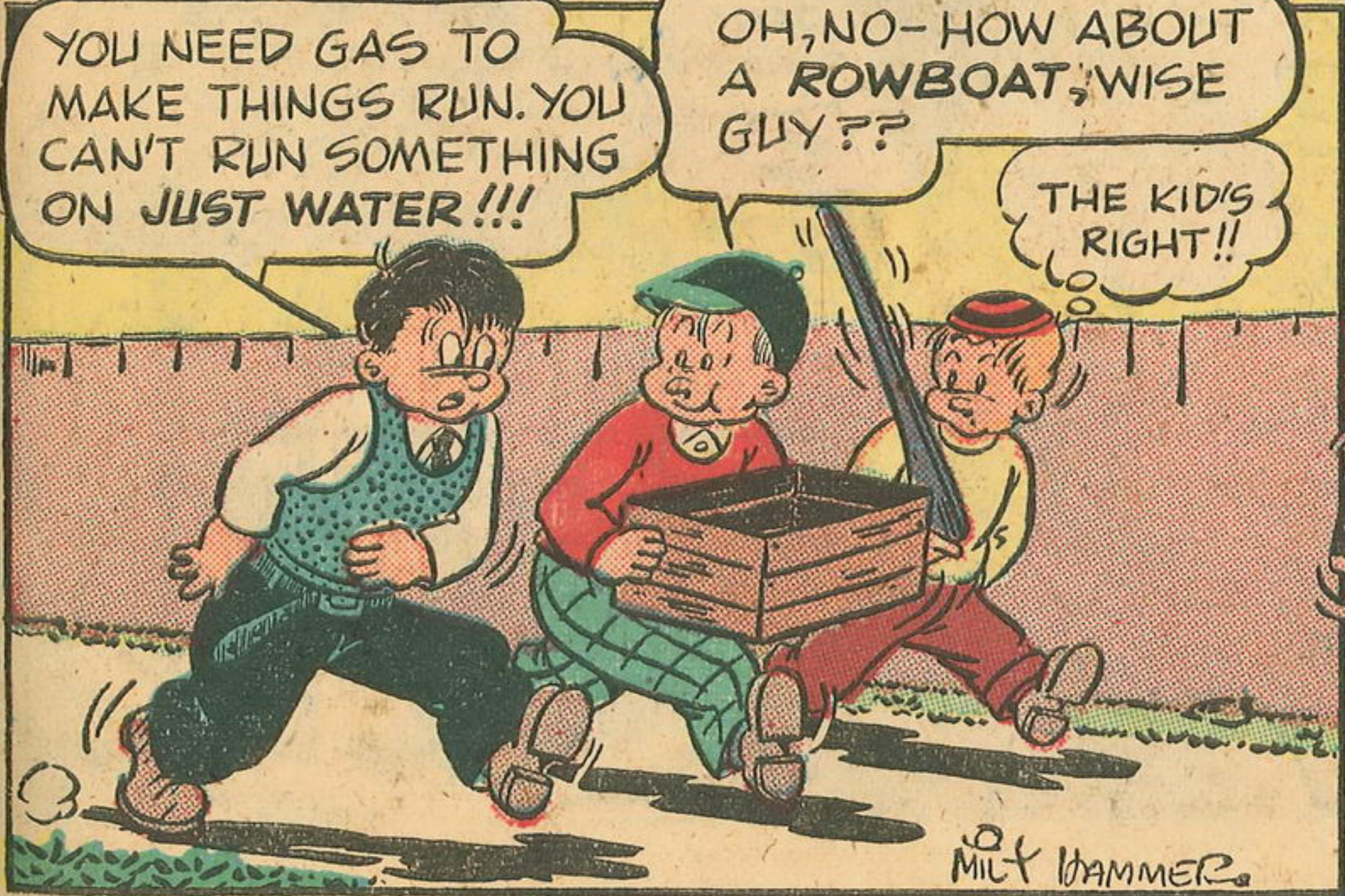
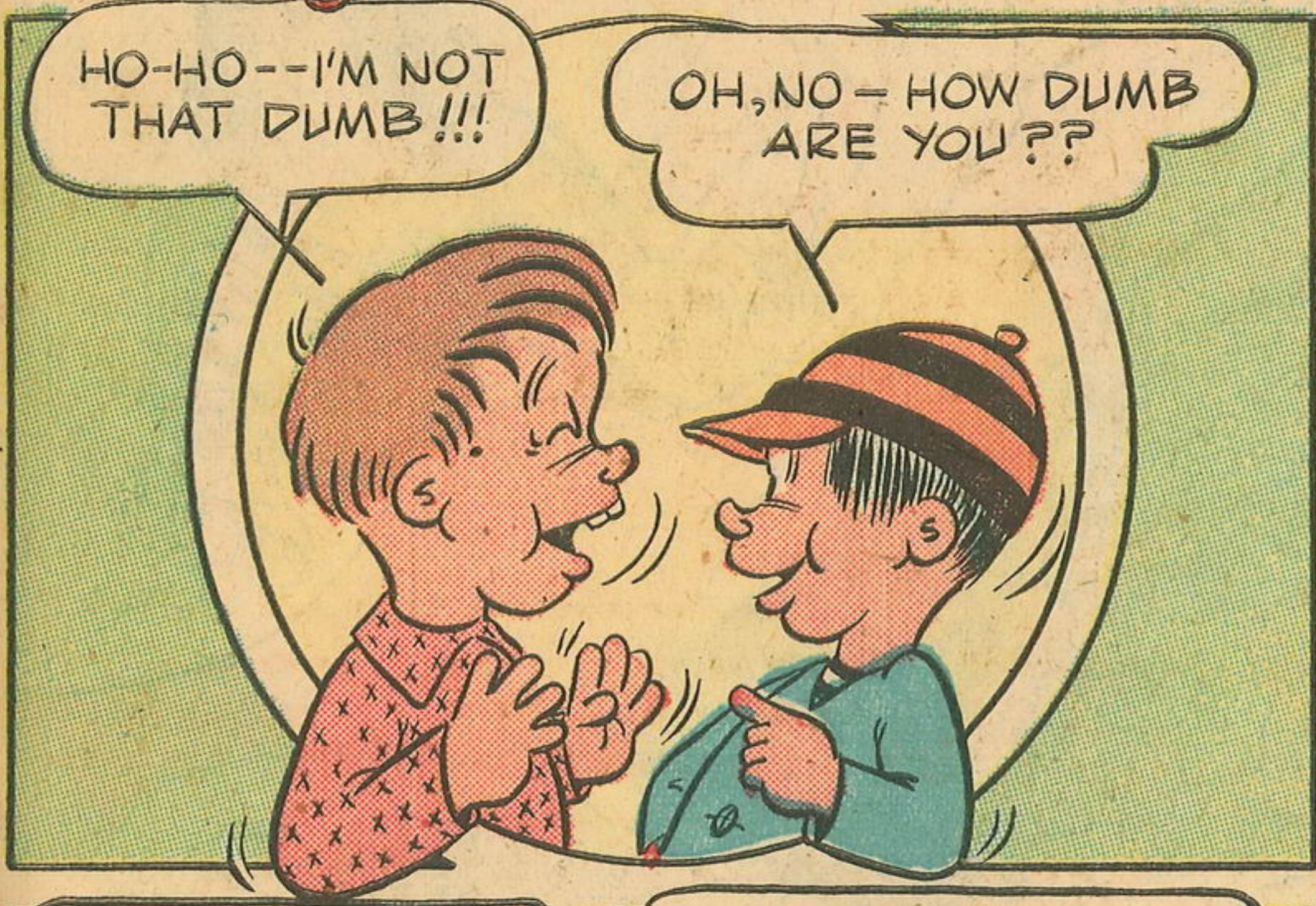
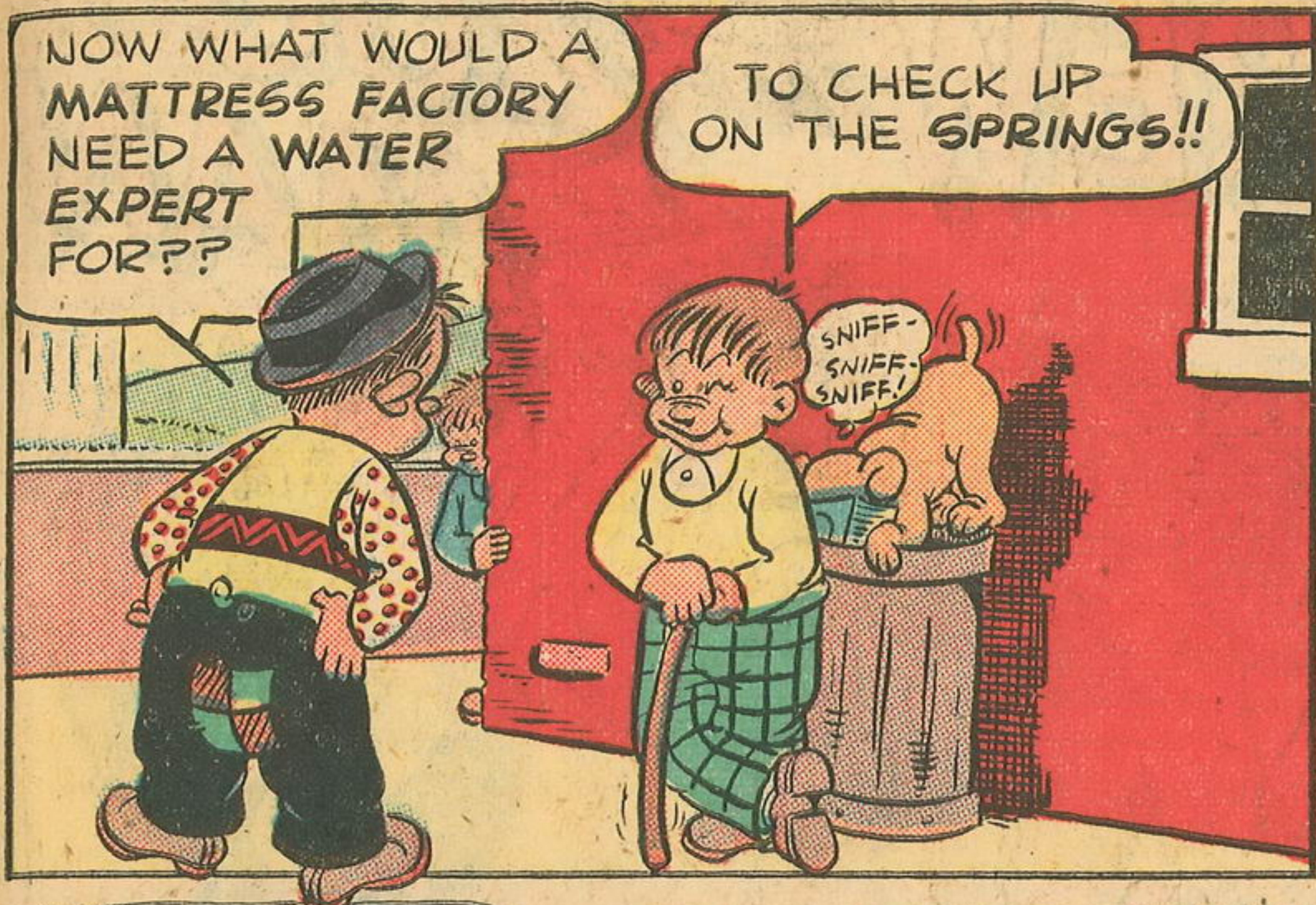
A few minutes later, the box was on deck, its cover wrenched off, and the two policemen were gazing in awe at the heap of glowing jewels which covered the crate's bottom.

"Well, I'll be——" whispered Nevins. "You were right. But, how——?"

"Did I know that Lewis had dumped them overboard when we challenged him? Because of the rock salt you found. There could only be one use for it."

"I get it," said Nevins. "They used it to weight the jewels down."

"Yes," replied Deems. "Knowing that when the salt melted, the crate would rise to the surface." He chuckled. "It would have been a clever trick—if they had gotten away with it!"



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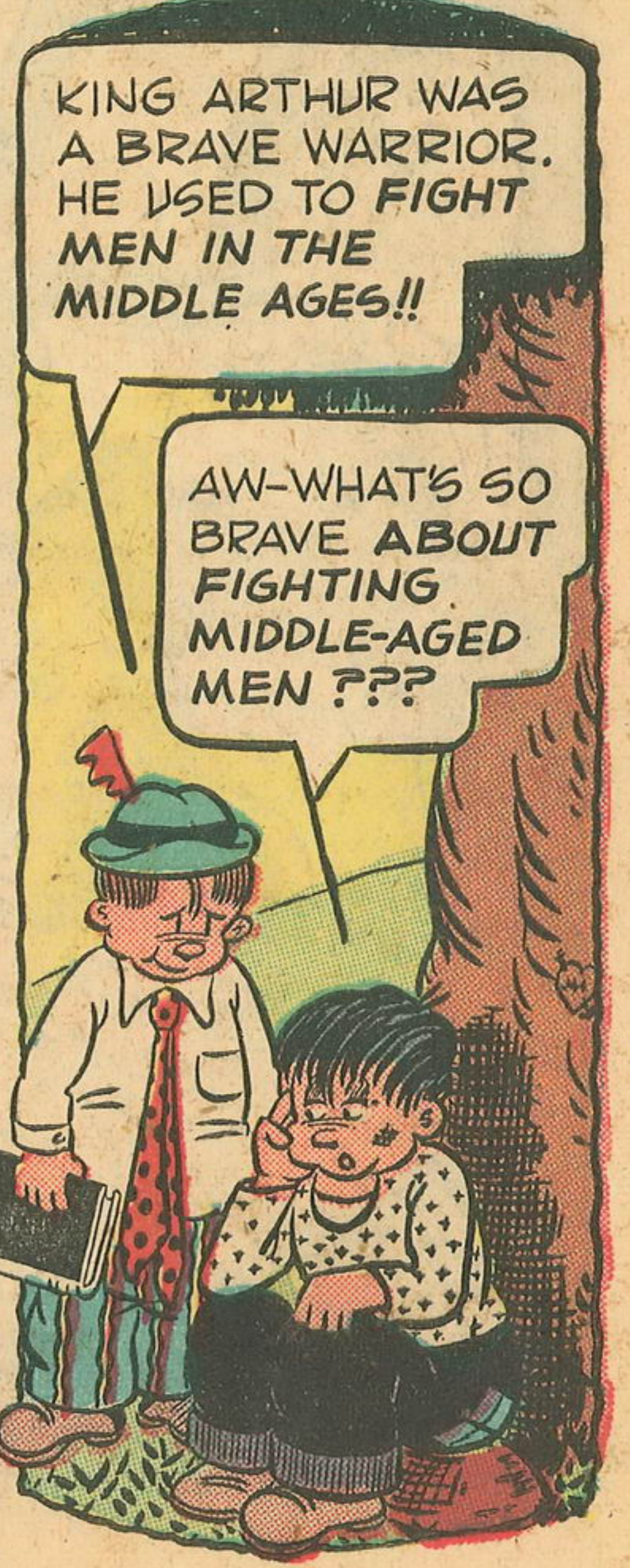
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DR. DREW THE ZOO MAN

The
PINK
ELEPHANT
MURDERS



CRIMINALS ON THE RUN

WINGATE IS AFRAID
HE'S GOING TO BE
MURDERED JUST AS
HIS VALET WAS.

(SNIFF)! ME
CATCHUM
WILD ANIMAL
SCENT!

AND HE
CLAIMS
HIS VALET
WAS
KILLED BY A
PINK
ELEPHANT!
CRANKY,
HIT?

WILD ANIMAL SCENT?

YES! ANIMALS
SEEN IN HOUSE
SHORT TIME
AGO!

COME
IN!

REPORT TO WINGATE,
ENOUE, THEN SEARCH THE
HOUSE! ZAN AND I WILL
SEARCH THE GROUNDS!

I'M THE NEW BUTLER,
MR. WINGATE! ER...
ARE YOU ALONE?

YES! THANK
HEAVENS YOU'VE
COME, INSPECTOR
ENOUE!

WHERE DID
YOU SEE THESE
ODD ANIMALS
AND THE ER...
ELEPHANT?

RIGHT THERE! I
THOUGHT I WAS
GOING MAD UNTIL
HOBSON, MY VALET,
SAW THE LITTLE PINK
ELEPHANT, TOO. THEN
WE FOUND HOBSON
STABBED OR GORED
TO DEATH AND
BATTERED BEYOND
RECOGNITION!

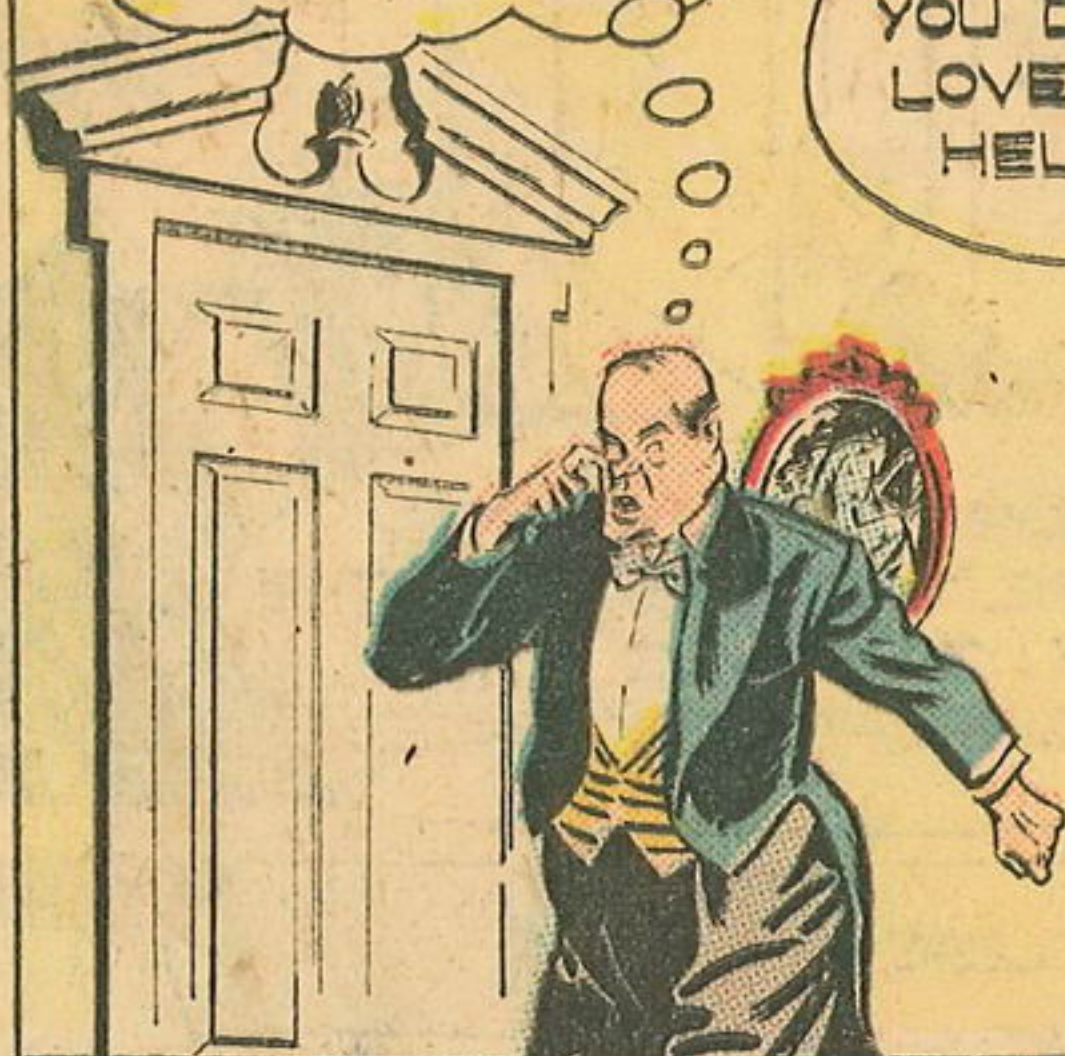
AND YOU BELIEVE YOU'LL BE KILLED NEXT!
WHO'S STAYING HERE BESIDE YOURSELF?

MY NIECE,
HELEN STEVENS,
LORD POTTER, HER
FIANCE, AND MY
HALF-BROTHER,
MARTIN.

WINGATE'S HALF-BROTHER, MARTIN BLAKE, IS A PSYCHIATRIST! HMM, THAT MAKES MY NOSE ITCH! WHAT'S THAT?

NO! I WON'T ELOPE WITH YOU, PHILLIP!

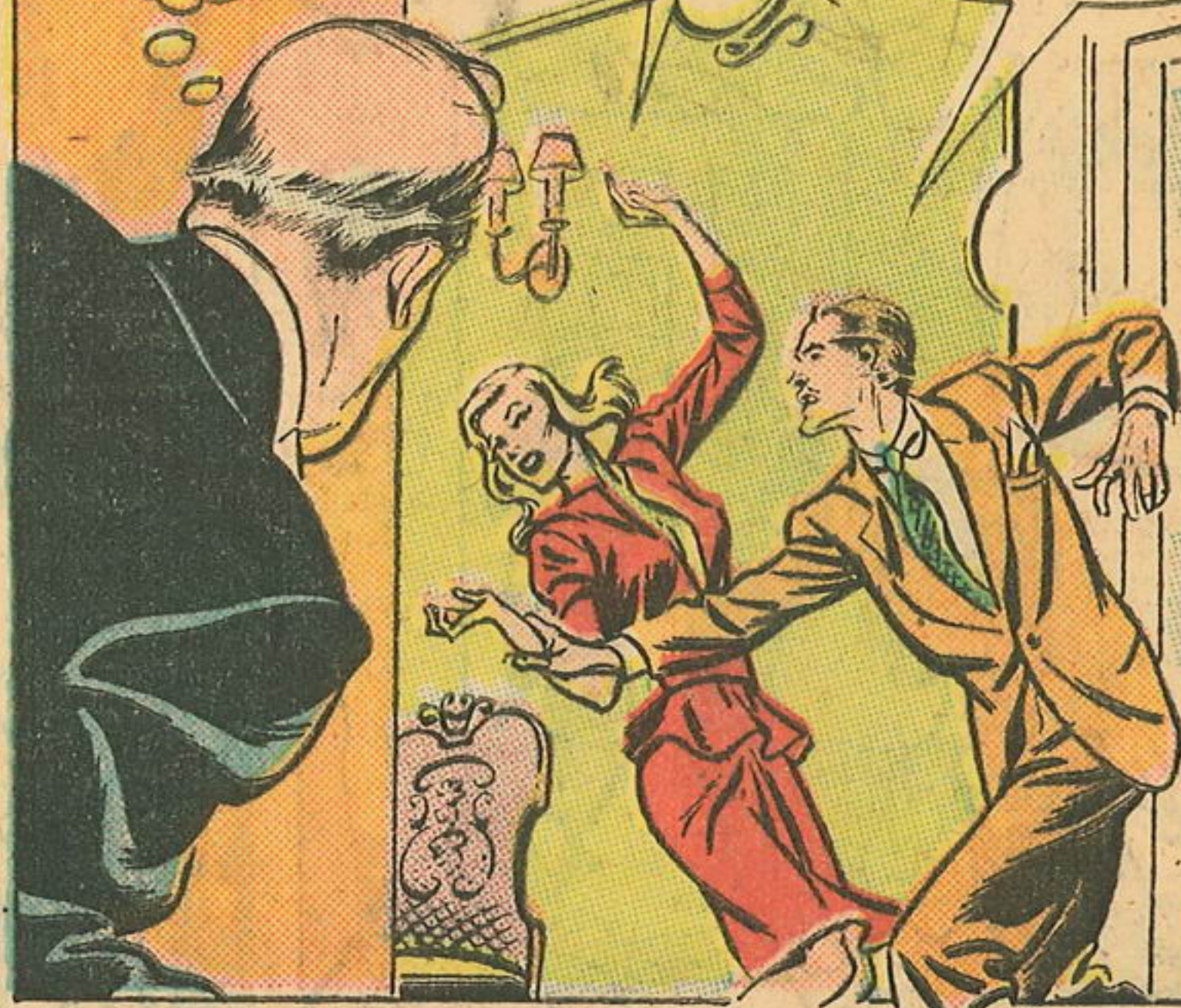
THEN YOU DON'T LOVE ME, HELEN!



YOU'VE CHANGED, PHILLIP, SINCE YOU CAME BACK FROM YOUR AFRICAN HUNTING TRIP! LET GO!

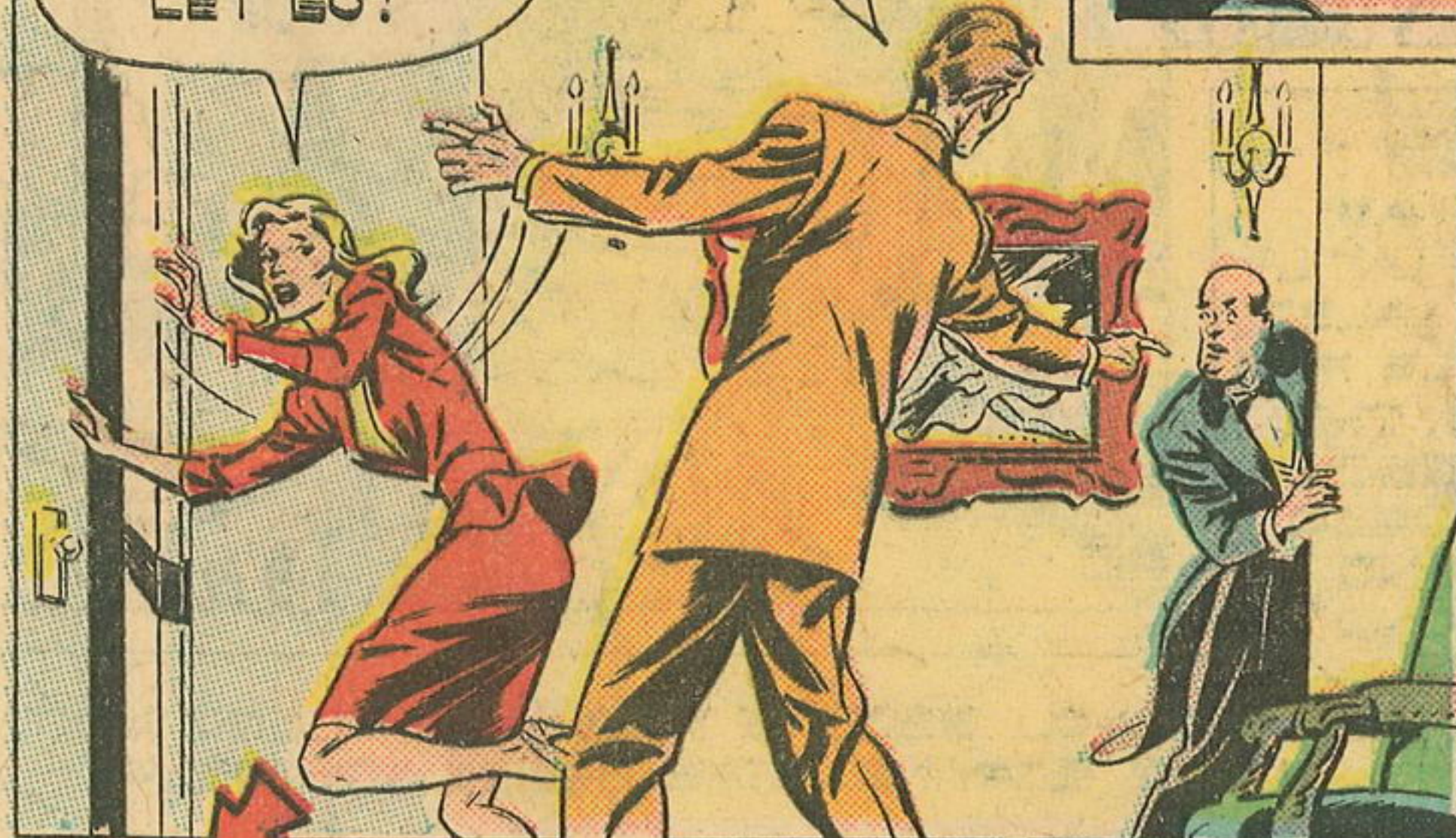
WINGATE'S NIECE QUARRELING WITH HER FIANCE!

MY FEELING FOR YOU HASN'T CHANGED, HELEN!



YOU'RE HURTING MY WRIST! LET GO!

YOU THERE! WHO ARE YOU?



WHEN ENOUBE COMES TO...

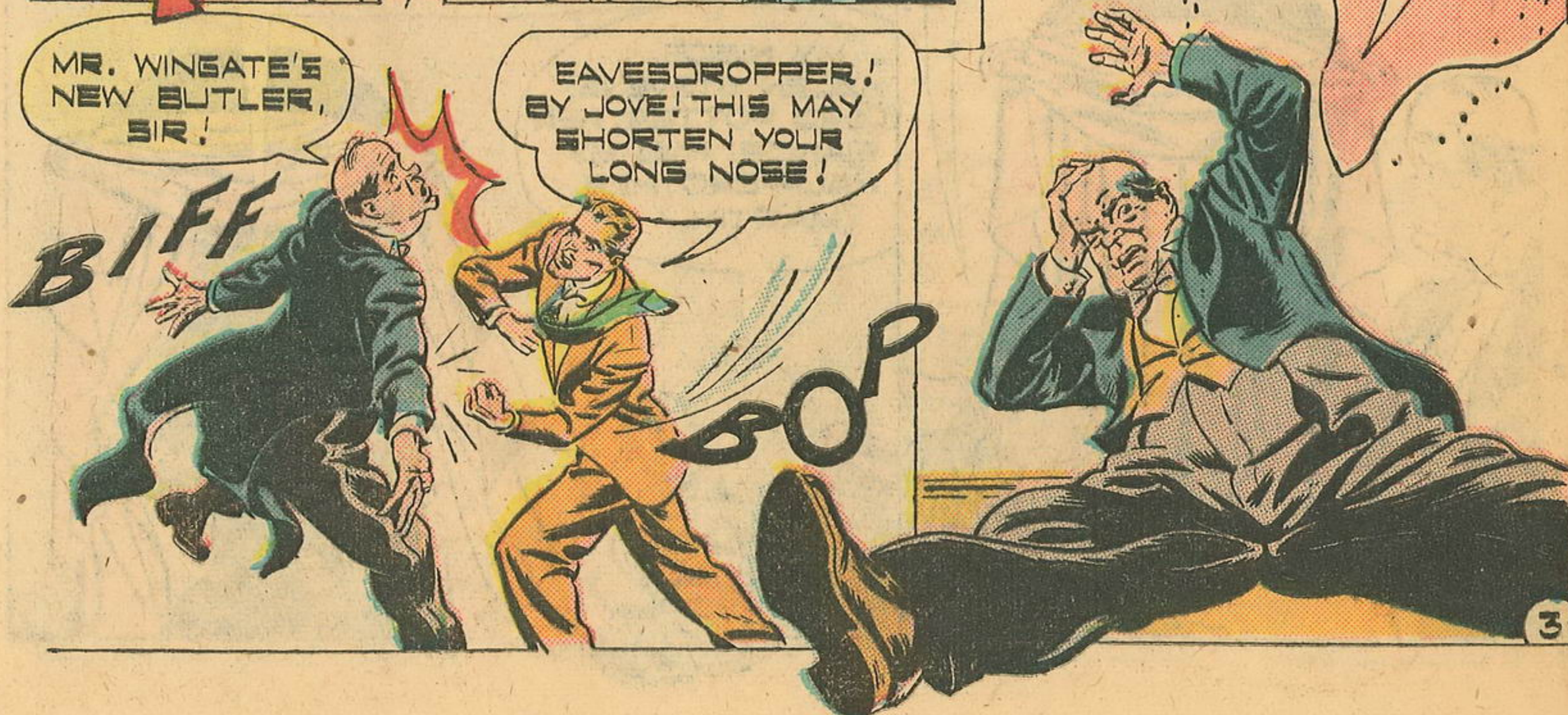
WHEW! DID POTTER CATCH ME OFF GUARD! OW! THE P-PINK ELEPHANT!

MR. WINGATE'S NEW BUTLER, SIR!

EAVESDROPPER! BY JOVE! THIS MAY SHORTEN YOUR LONG NOSE!

BIFF

BOP



IS-IS IT REAL? OR AM I SEEING THINGS
LIKE WINBATE? OW! IT'S CHARGING! IF
IT'S REAL, BULLETS SHOULD
STOP IT!

BLAM
BLAM!
LA M

MEANTIME...
NO LUCK YET, ZAN!
HELP ME REMOVE
THIS OLD WELL
COVER.

SURE,
WHISPER!

BULLETS DON'T STOP
IT! IT'S A GHOST!

STRONG ANIMAL
SCENT COME FROM
WELL, WHISPER!
OOF!

LOOKING FOR
WILD ANIMALE,
GENTLEMEN? THEY'RE
BELOW... RAVENOUS
ANIMALE!

LEMME
OUTTA
HERE!

CRASH

SUDDENLY WHISPER AND ZAN
ARE PUSHED FROM BEHIND!

See "Toni Gayle" in the new magazine "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



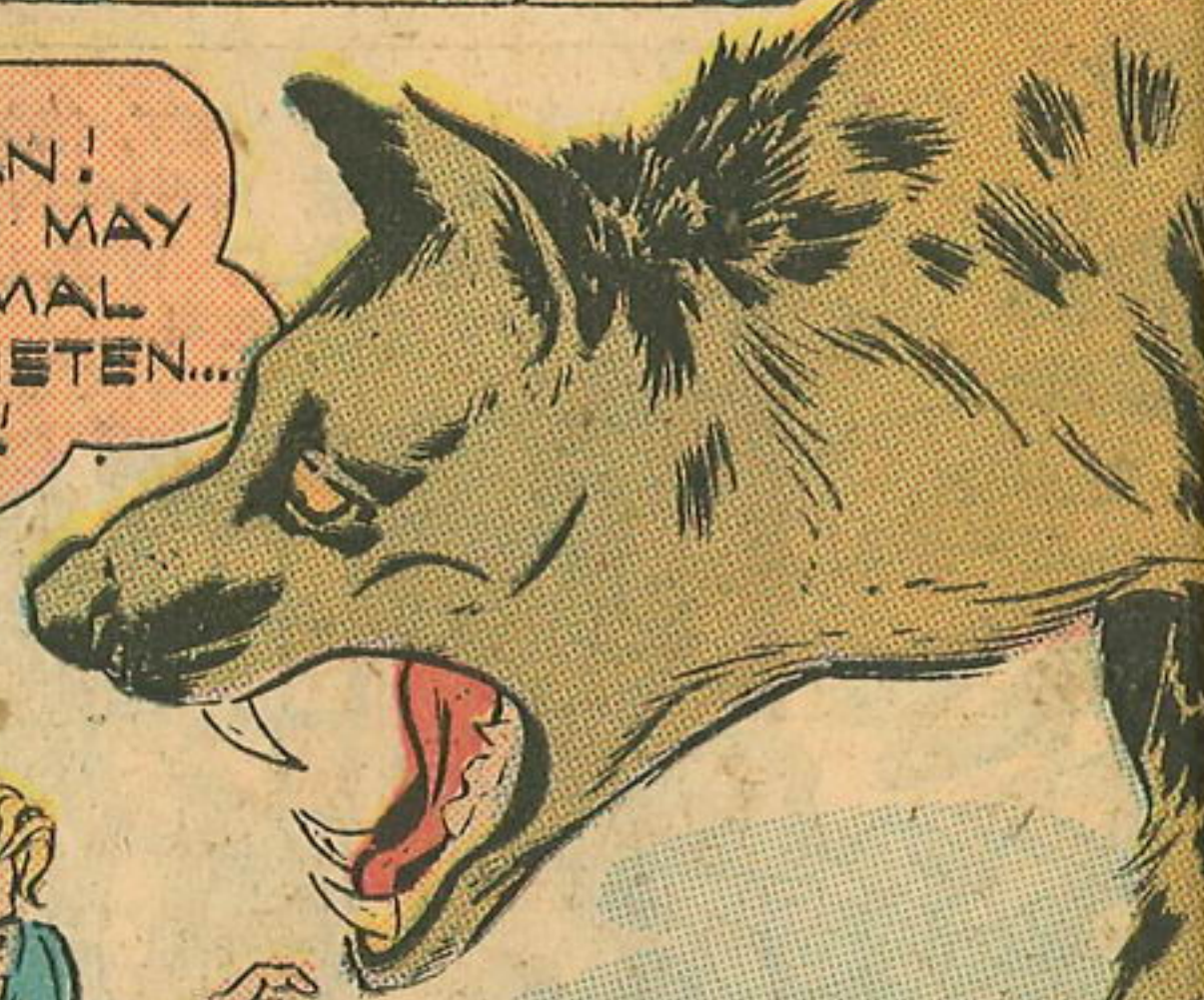
NO BROKEN
BONES HERE!
HOW ABOUT
YOU, ZAN?

WHISPER! LOOK!
HYENAS!

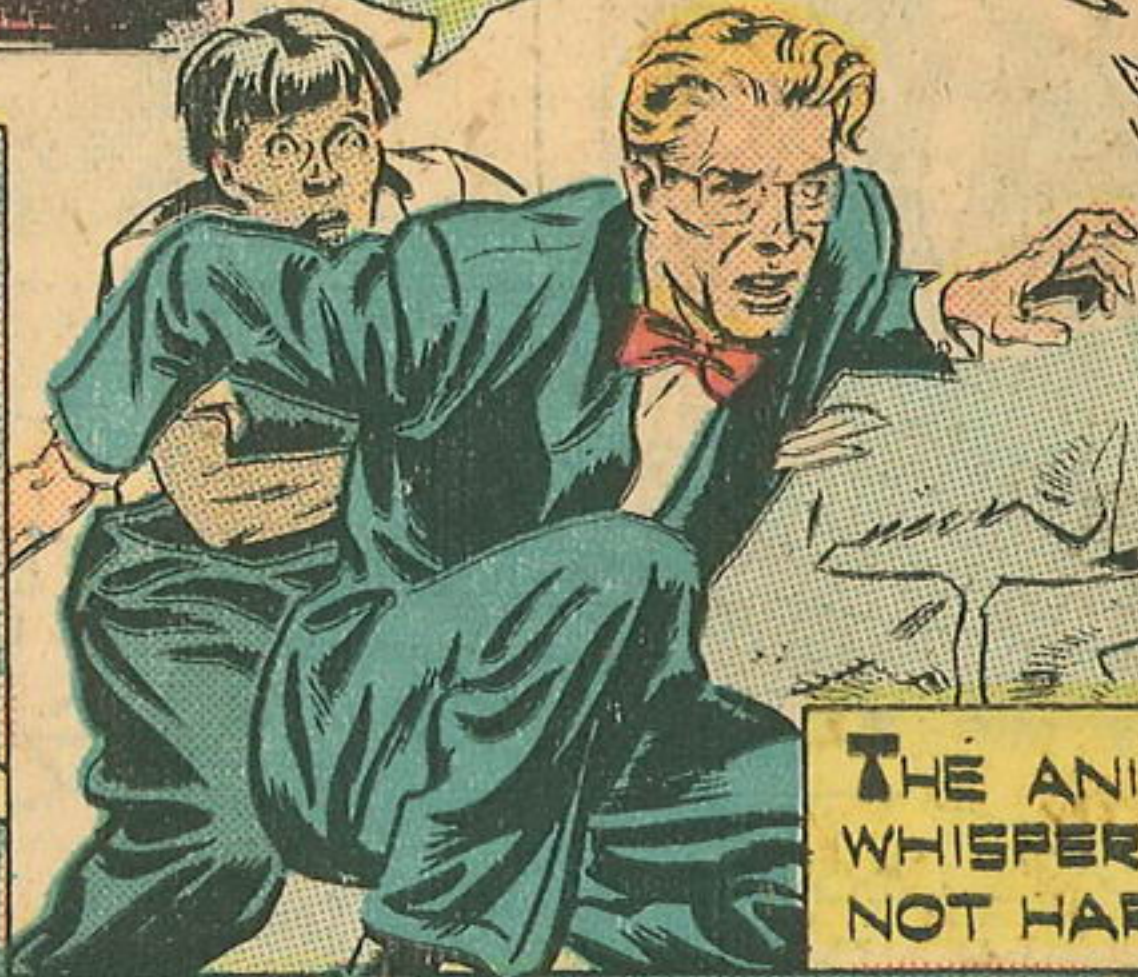


STEADY, ZAN!
THE HYENAS MAY
SPRING! ANIMAL
BROTHERS, LISTEN...
B-Z-ZZZZ!

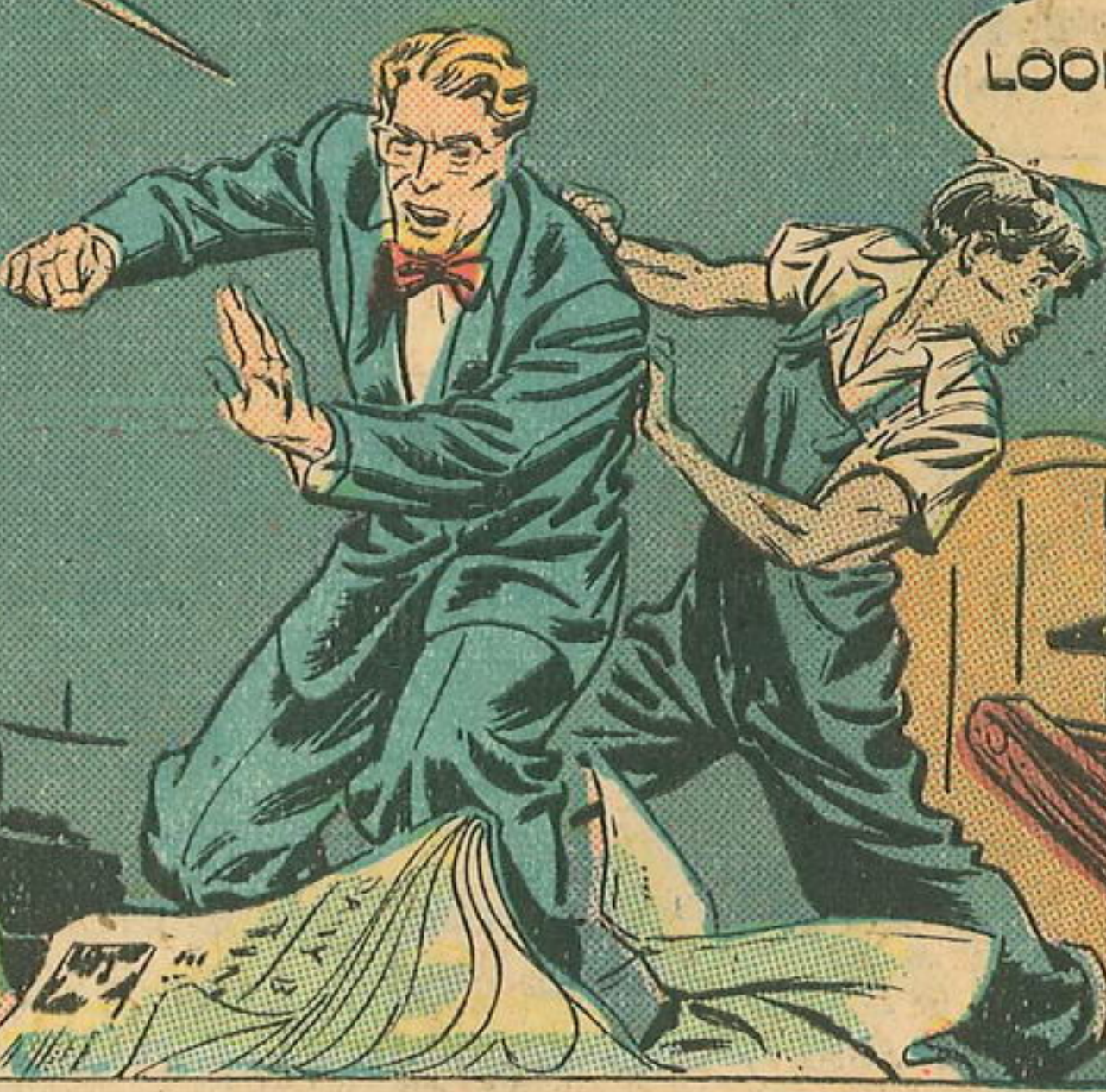
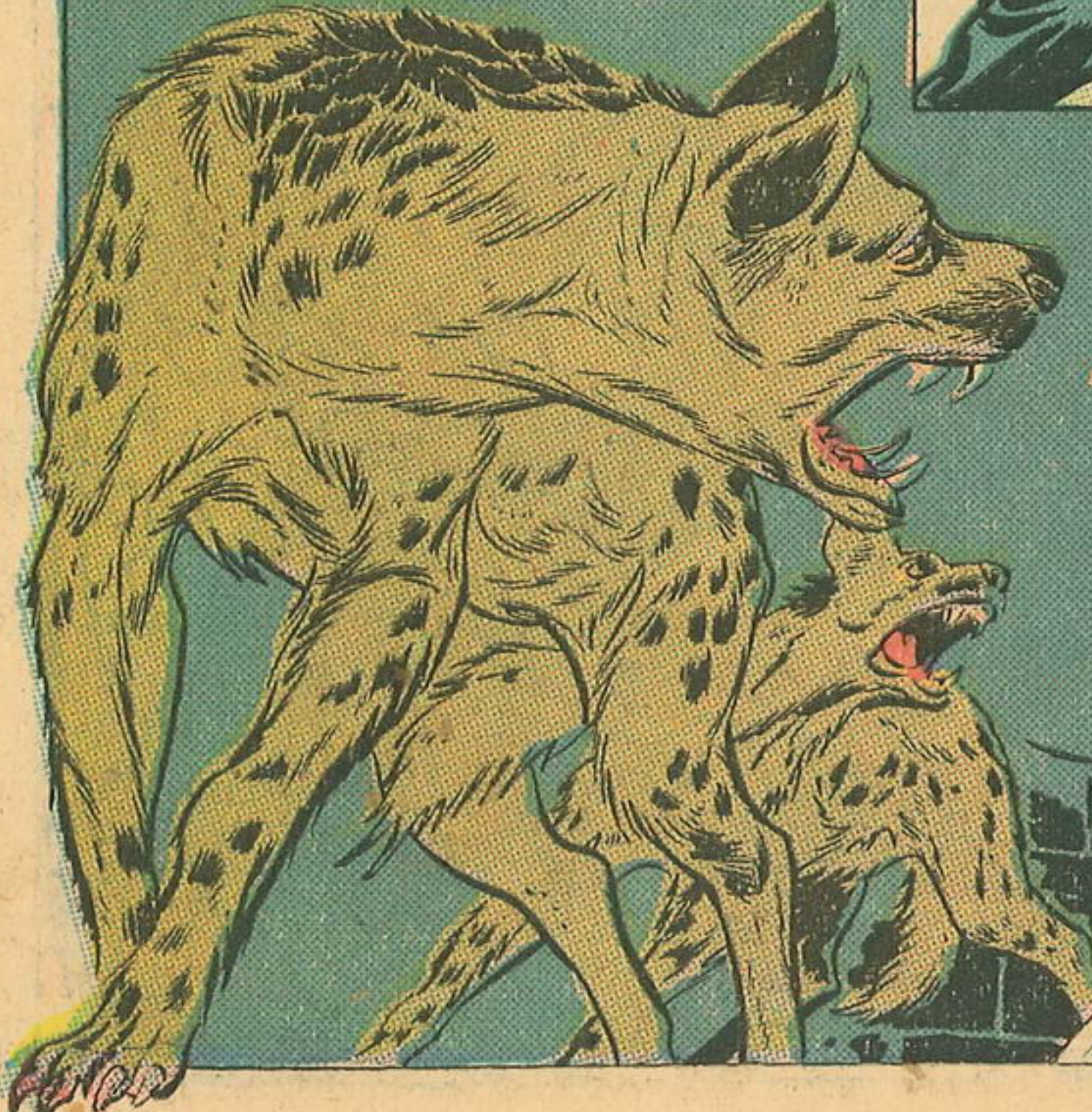
THEY
EAT
US!



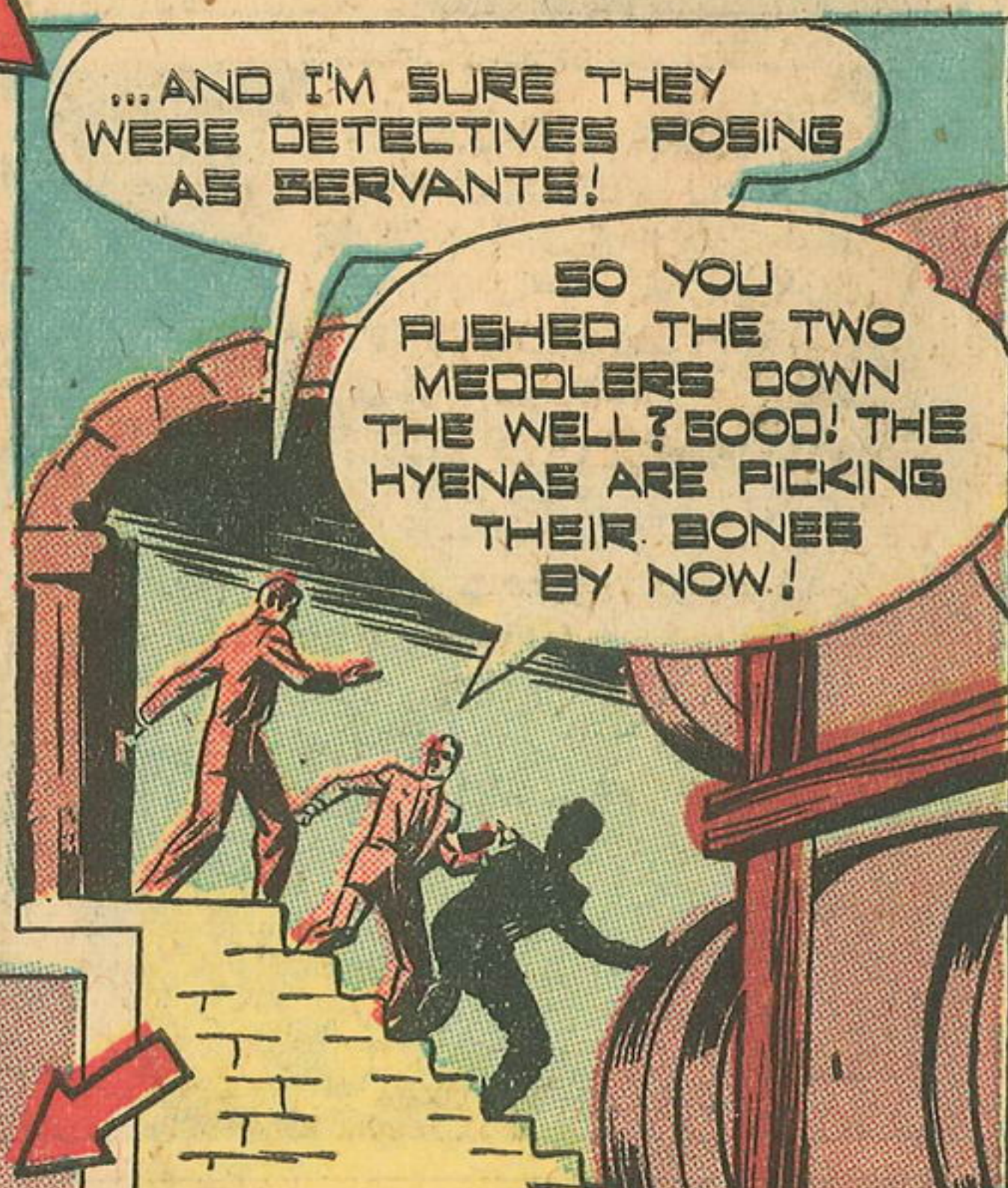
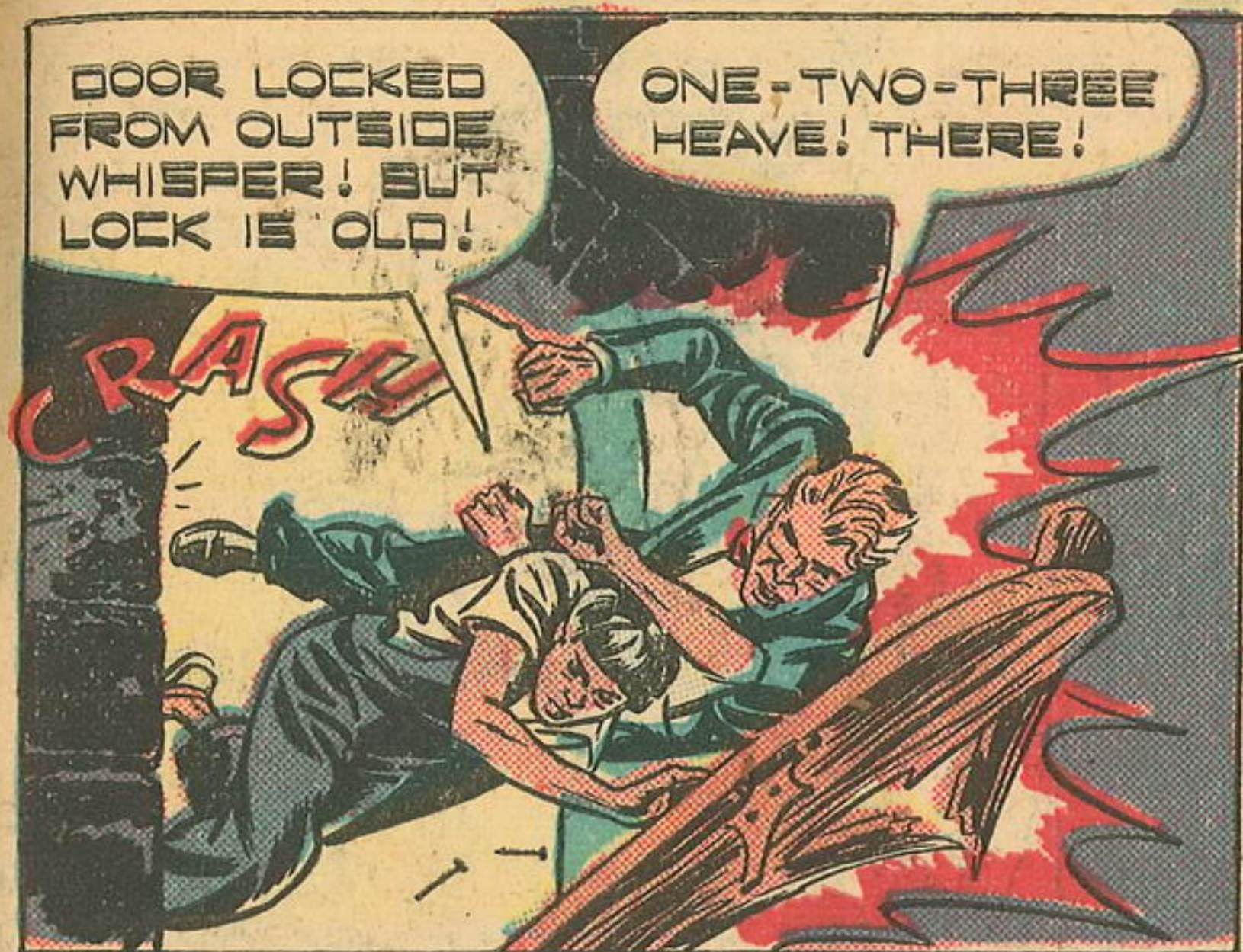
...BZZZZ... SEE THE
THROAT WOUNDS ON
THOSE HYENAS, ZAN?
THEIR VOCAL CORDS
HAVE BEEN CUT!
THEY'RE MUTE!



THE ANIMALS CAN UNDERSTAND
WHISPER'S TALK AND THEY DO
NOT HARM OUR FRIENDS.



LOOK, WHISPER!
DOOR!



OOOPS, THE PINK PAINT WE PUT ON THE ELEPHANT! BLAST YOU, MARTIN! I'D NEVER SHARE IN YOUR PLOT TO HAVE WINGATE DECLARED INSANE IF I WEREN'T STONE BROKE!



BUT YOU CAN'T GET WINGATE'S FORTUNE BY ELOPING WITH HELEN... SHE WON'T DESERT HER UNCLE!



THESE ANIMALS YOU BROUGHT BACK FROM YOUR AFRICAN HUNTING TRIP'LL DO THE TRICK!

YES! THAT OLD FOOL WINGATE WILL BE IN AN INSTITUTION!



GOING TO LOOK IN BAD MENS WHISPER?



NO, ZAN! WE'LL CATCH THE FIENDISH DEVILS RED-HANDED! COME ON, LET'S FIND ENOUE!

BAD MENS GETTING ANIMALS NOW, EH, WHISPER?



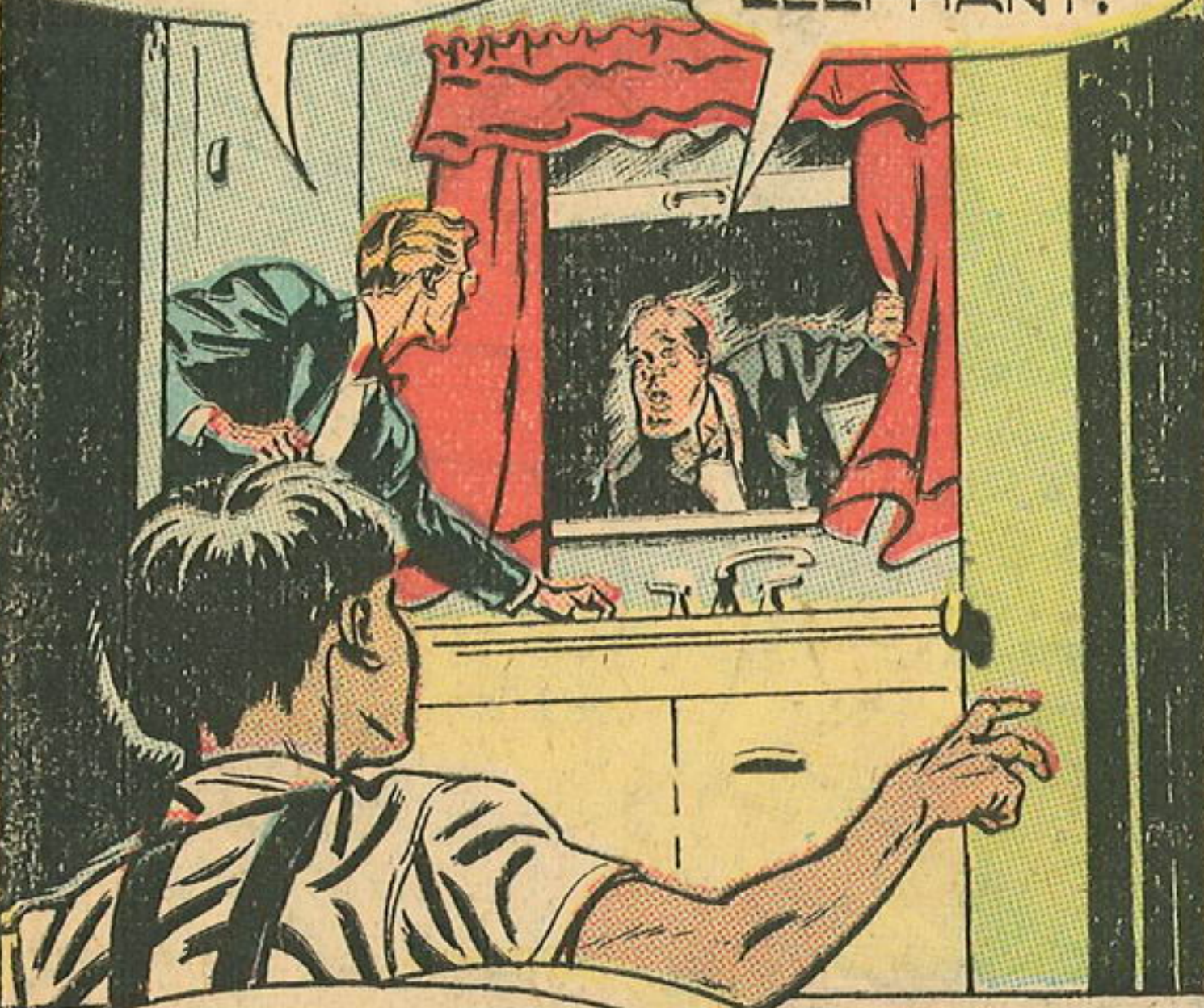
ENOUE! COME
INSIDE! WE'RE GOING
TO HIDE IN
WINGATE'S ROOM
AND CATCH THE
MURDERERS!

WHISPER! I
ALMOST GAVE
UP SEARCHING
FOR YOU! MAY-
BE I'M NUTS! I
SAW THE PINK
ELEPHANT!

THAT ELEPHANT IS NO ILLUSION!
YOU'LL SEE IT AGAIN, ENOUE!

YOU SEE
HYENAE TOO,
ENOUE!

WHAT?



I'LL HIDE BACK
OF YOUR CHAIR, MR.
WINGATE! GET SET
FOR OUR ANIMAL
VISITORS!

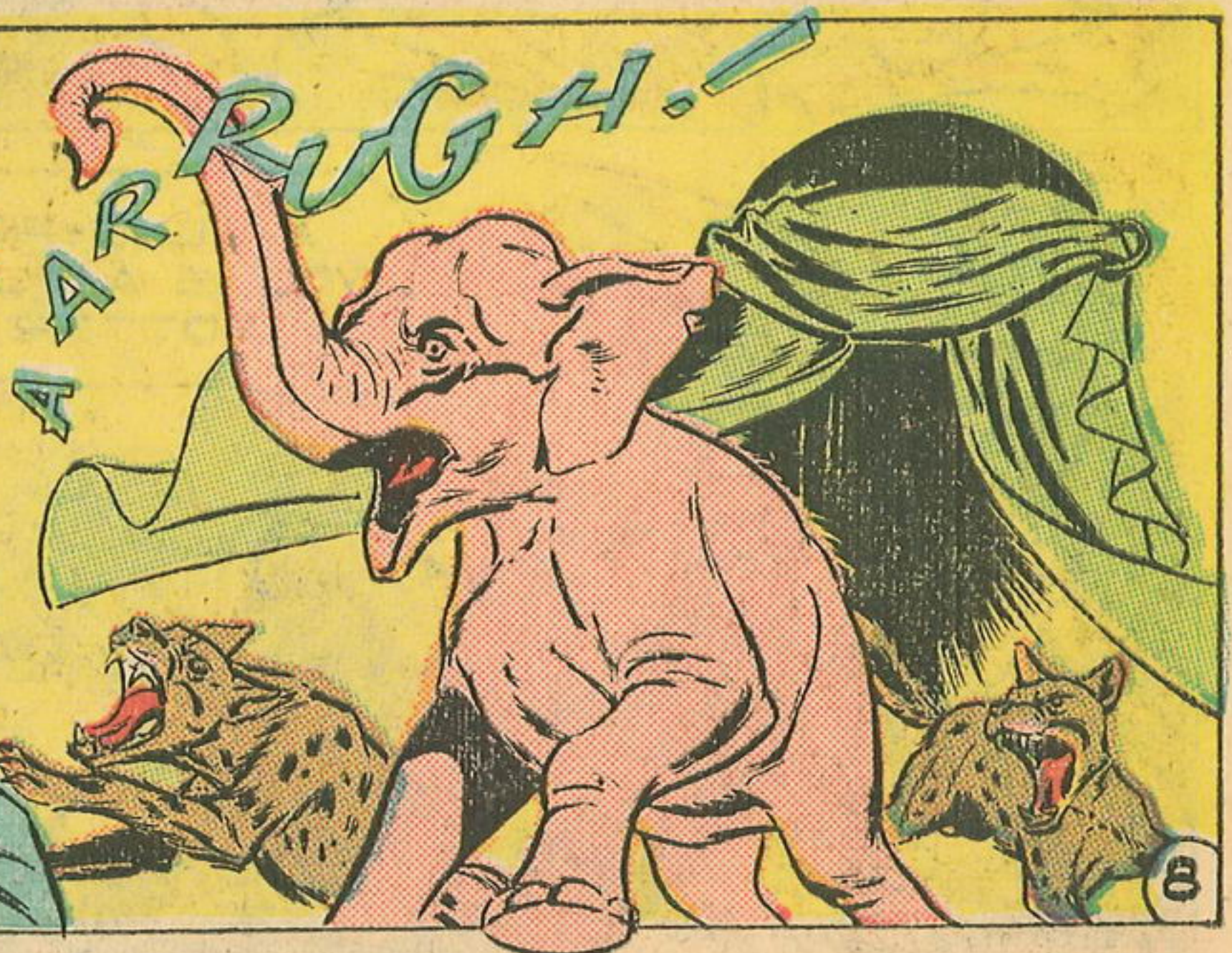
LONG
AS THE
PINK
ELEPHANT ISN'T
A GHOST, I'M
GAME!

RIGHT, ENOUE! AND TWO
MEN WORSE THAN BEASTS!
NOW YOU AND ZAN HIDE
IN THE WINDOW DRAPES
NEAR THE ALCOVE!

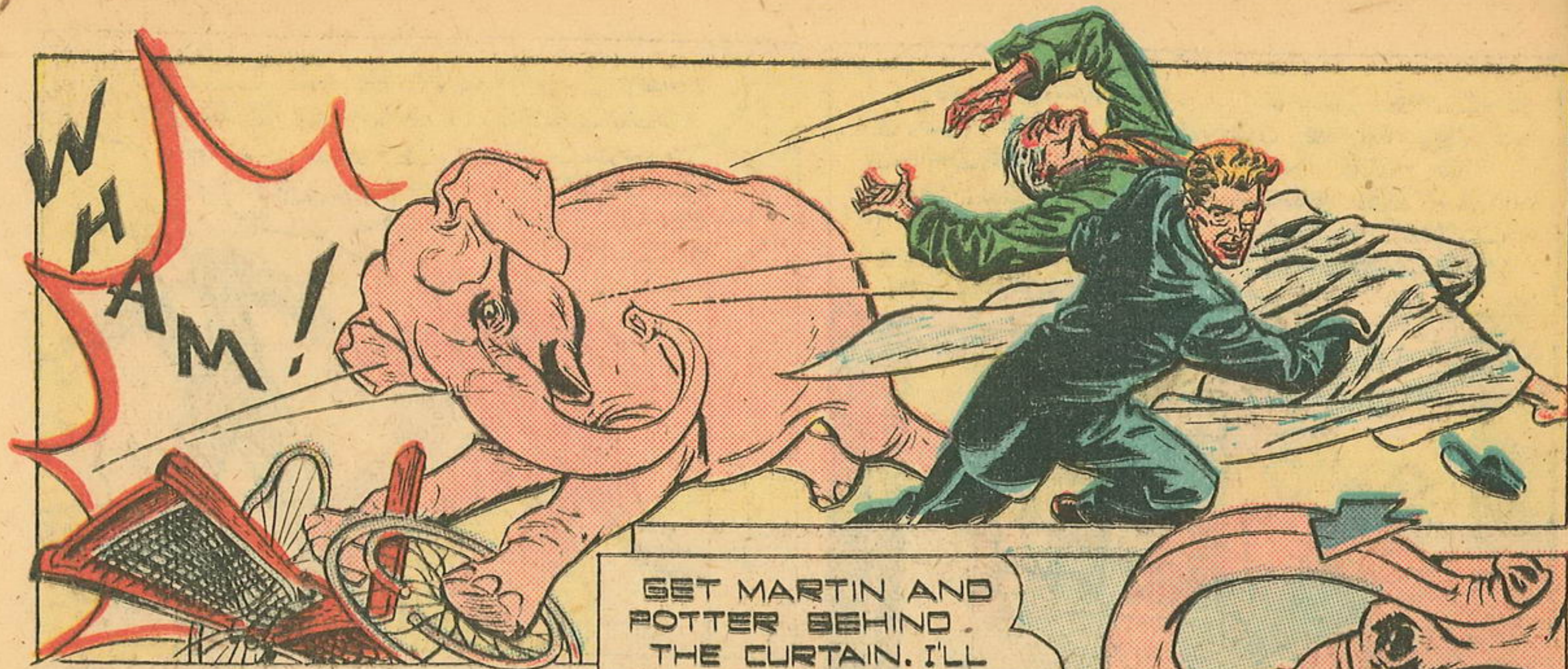


FEW MINUTES LATER...

QUICK!
DR. DREW!
THE
ELEPHANT,
IT'S CHARG-
ING ME!
HELP!
HELP!

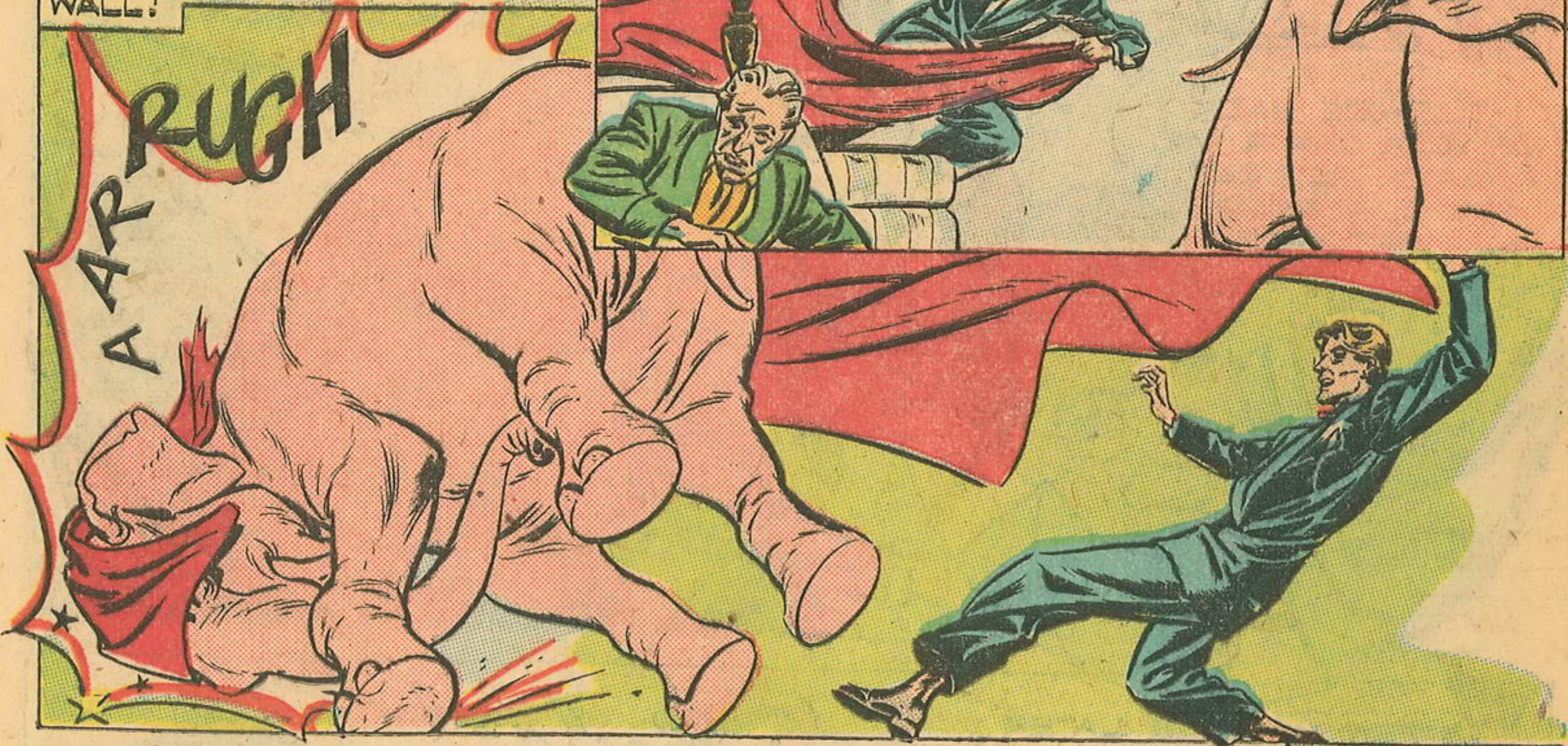


Young King Cole fights crime every month in "CRIMINALS ON THE RUN."



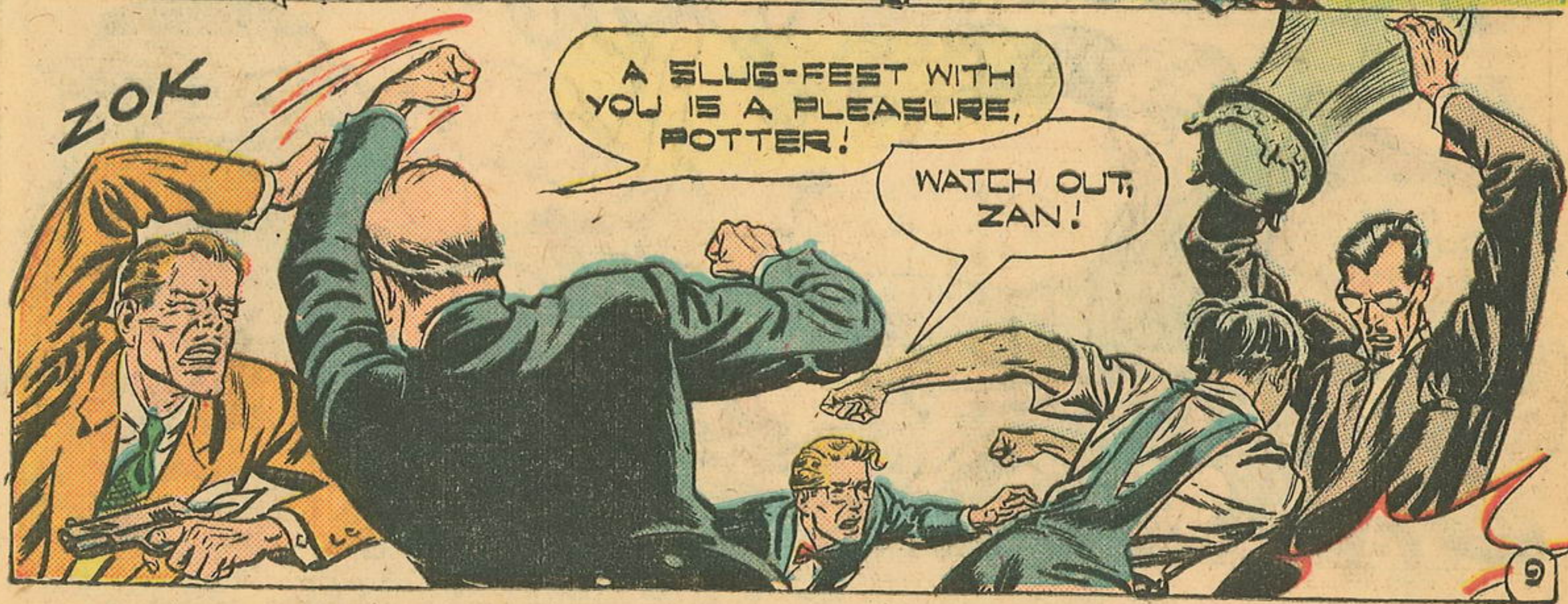
GET MARTIN AND POTTER BEHIND THE CURTAIN. I'LL HANDLE THE ELEPHANT!

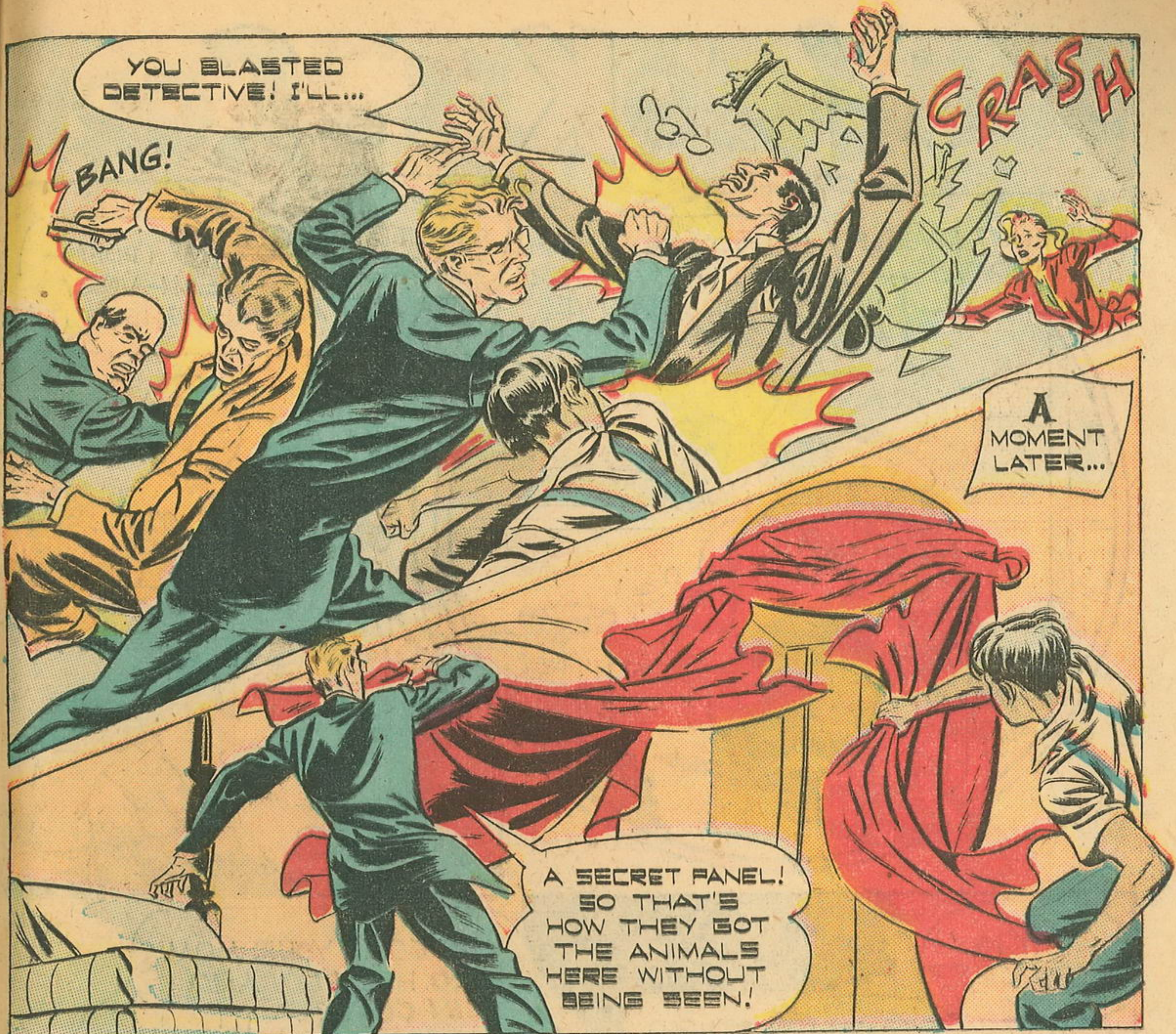
WHISPER STEPS ASIDE AS THE ELEPHANT CHARGES AND THE BIG BEAST KNOCKS ITSELF UNCONSCIOUS AGAINST THE WALL!



A SLUG-FEST WITH YOU IS A PLEASURE, POTTER!

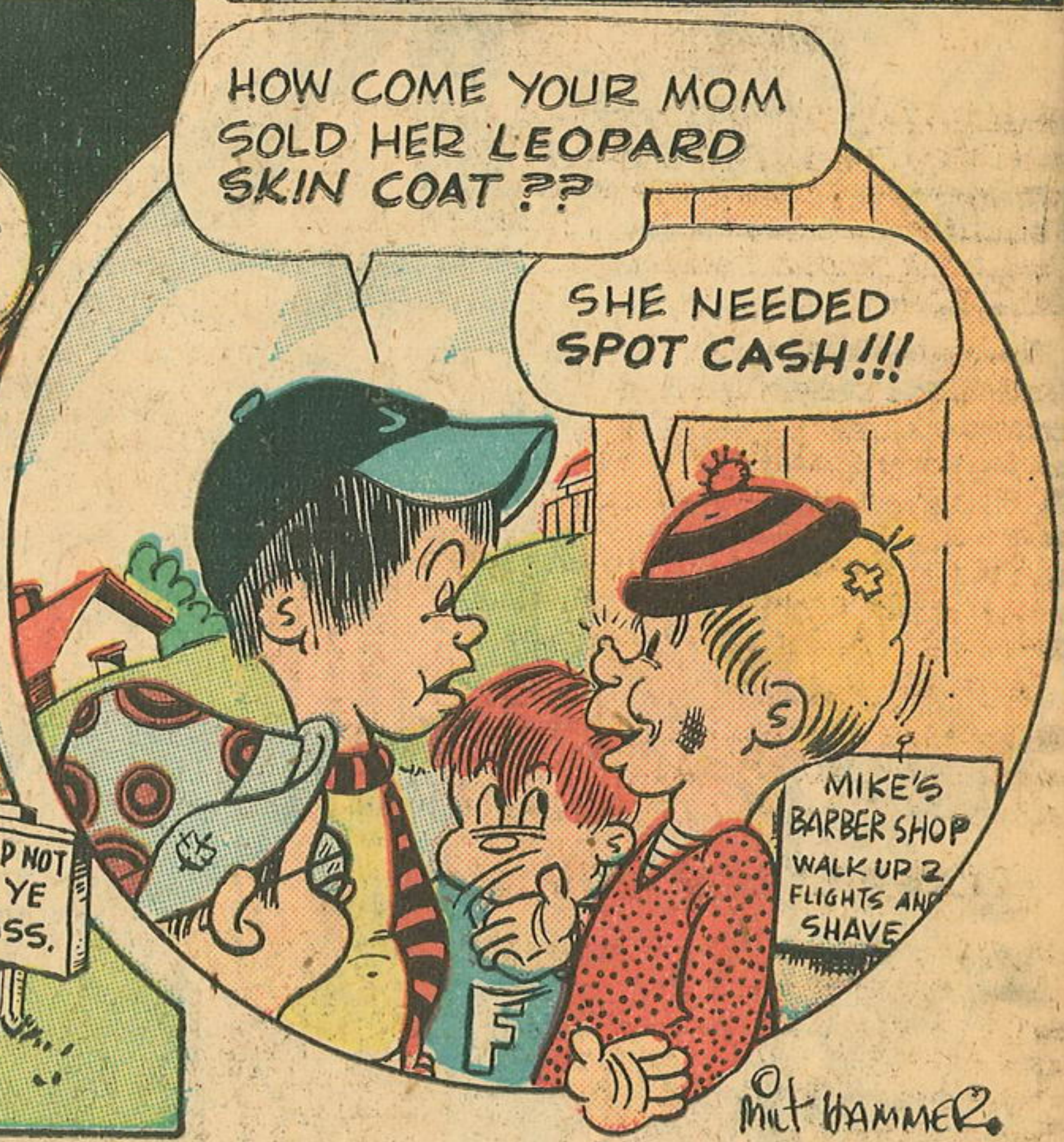
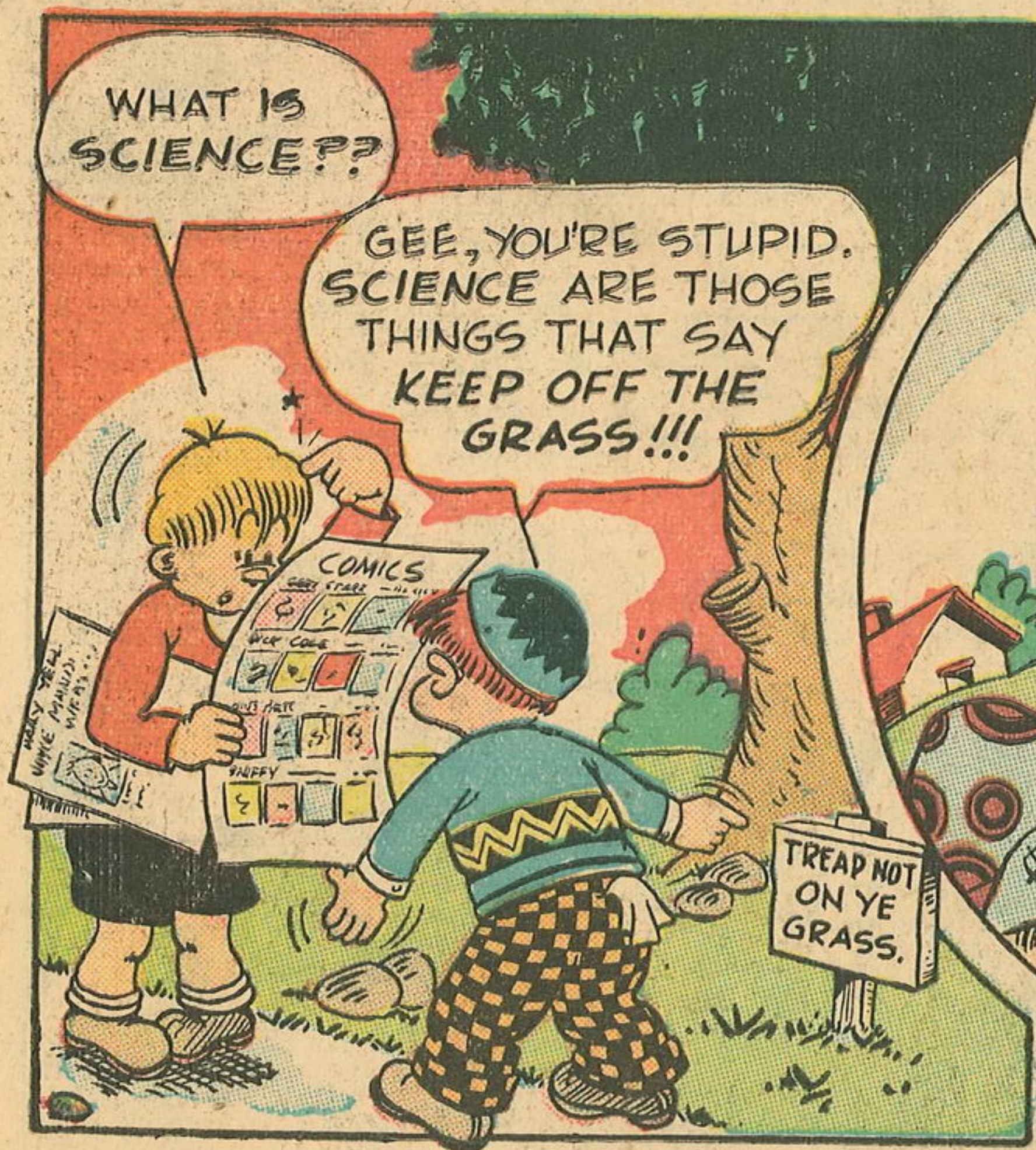
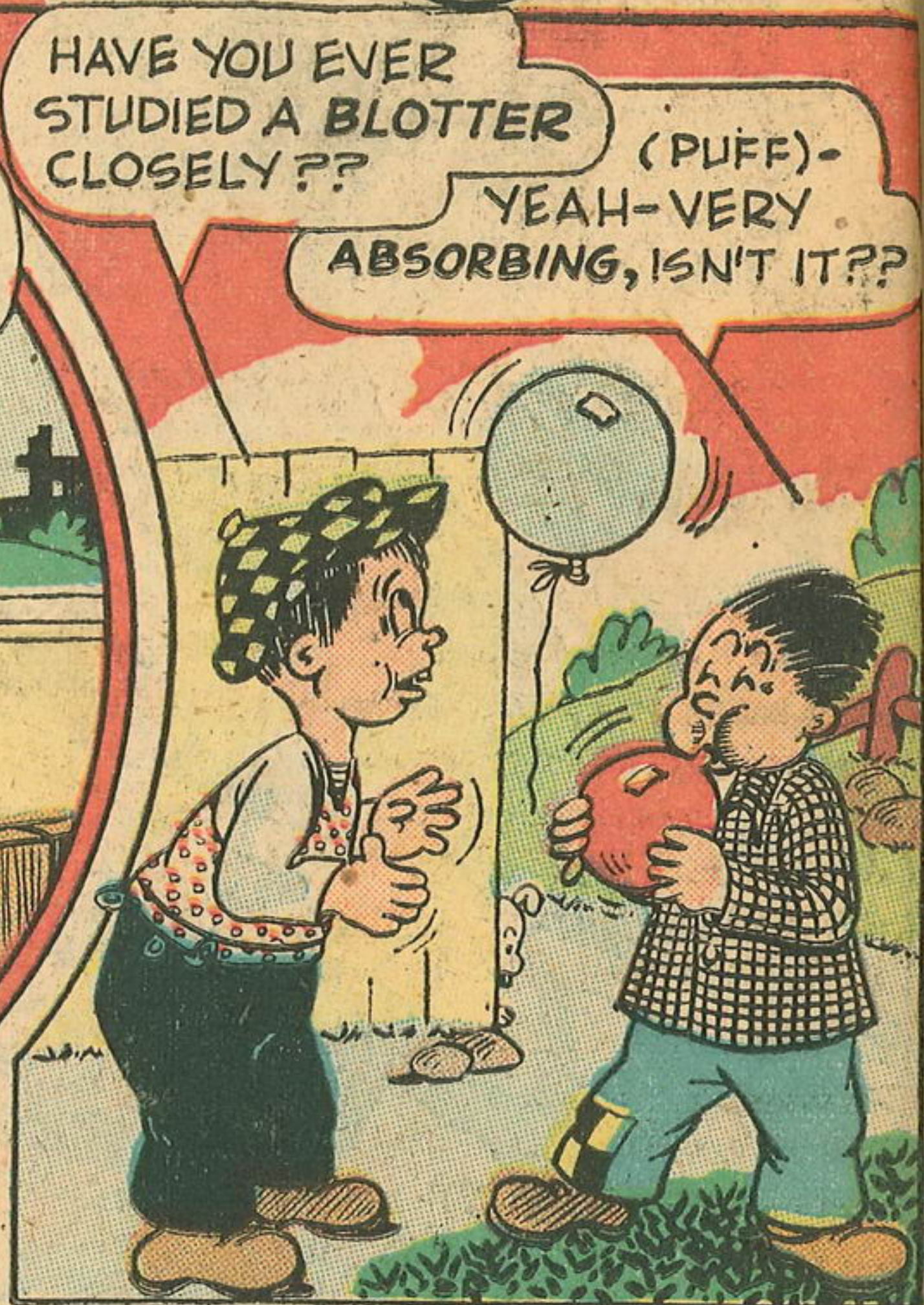
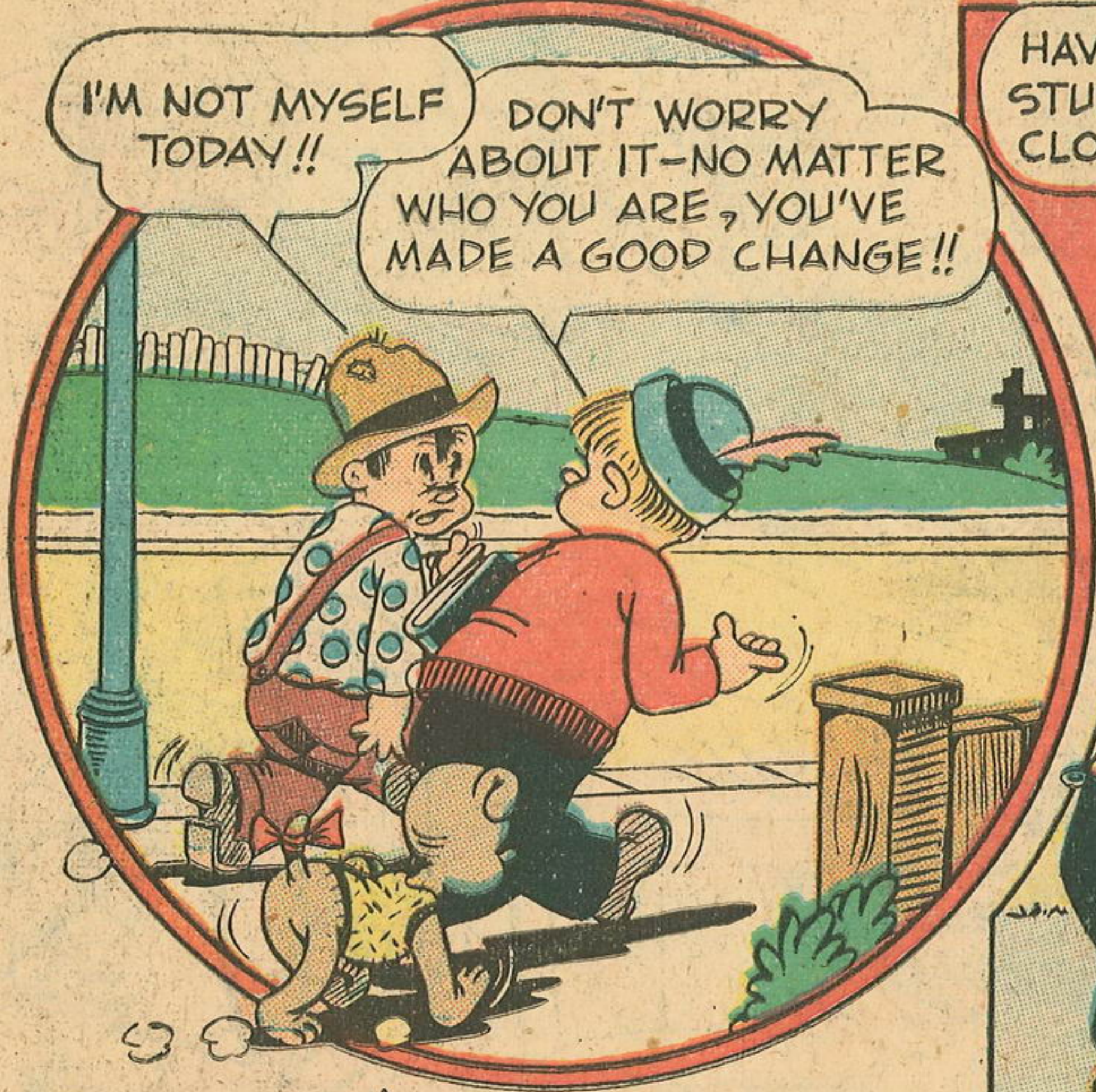
WATCH OUT, ZAN!





No other "crime-fighting magazine" is like "CRIMINALS ON THE RUN."

JOLLY JOKES AND CORN



And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

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CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title.
"The World's Most
Perfectly Devel-
oped Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 107K

115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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